☆15

VOGUE

SEPTEMBER 15

Paris Fashion: Vogue's first choices

Reported in 25 pages

How to look like a beauty

section: "Fashions in Living"

COPYRIGHT 1957, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.

Epic

Evan-Picone

Two beautiful ways to see yourself in plaid . . . the colors, all muted to soft elegance. Naturally, the matching shirts are by EPIC Ltd. At only the finest stores in America.

Evan-Picone, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 18



Leslie Morris

Winner of the

1957 COTY AMERICAN FASHION CRITICS' AWARD

designed this slim dress
of navy blue needlepoint wool,
its slight-touch jacket
slope-shouldered, barely belted,
glossed with black braid. Exclusive
from our Made-to-Order Collection
on the Second Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

FORSTMANN

©

HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS

JAY THORPE, NEW YORK; MONTALDO'S, ALL STORES; GUS MAYER CO. LTD., NEW ORLEANS; NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS AND HOUSTON; HAROLD INC., MINNEAPOLIS; GIDDING'S, CINCINNATI

black, white—and beautiful

All lights discover you in this black coat—so slender it whittles you slenderer still. It's cut from the most ethereal woolen yet engineered—rarefied baby lambs' wool woven by FORSTMANN to the melting point of softness. David Kidd designs this coat for ARTHUR JABLOW . . . builds it to a climax—the flash of white ermine.

THE FORSTMANN WOOLEN CO., PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

COPYRIGHT 1957, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR—TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS—ARE PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND COUNTRIES SIGNATORY TO THE BERN CONVENTION AND THE PAN AMERICAN CONVENTION; ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. TITLE VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE. VOGUE IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. [ALSO PUBLISHERS OF BRITISH VOGUE, FRENCH VOGUE, HOUSE & GARDEN, BRITISH HOUSE & GARDEN, GLAMOUR, VOGUE PATTERN BOOK]. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. EXECUTIVE AND PUBLISHING OFFICES: GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SUBSCRIPTIONS $7.50 A YEAR, $12 FOR TWO YEARS, $17 FOR THREE YEARS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. TO POINTS OUTSIDE CANADA, U.S.A., AND POSSESSIONS, $12 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES FIFTY CENTS IN U.S. AND CANADA. $1 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES. FOUR WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST WRAPPER.

AMERICAN VOGUE

JESSICA DAVES
Editor-in-Chief

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN
Art Director

Senior Editors:
ALLENE TALMEY, Feature Editor
PRISCILLA PECK, Art Editor
MARGARET CASE

Managing Editor:
CAROL PHILLIPS

Fashion Editors:
NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG
CATHERINE McMANUS
BABS SIMPSON
KATHRYNE HAYS
MARGARET INGERSOLL
DENISE LAWSON-JOHNSTON
DESPINA MESSINESI
GRACE MIRABELLA
BETTY RHINEHART
RUTH SUBLETTE
CHESBROUGH RAYNER, Shop Hound
ELEANORE PHILLIPS, Los Angeles
SUSAN TRAIN, Paris

Executive Editor:
MILDRED MORTON

Beauty Editors:
BABS LEE
CATHERINE GRAVETT

Copy Associates:
LYDIA McCLEAN
MAUREEN FOUNTAIN

Feature Associates:
ROSEMARY BLACKMON
MARY ROBLEE
PHYLLIS STARR

Fashions in Living:
ALISON BISGOOD

Travel Editor:
EVELYN CLARK

Contributing Editors:
MAB WILSON
MILLICENT FENWICK
THOMAS W. PHIPPS

Copy Executive:
JEANNE BALLOT

Layout:
MARCEL GUILLAUME
JACK MOGNAZ
G. WOODFORD PRATT

Merchandising Service:
DOROTHY PARK, MARY JANE POOL

Men's Merchandising Editor:
ARTHUR TODD

Advertising Director:
HAROLD B. HOLTZ

Advertising Manager:
WILLIAM C. STOWELL

Eastern Advertising Manager:
RICHARD McMAHON

NEW ENGLAND OFFICE
Statler Building, Boston 16, Mass.
Manager: John Brunelle

WESTERN OFFICE
Wrigley Building, Chicago 11, Ill.
Manager: Harold S. Zewiske

PACIFIC COAST OFFICE
631 S. Westmoreland Ave., Los Angeles 5, Cal.
Manager: Robert J. Lapham

BRITISH VOGUE
37 Golden Square, London W. 1.
Editor: Audrey Withers
Chairman: Harry W. Yoxall
Managing Director: R. A. F. Williams

FRENCH VOGUE
4 Place du Palais Bourbon, Paris 7
Editorial Director: Michel De Brunhoff
Editor: Edmonde Charles-Roux
Ass't to Publisher: Henry Bertrand

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
Editorial and Advertising Offices
420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Telephone—LExington 2-7500

I. S. V.-Patcévitch, President
Frank F. Soule, Vice Pres. and Adv. Dir.
Benjamin Bogin, Vice Pres. and Treasurer
Mary E. Campbell, Secretary
Perry L. Ruston, General Manager

Vol. 130, No. 5
Whole No. 1995

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

SEPTEMBER 15, 1957



RAWLINGS

COVER

Reflected here—two new ways to look like a beauty. First way: the bright-green velvet hat, showing the hair—and face. Second way: the face glowing with new make-up that is actually a skin treatment as well. Sally Victor hat, also at Hutzler's; Famous-Barr; Joseph Magnin. Germaine Monteil's new Super Royal Fluid Make-up, Golden Red lipstick. Further glow—the gold jewellery by Verdura.

PARIS FASHIONS—COMPLETING SEPTEMBER 1 REPORT

101 Vogue's eye view of Paris first choices
102-125 Vogue's first choices from the Paris Collections

OTHER FASHIONS

134 Hourly report: black in American fashion now
136 Corduroy with city-grooming
138 Leopard—fashion natural on a new track
142 The American jersey dress; Paris shoe news
144 The undercoat jersey dress
146 Coat news: two strengths of brown
148 News in transport: the green coat with fur; the new Edsel car
150 The suit shoe—direction finder
152 Throwaway elegance: the jersey suit
154 Suit news: the belted browns
157 New evening look: long coat, day-length dress
162 Vogue Patterns: suit lines, untaxed
164 The pink revival—new lingerie

FEATURES • ARTICLES • PEOPLE

86 "He Never Hunted Geese Again." By Oliver St. John Gogarty
89 "Speak and Span." By W. R. Rodgers
126 People Are Talking About . . .
128 "The Day of the Fish." A Short Story by Elisabeth Ayrton
130 Special to San Francisco: Robert Watt Miller and Charles R. Blyth
132 The wedding of Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin and the Marquess of Waterford
166 Gossipy Memo on Travel
186 "Ibiza." By Penelope Alington

FASHIONS IN LIVING

167, 170 Japanese House, U. S. A.
169 Decorating news
172 Mr. Henry Lenning's New York apartment
174 Mr. and Mrs. James Van Alen's New York apartment
176 "Four Successful Dinner Parties." By Peggy Harvey

BEAUTY

156-161 How to look like a beauty
185 Discoveries in beauty

DEPARTMENTS

96 Shop Hound

The Chambre Syndicale de la Couture has requested that all publications showing Paris models from this collection publish the following line, to apply to all models shown: "Copyrighted model—reproduction forbidden." Of course, this does not apply to shops and makers who have bought the original models.



AT THESE FINE STORES: BERGDORF-GOODMAN (MISS BERGDORF), NEW YORK;

MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO; R H. STEARNS/ BOSTON; JOSEPH MAGNIN, SAN FRANCISCO

OR WRITE: ZELINKA-MATLICK, 512 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

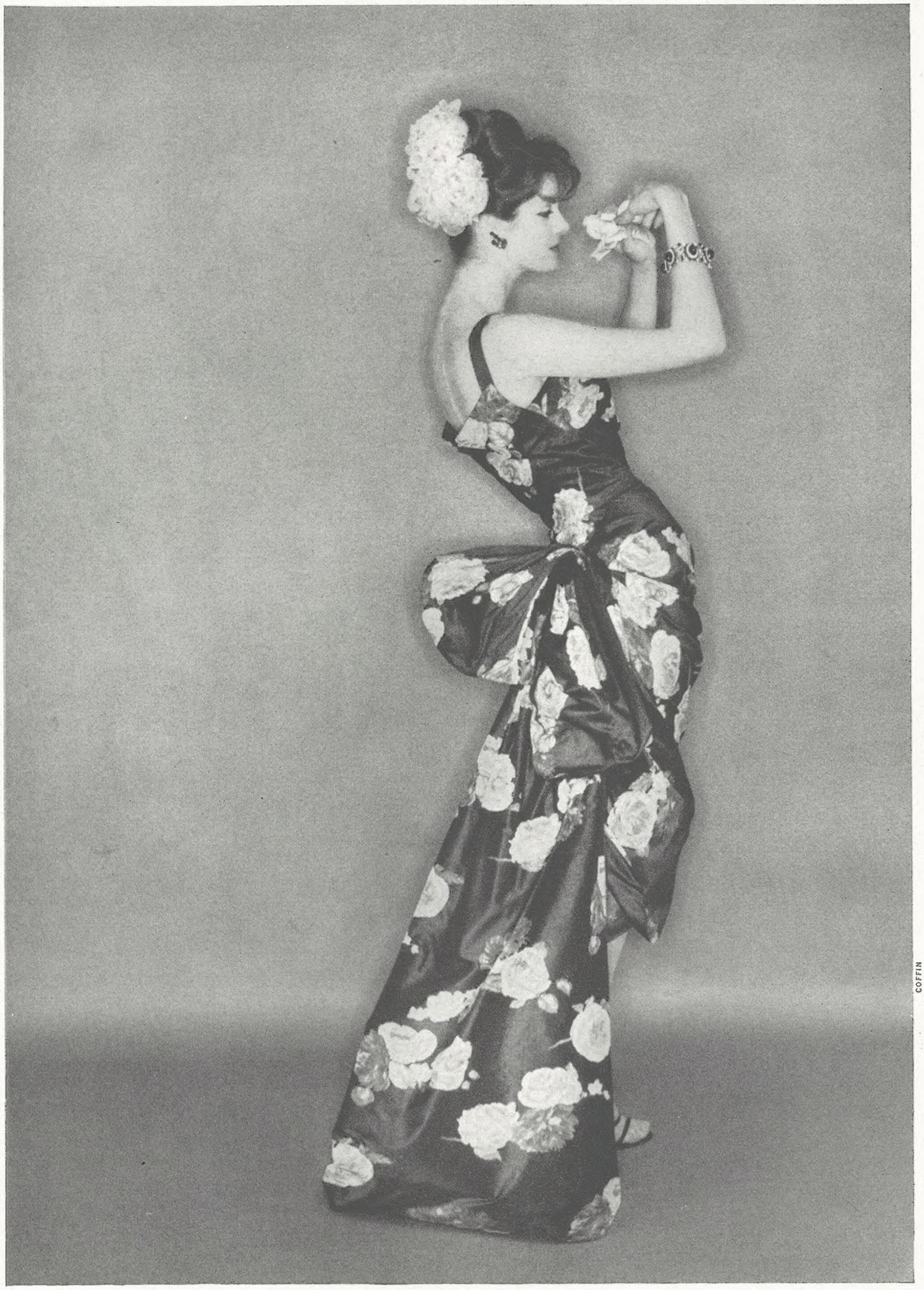


BONWIT TELLER

Curved-Away...

Ben Zuckerman's very new suit look.
Such easy going lines, standback collar,
four jaunty bows. Shown worn with
white mink cap and ascot. Black basketweave wool
in misses' sizes. Suit Salon

New York **Manhasset** **White Plains** Chicago Cleveland Boston



COFFIN

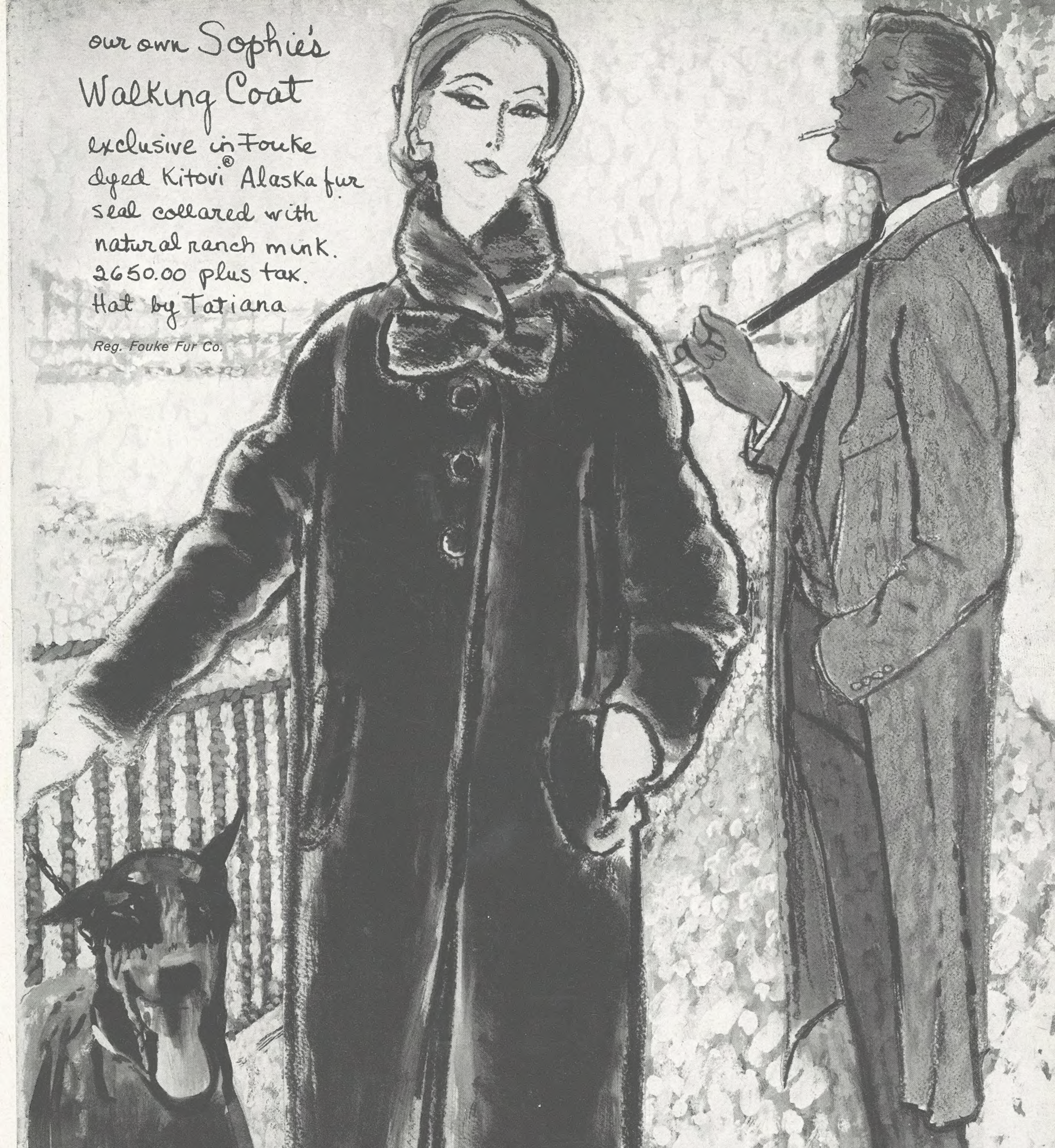
Rosalie Macrini – Rampant Roses – ruby taffeta – radiance in the evening

550 SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK 18
DE PINNA, NEW YORK NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS AND HOUSTON
STANLEY KORSHAK, CHICAGO MONTALDO'S AND DOOP'S

our own Sophie's
Walking Coat

exclusive in Fouke
dyed Kitovi® Alaska fur
seal collared with
natural ranch mink.
2650.00 plus tax.
Hat by Tatiana

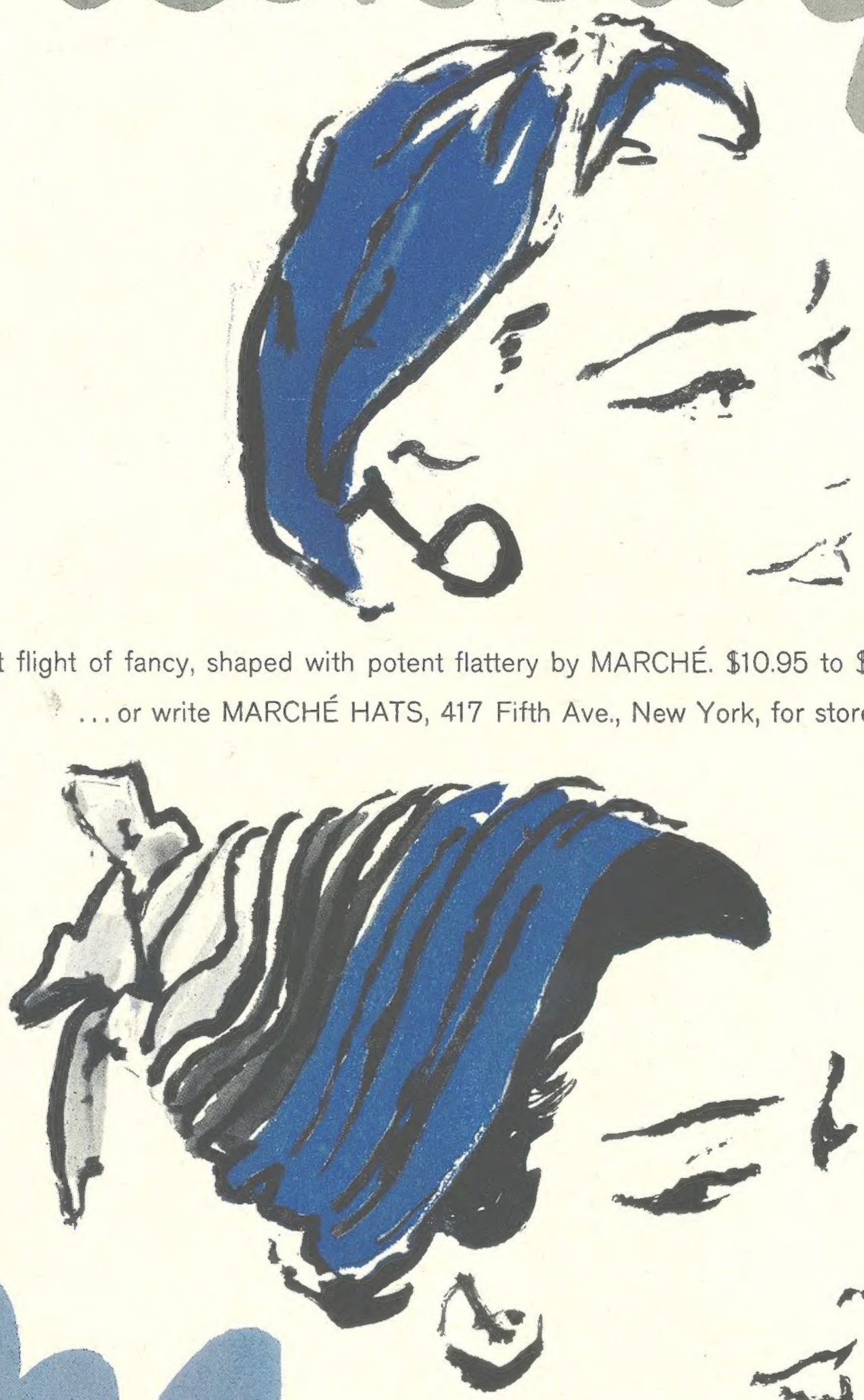
Reg. Fouke Fur Co.



Very **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**

New York • Detroit • Chicago • St. Louis • Beverly Hills • San Francisco

backswept



...fashion's newest flight of fancy, shaped with potent flattery by MARCHÉ. $10.95 to $18.95 in leading stores, coast to coast ...or write MARCHÉ HATS, 417 Fifth Ave., New York, for store nearest you.

Marché®

ORIGINAL ART BY DRAZ

Evening Intrigue—
our exclusive
Black Cloak of
Silk Satin
reverses to fabulous
Phantom-Fur
fabric. 350.00
Hat by Tatiana

Very SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

New York • White Plains • Springfield, N. J. • Detroit • Chicago • St. Louis • Beverly Hills • San Francisco • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh





David Ly. Goodstein

550 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

COSTUME OF BLACK AND WHITE LIGHTWEIGHT BRITISH TWEED.
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET WITH BLACK FOX COLLAR AND
GUARD RED LINING TO MATCH PIPING ON DRESS. ABOUT $210.
(INSET)—DRESS ONLY ABOUT $85. BOTH IN SIZES 10-16

I. MAGNIN & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
PALO ALTO
SACRAMENTO
FRESNO
LOS ANGELES
BEVERLY HILLS
PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA
LA JOLLA
SEATTLE



We like the young look

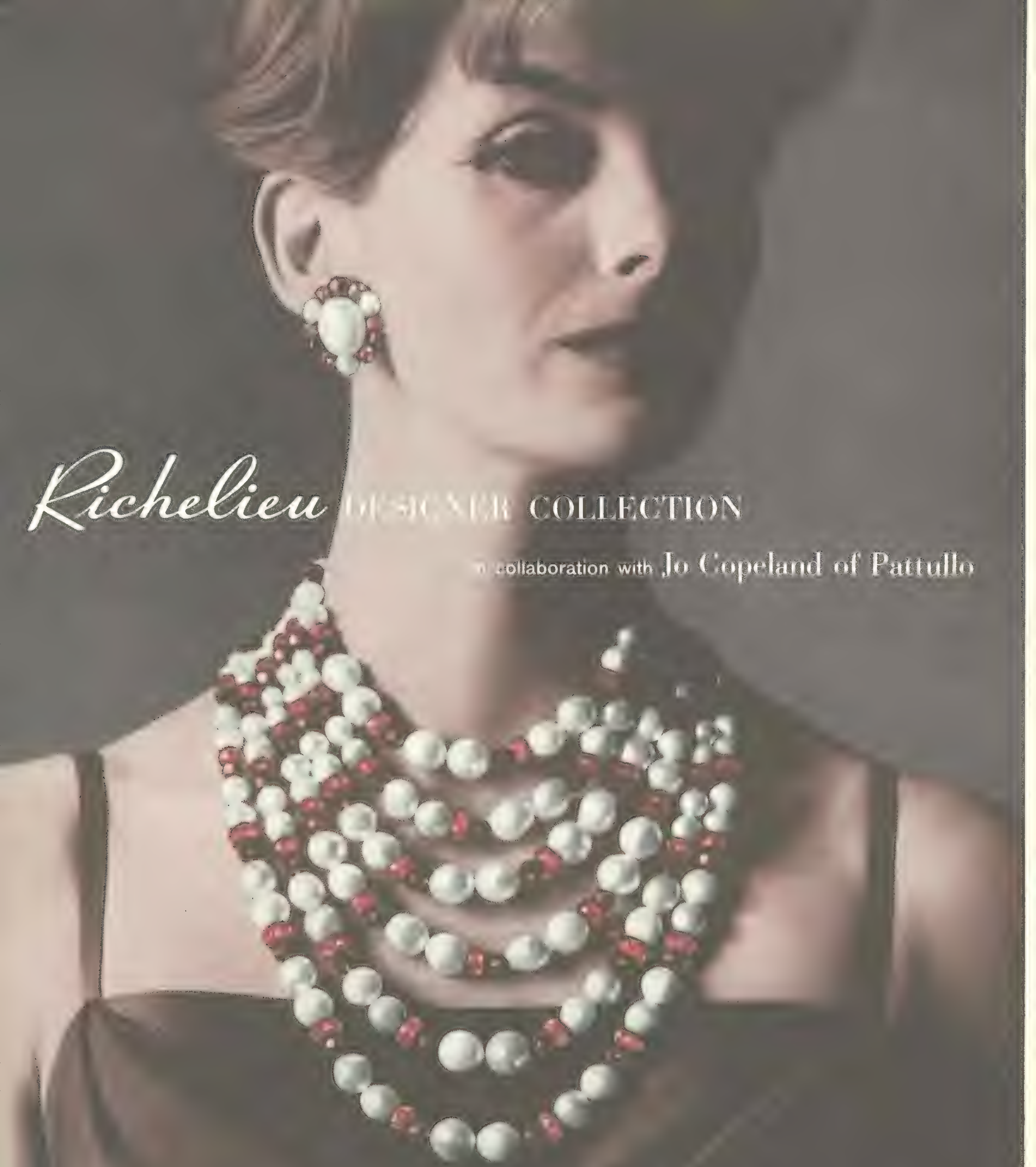
of winter navy fur in

two jackets by Hattie Carnegie...

left, navy-dyed Canadian beaver

right, navy-dyed Dutch moleskin

both exclusive with I. Magnin



"CHERRIES JUBILEE" an inspired blending of lustrous simulated pearl nuggets played against glistening highlights of ruby and garnet crystals a new kind of fashion excitement that enhances your every entrance while it flatters your every costume One to five strands . . from $4 to $20 Earrings . from $2 Bracelets . . from $4

Other imaginative creations in Richelieu's Designer Collection GEM TONES PARIS ROSE MELANGE SEMI-PRECIOUS STONE
All excitingly different — each a fashionable accent designed to be worn on all occasions PRICES PLUS TAX AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

THE RICHELIEU LABEL IS YOUR GUARANTEE
GOWN BY PATTULLO-JO COPELAND

FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE: JOS. H. MEYER BROS., 393 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Pattullo-Jo Copeland

JEWELRY BY RICHELIEU



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
MANUFACTURERS OF KNITTED GARMENTS

Pringle of Scotland

Cashmere – one way to dress up without trying – a Pringle with Intarsia at the neck and cuffs.



THAT AYRES LOOK—embarked from Indianapolis, reached Montreal in the morning and happened upon a field meet. Monte-Sano's giant striped suit with a most worldly sort of ease and elegance; a hat by John Frederics. The store, L. S. Ayres & Company of Indianapolis, takes a bow for this great look that is always unforced yet makes a strong and new fashion point. Photographed in Canada by Rutledge.



C. M.'s wife wears B. H. Wragge



The newest kind of coat in the world and the greatest. B. H. Wragge's very own temperature coat in Domino plaid wool. Worn over a knit jersey slim dress; light and easy over anything. Grey rock plaid over a graphite grey dress, woodbrook brown plaid over a beige dress. Sizes 8 to 16. Dress and coat together $119.



The Wragge way to look elegant without half trying. A dress of Westport flannel, all ease and flattery with a wonderful stitched calf belt. Unbleached white, colony blue, ebony black. Sizes 8 to 16. $69.95.

At *Bonwit Teller*, all stores
I. Magnin, California
Harold's, Minneapolis
Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.



The once-in-a-lifetime sweater for looking outdoorsy or fireside chic. Hip-length and fitted in a hand-loomed cobblewalk knit. Graphite grey, bark beige. Small, medium, large. $45. Skirt of Westport flannel with side pleated front and back panels. Graphite grey, woodbrook brown. Sizes 8 to 16. $39.95.



America creates new wools...

Setting the pace in today's fashion . . . America's own great mills, whose know-how and creativity produce the magnificent wool fabrics that all America will love and wear.

Not surprising to find the strongest influence on American fashion is wool. For precious wool is the most versatile of all fibers— and ideally suited to the American way of life.

Jointly sponsored with ASPC

Turn the pages for trend-setting wools—the brilliant result of American skill and imagination.



Like royal rubies—aflame with inner light— Forstmann's wool velvet—soft and luxurious as only wool can be. SEYMOUR FOX shapes it into a slim coat with sweeping exit lines.

Quietly sensational—Forstmann's wool velvet—so rich—so smooth—so infinitely flattering. Here, GEORGE CARMEL makes the most of the fluid grace born of wool . . . in a dramatic cocoon coat.

new wools for America's love of luxury

The fabulous wool velvet look by Forstmann in *Marvella II* and *Fleur-de-lis*

Suddenly sparkle and glitter disappear . . . surfaces take on a shadowy depth. It's the wool velvet look! Rich, and luxurious.

Here, Forstmann's epoch-making velvets of wool, *Marvella II*® and *Fleur-de-lis*.* Edwardian in elegance, sophisticated yet young, and glowing with an inner light of their own.

Chalk up to wool their wondrous soft, touch-me textures, rich radiant color and the stamina that keeps them beautiful. Stamina velvet has never had before.

The fashions shown are available at fine stores across the country. For further information write Forstmann Woolen Co., Passaic, New Jersey.

*Trademark

FORSTMANN ©

nothing measures up to Wool

America creates new wool jersey

for the way America likes to look



Lighthearted, versatile jerseys by Security—with new, textured dimension

Security created these new dimensional jerseys . . . as exciting to the touch as to the eye.

Knit of precious wool, their high-spirited colors, fresh yet sophisticated textures, reflect the special American approach to fashion.

And the natural resilience of wool gives them beautiful mobility—the extra measure of ease that lets you whirl around the country in perfect freedom and comfort.

The fashions shown are available at fine stores across the country. For further information write Dept. V, Security Mills Inc., 1441 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



for that wonderful feeling of

SECURITY

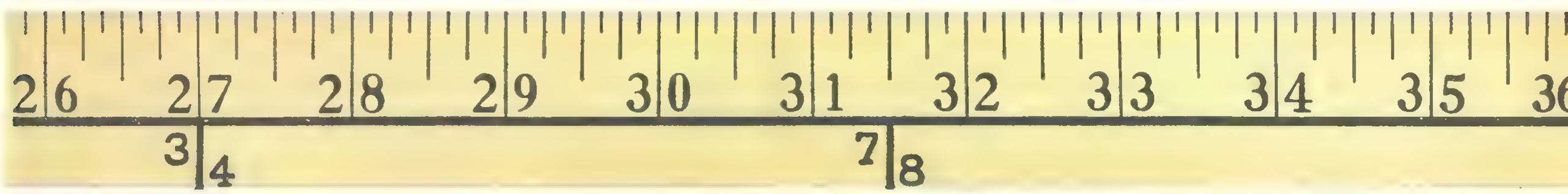
Ann Klein of Junior Sophisticates designs an easy-fitting suit of Security's lustre wool jersey. This jersey has a life, vitality—heavenly texture that could only come from pure wool.



Bonnie Cashin creates for Harris Raincoat Co. an all-weather travel coat, with standaway knit collar. Points of special pleasure: the weightless warmth of wool—the dimensional herringbone pattern in Security's authentic knit.



Mr. Mort shapes an easy dress in Security's checked worsted jersey. Hooded for fashion—it has the look of motion, the feeling of freedom that belongs to jersey of pure wool.



nothing measures up to **Wool**

America creates new wools for

Jean Essig of Majestic Specialties designs easy separates in Milliken's softened wool tweed—achieves a look of daytime elegance that can only come from wool.

country living

Bright new tweeds, plaids, flannels by Milliken to reflect America's casual mood.

Commanding rapt attention . . . the new relaxed American look, inspired by autumn's easy-going wools. Like these new wools by Milliken—lightened, softened. And because they're pure wool they have flexibility and motion!

Practical, too! These brilliant new wools take an active country life, stay looking fresh and new. And they're the prettiest possible protection from autumn's fast-changing temperatures.

The fashions shown are available at fine stores across the country. For further information write Milliken Woolens Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



Alex Colman teams a plain jersey shirt with new head sweater, cummerbund and skirt in Milliken's beautiful blanket plaid wool. Credit wool for their rich, radiant colors.



Mona Roset of Modern Juniors pairs Milliken's wool flannel and bold wool plaid in these bright, young separates. Wool's natural drapability makes possible the wonderful soft skirt fullness.

Pembroke Squires of Masket Bros. uses Milliken's wool plaid and herringbone flannel for a natty shorts and middy costume. Wool gives them the vitality to take an active, fun-packed life.



Milliken



nothing measures up to Wool

Perfection is fact...not fantasy...in DOETTE® *fabric gloves by* FOWNES. *Top,* GADABOUT $3.50. *Center,* BON BON $4.00. *Bottom,* FANTASIA $5.00. *At fine stores everywhere or write:* FOWNES GLOVES, *411 Fifth Avenue, New York 27.*



* Schiaparelli

* *a division of* ***FOWNES GLOVES***



It's here—Lady Hathaway's shirt for open jackets

THE NEWEST suits are worn with the jacket unbuttoned, open—and frequently *off*. So what does one wear *under* the jacket? The celebrated London couturier, Digby Morton, decrees that one wears this classic Lady Hathaway shirt.

Indeed, he *designed* it for this purpose. What ineffable distinction. What breeding. And what a *fit*. (Lady Hathaway shirts are cut and shaped by the same craftsmen who make Hathaway shirts for *men*.)

Note particularly the *collar* of the shirt. Magnificently dashing unbuttoned, and turned up. But button it, and it settles *flat*. Note also the subtle touches of man-tailoring: the neat and narrow single-stitch seams. The squared-off French cuffs. But observe that the final effect is triumphantly *feminine*.

The fabric is silky imported cotton broadcloth. Price? About $8.95. For store names, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine.



Jetspun® rayon adds its color-deep, color-fast talents to cotton in a new DuKay brocade interpreted by Jonny Herbert in a morning to midnight costume ensemble—a bare shoulder dress with satin-lined jacket. Sizes 5-15 and 6-16 in red, black, candlelight, pink, blue, or white.

About $45.* at Bramson's, Inc., Chicago, Illinois

W. Filene's Sons Co., Boston, Massachusetts

Haggarty's, Los Angeles, California

D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., New Orleans, Louisiana

Lord & Taylor, New York, New York

ENKA

for elegance...everywhere

*Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

American Enka Corporation, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

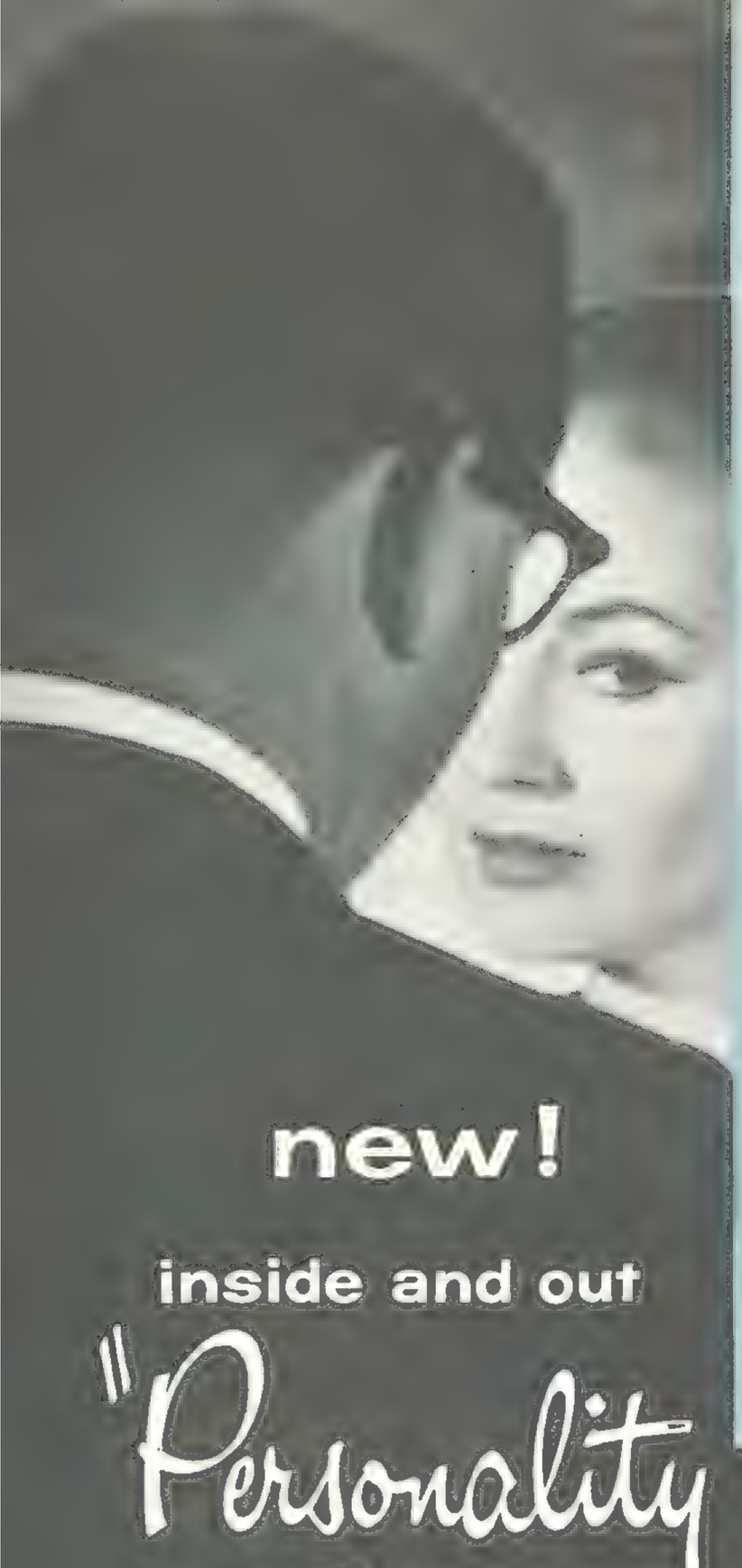
DIADEM brand, Emba* natural pale brown mutation mink...

designed by Emeric Partos of BERGDORF GOODMAN



*Trade-mark Mutation Mink Breeders Association Virginia Thoren

The very noblest of evening coats, molds an expression of superb beauty and luxury from the scintillating eloquence of DIADEM* brand, Emba* natural pale brown mutation mink. BERGDORF GOODMAN on the Plaza, Fifth Avenue at 58th Street, New York 19, New York

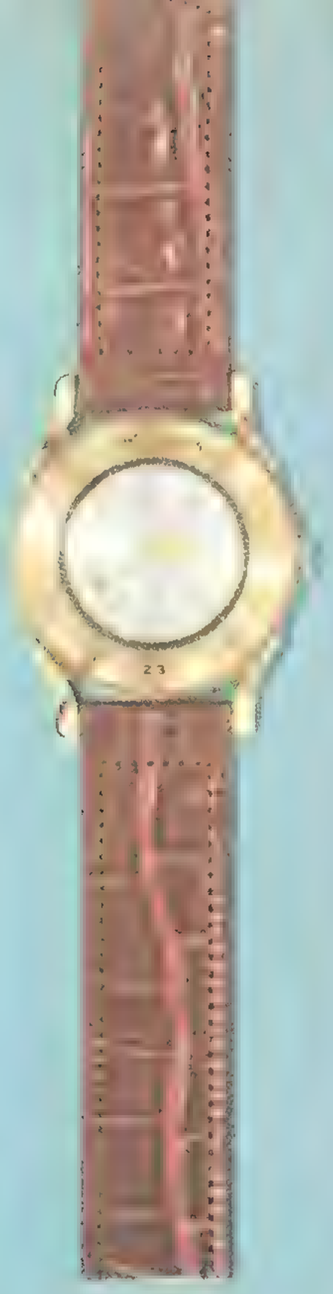


new!

inside and out

"Personality -Styled"

Lord and Lady Elgin Watches



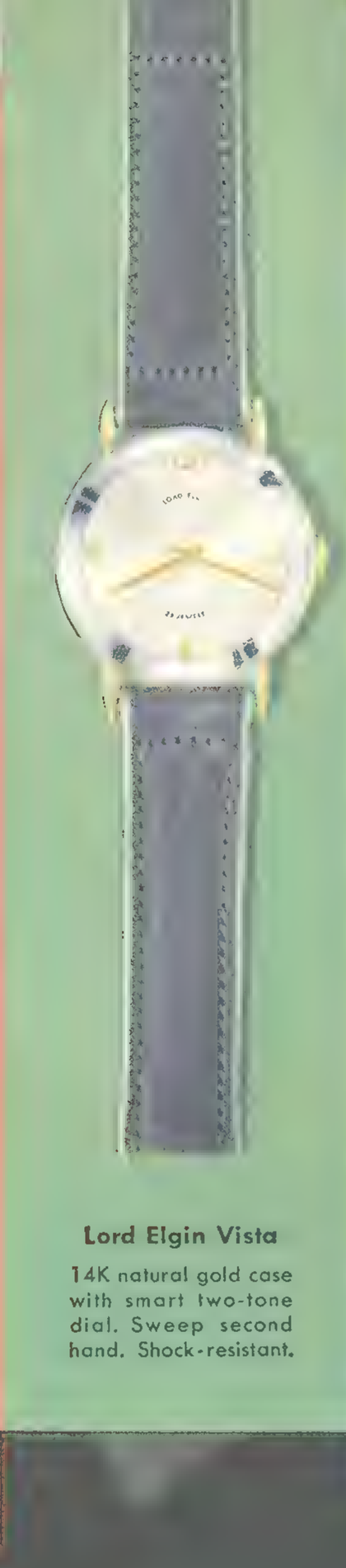
Lord Elgin Futura

A very trim and thin 14K gold-filled case. Unique floating hour disc. Shock-resistant.



Lady Elgin Twilight

Shock-resistant movement in a 14K natural gold-filled case with easy-to-read dial.



Lord Elgin Vista

14K natural gold case with smart two-tone dial. Sweep second hand. Shock-resistant.

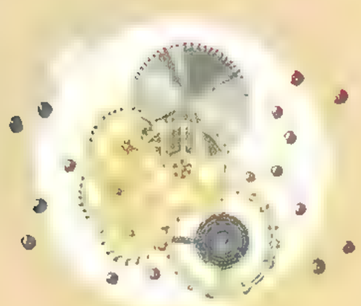


Lady Elgin Sunrise

Choice of sparkling white or natural 14K goldcase. Shock-resistant and waterproof*.

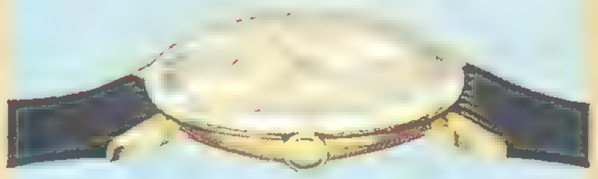
*WATERPROOF WHEN CASE, CROWN AND CRYSTAL ARE INTACT.

new! inside and out – the most



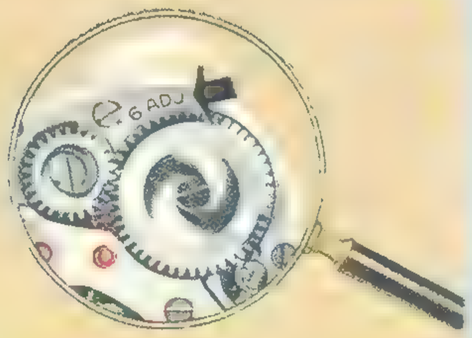
new! 23 JEWELS

Special Duralube jewels—with a special affinity for oil—to guard every important point of wear inside the watch.



new! "HORIZON LOOK"

Picture-window crystal reveals up to 33% more of the dial, continues as a wrap-around shield for a new slim, trim profile.



new! 6 ADJUSTMENTS

2 adjustments for temperature, 4 adjustments for position—to assure you utmost dependability under all wearing conditions.



new! CERTIFIED ACCURACY

Shock-resistant—timed to the stars by the Elgin Observatory—they establish a new standard of timekeeping accuracy.



Whatever you're like there's an Elgin you'll like

beautiful watches since time began

You see it immediately—the new beauty of Lord and Lady Elgin Watches. Dramatic beauty that is brilliant but practical. Distinguished beauty that has been achieved by "Personality-Styling". For each of these watches is individually designed with a specific type of personality in mind . . . All this is beauty you can see—but inside, there's equal beauty, expressed in terms of precision craftsmanship and new watchmaking advances that are exclusive with Elgin. Yes, inside and out, these are the most beautiful watches since time began. See these "Watches of tomorrow" at your jewelers' now. Lord and Lady Elgin Watches are priced from **$75.** Other Elgin Watches are priced from **$33.75.**

ELGIN

the newest ideas in fine watch design

ELGIN, ILLINOIS
ALL AMERICA CITY

at ease . . .

you, in the relaxed silhouette

of 1957 fashion.

a two piece dress of

delightfully textured

black and white wool tweed.

8 to 16, 119.95

designer's room

JOSEPH
MAGNIN

san francisco, northern california and nevada





at attention . . .

you, the center of it

in an incomparable coat

of pure vicuna

plus the delicious flattery

of a collar of

magnificent black-dyed beaver.

8 to 16, 595.00

designer's room

JOSEPH
MAGNIN

san francisco, northern california and nevada


EMPRESS CHINCHILLA
the precious fur for a precious few...
Ben Kahn
New York
NAN DUSKIN, PHILADELPHIA • CREEDS, TORONTO

AFTER-DUSK DRESS BY **HERBERT SONDHEIM** OF BLACK CREPE WITH DRAMATIC POULT DE SOIE CROSS-OVER SASH, 145.00



A STAR IN TEXAS

Sakowitz

HOUSTON

JEWELS — HARRY WINSTON

RICHARD AVEDON



now, Capucci shows his fine Italian hand...in a collection of great furs designed especially for David

Natural White Mink

50 West 57 Street, New York

JEWELS — HARRY WINSTON

RICHARD AVEDON



now, Capucci shows his fine Italian hand ..in dyed Kitovi* Alaska Fur Seal designed especially for David

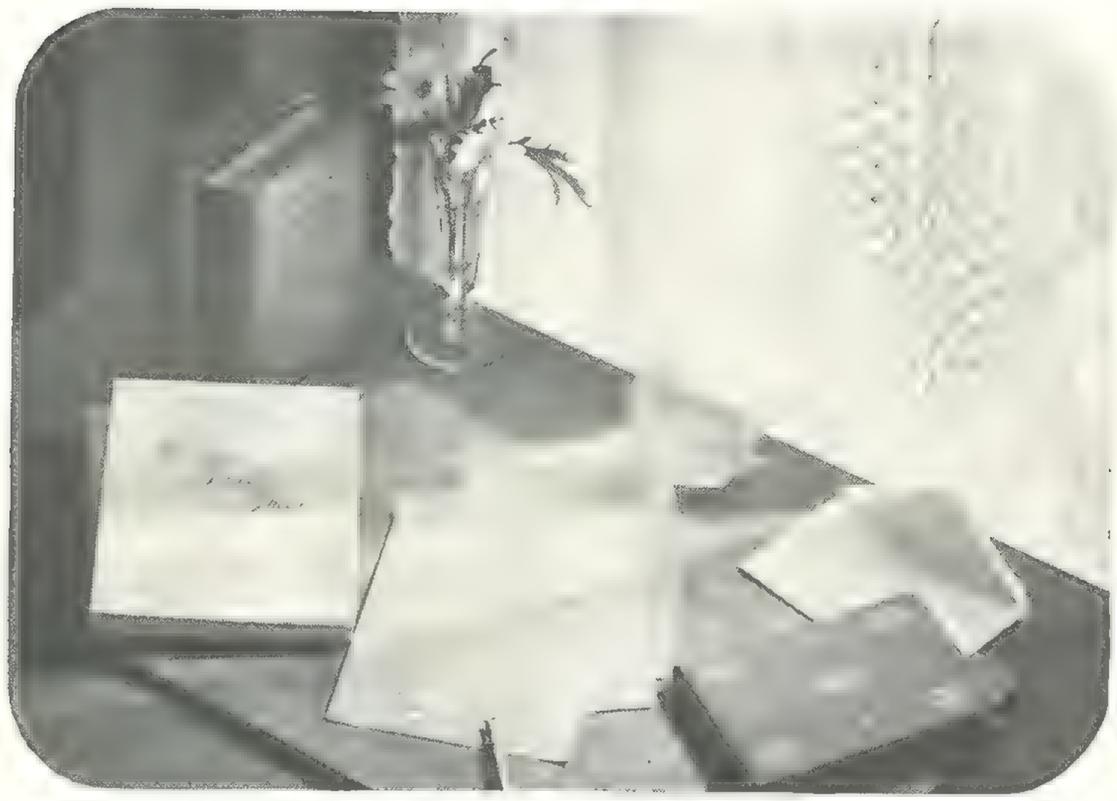
*Reg. Fouke Fur Co.

50 West 57 Street, New York

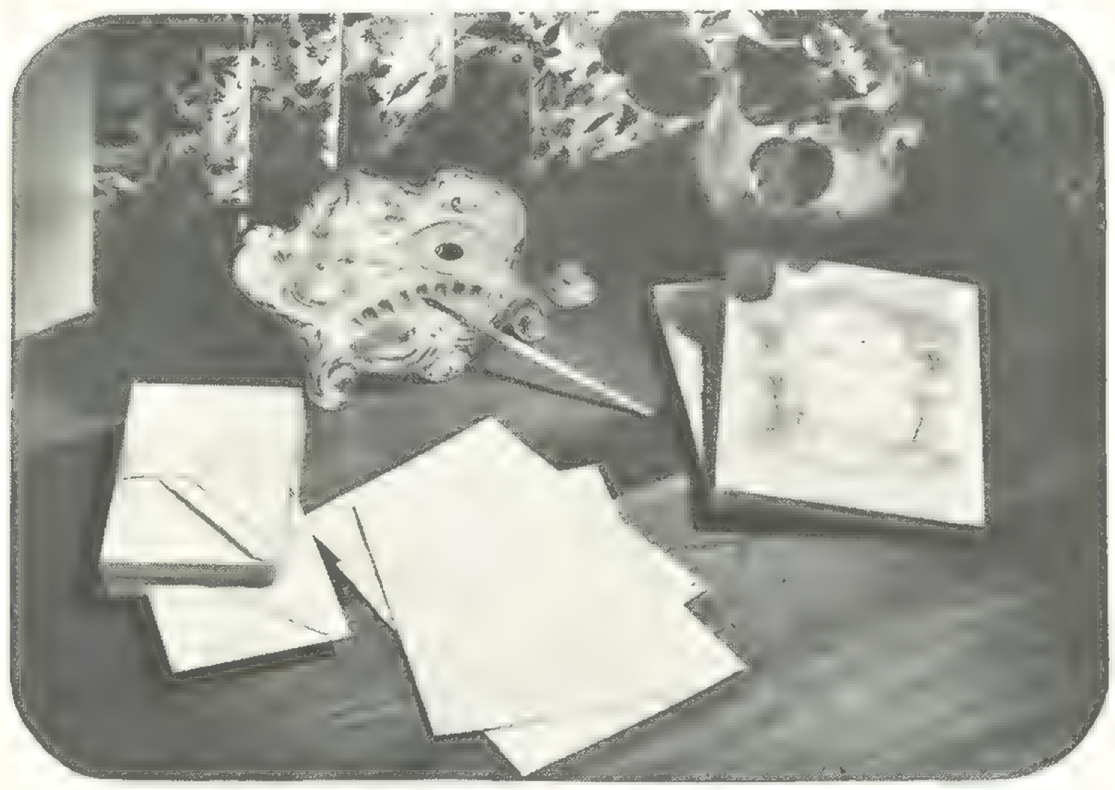
CHOOSE THE LETTER PAPER

that becomes you

Here is an attractive, easy and effective way to project your personality: Pick the EATON'S OPEN STOCK PAPER that suits you best. *Use it again and again.* It becomes identified with you . . . becomes your very own . . . gives presence to your visits by mail.



EATON'S CRYSTAL SHEER—as feminine as a veil; bandbox crisp; the allure of the gentle touch, the subtle suggestion; conveys a forever-young outlook. In sensitive pastels and white.



EATON'S RANDOMWEAVE—the look and touch of beauty classic and calm; bespeaks a blend of mind and heart, a sympathetic nature. In clear linen-like tints and white.



EATON'S POST PREFERRED—clearly contemporary; "travels light"; attuned to self-confidence, to the resourceful, inquiring mind. In always-correct colors. (In sizes for your husband, too.)



EATON'S CALAIS RIPPLE—the graciousness of luxurious simplicity; evokes the vitality of keen reactions, a generous spirit. In white; characterful colors. *All envelopes are discreetly lined in white.*

You can use EATON'S OPEN STOCK PAPERS again and again for they are always available, always match. Paper and envelopes sold separately. The papers shown and a dozen more stylings for your selection from Open Stock. In fine Stationery Departments, wherever you are.

If your quest be beauty EATON'S
FINE LETTER PAPERS

EATON PAPER CORPORATION PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

AVISCO
FASHION FIBERS



Dresses by Jonathan Logan in Bloomsburg's Crepe Sleek of Avisco rayon and acetate. Full-skirted dress, $17.95. Tucked sheath, $22.95. Both in sizes 5-15. Black, beige, royal blue and red.

They're as versatile as you are—these new crepes woven with modern Avisco® rayon and acetate! Crisp and dashing, or softly feminine, they dry-clean beautifully time after time—keep their texture and color. The crepes in these Jonathan Logans have met every test for the tag you trust!



New York City, Lord & Taylor • New Orleans, Maison Blanche • Chicago, Chas. A. Stevens • Minneapolis, Dayton's • Los Angeles, J.W. Robinson

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORP., NEW YORK 1, N.Y.



JUST A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE

...but what a wonderful difference! Your legs are alive with sheer, clear fashion shades. Infinitely flattering, definitely intriguing, Cameo's dash of color will spice your wardrobe this fall. Here, the Bur-Mil Cameo new Stocking Tints: above, left to right: Burnt Ember, Blue Smoke, Flame, and Charcoal; at right: Mulled Wine.



bur-mil Cameo

sheer nylons
in fabulous Stocking Tints
$1.35 to $1.65 a pair

BURLINGTON HOSIERY COMPANY A MEMBER OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES, INC.
Available in Canada through Burlington Industries (Canada) Ltd. Made by Patentex Process. U.S. Patent No. 2,771,759. ©1957 B.I.I.



Bardley makes a dramatic splash on the town or country scene with this bold plaid wool coat, jersey-scarfed and pocket proud, with standaway club collar set in a soft, low curve. A striking study in slender line and careful detail. In red with red, vicuna with black, or black monotone tweed. Sizes 8 to 16, $69.95*.

AT BEST & CO., N.Y.; JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILA.; WOODWARD & LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D. C.; CARSON, PIRIE SCOTT & CO., CHICAGO; L. S. AYRES, INDIANAPOLIS; J. W. ROBINSON, LOS ANGELES; OR WRITE TO FINGER & RABINER, INC., DEPT. V9, 512 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. *HIGHER IN THE WEST

WINGATE PAINE

Bardley



Women of the world love

LESUR

Softness and movement is the era of Lesur—fabric creator of France. Favored by the great dressmakers of two continents; a prized possession of smart women throughout the world. Red: all wool. Blue: wool and "orlon". Letters of Lesur: wool and "orlon."



How to play Twenty-One—always with a winning hand!

Just draw on "Drama", Van Raalte's nylon glove in 21 colors

Take it, in all its glorious hues, and you have the smartest glove bet of the season. It's Fauntex® . . . a new nylon . . . frothy, petal-soft, yet perfectly washable. Nice news: mid-arm length, permanently shirred. At fine stores everywhere. $3.00

Van Raalte GLOVES • STOCKINGS • LINGERIE *Because you love nice things*



with

ROUX®

brighter, "happier" haircolor!

Do you want brighter hair? darker hair? an exciting new fashion haircolor? . . .

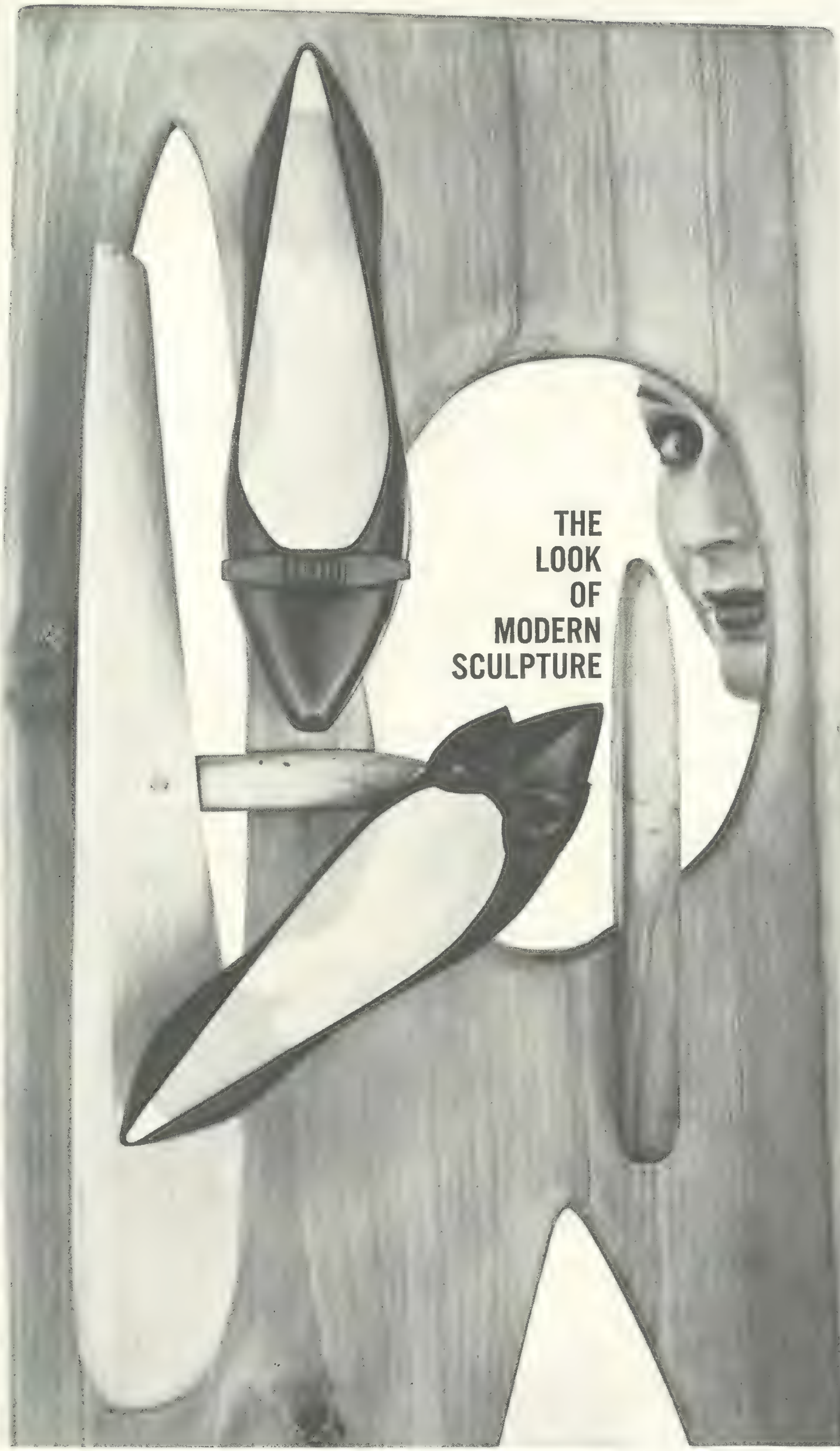
color that lasts? or color you can gaily rinse in, shampoo out? . . .

color for your entire head? or just to touch-up some stray gray or dull-looking strands?

Whatever you desire, Roux is your answer. For Roux is America's *first* family of hair colorings and lighteners, both durable and temporary. Each is created to meet a specific need. And each gives the lovelier, natural looking results that make Roux the outstanding name in haircolor beauty.

Perhaps *your* haircolor isn't doing all you'd like for you. If you're thinking of a quick, simple answer...

ask your beautician why she prefers ROUX



Flowing lines and a three-dimensional look for these handsome pumps! Top: black, navy or brown calf... bottom: graphite or ginger beer calf; black Heyl kid.

PANDORA FOOTWEAR

FAMOUS-BARR CO.

St. Louis 1, Mo.
also Clayton, Southtown and Northland

the needle toe gets the golden touch

the world's most beautiful shoes

FRENCH ROOM ORIGINALS

Atlanta • Bergen County, N. J. • Beverly Hills • Birmingham • Buffalo • Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Des Moines • Detroit • Evanston

Hollywood • Houston • Kansas City • Little Rock • Long Beach • Long Island, N. Y. • Los Angeles • Madison • Memphis • Miami Beach • Milwaukee • Minneapolis

Nashville • New Orleans • Oakland • Oak Park • Palo Alto • Pasadena • Pittsburgh • Portland • Sacramento • St. Louis • Salt Lake City • San Antonio • San Diego

San Francisco • San Jose • San Mateo • Seattle • Skokie • Stockton

Toledo • Tulsa • Van Nuys • Washington, D. C. • Westchester, N. Y.

CHANDLER'S

Schiaparelli

chooses black-dyed, lustrous modern Persian Lamb . . .

SOUTHWEST AFRICAN PERSIAN LAMB

for a brisk abbreviated overcoat and

a smart hip-bone length flyaway jacket,

rimmed with black-dyed mink.



Available at:

New York City, R. H. MACY & CO.

Philadelphia, Pa., JOHN WANAMAKER

Chicago, Ill., CHAS A. STEVENS CO.

Akron, Ohio, M. O'NEIL CO.

Baltimore, Md., HOCHSCHILD-KOHN

Boston, Mass., R. H. STEARNS & CO.

Bridgeport, Conn., HARPER'S FURS

Brooklyn, N. Y., MARTIN'S

Buffalo, N. Y., ADAM-MELDRUM-ANDERSEN

Cincinnati, Ohio, MABLEY & CAREW

Cleveland, Ohio, MAY CO.

Dallas, Texas, A. HARRIS & CO.

Denver, Col., GANO-DOWNS CO.

Detroit, Mich., B. SIEGEL CO.

Gary, Ind., BEREZNER'S FURS

Hartford, Conn., G. FOX & CO., INC.

Indianapolis, Ind., H. P. WASSON CO.

Kansas City, Mo., WOOLF BROS.

Little Rock, Ark., M. M. COHN CO.

Los Angeles, Calif., COULTER'S

Milwaukee, Wis., NIGBOR FURS

New Britain, Conn., CONNECTICUT FURRIERS

New Haven, Conn., KRAMER'S FURS

Newark, N. J., BAMBERGER'S

Oklahoma City, Okla., PEYTON-MARCUS

Phoenix, Arizona, GOLDWATER'S

Pittsburgh, Pa., KAUFMANN'S

Portland, Ore., ED HAMILTON FURS

Providence, R. I., WILLIAM H. HARRIS INC.

Rochester, N. Y., B. FORMAN CO.

St. Louis, Mo., FAMOUS-BARR

St. Paul, Minn., FIELD-SCHLICK, INC.

San Diego, Calif., LION CLOTHING CO.

San Francisco, Calif., CITY OF PARIS

Syracuse, N. Y., FLAH'S

Utica, N. Y., LENCHER'S

Watertown, N. Y., EMPSALL'S

Worcester, Mass., RICHARD HEALY CO.

Youngstown, O., LIVINGSTON & SONS, INC.

Hats by Schiaparelli

SCHIAPARELLI FURS, 305 Seventh Ave., New York

NEW
BEAUTY
DISCOVERY
IGNITES
THE

flame of eternal youth

A flame of beauty exists within you. Perhaps it smolders close to the surface. Or maybe it lies deep inside, simply waiting to be sparked to warm and vibrant life. New scientific findings have now produced a formula which has the power to *light this flame,* to re-kindle the fires of youth and fan them into vivid, triumphant beauty. Proving, unequivocally, that "eternal youth" is no longer a myth but a thrilling reality . . . yours to have, *effortlessly.* The discovery is an *invisible* face cream, Instant Endocreme. Totally free of inert, pore-clogging waxes (commonly found in creams and lotions), Instant Endocreme is absorbed immediately and completely. *No visible trace lingers on your skin.* Instant Endocreme has no hormones. But it has new youth-restoring ingredients which do everything hormones do, and more. *Exciting results come faster.* Rich, nourishing emollients race unhindered—with full potency—deep into the skin cells. To force fresh new blood to the skin's surface, softening it and smoothing it. And to release freshets of vital moisture—some instantly, some gradually into *all* layers of the skin. When you use Instant Endocreme at night, it simply melts into your skin, leaving no shine, working while you sleep. When you use Instant Endocreme as a "moisturizer" under make-up, it makes you feel freshly beautiful every hour of the day. Discover your own unquenchable flame of youth! All you need do is dip, daily, into the silky fire contained in this brilliant lacquer-red jar. Instant Endocreme is now available at all fine cosmetic counters. It costs five dollars plus the tax.



INSTANT ENDOCREME *distributed by Hirestra Laboratories, Inc. • 745 Fifth Avenue, New York*


IT'S
AN
Original



Kimberly
KNITTED FASHIONS

Bergdorf Goodman, New York; I. Magnin Co., Calif.; Blum's-Vogue, Chicago. About $60. Higher west of the Rockies. KIMBERLY KNITWEAR, INC., 1410 Broadway, New York 18, New York



Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago. About $60. Higher west of Rockies. KIMBERLY KNITWEAR, INC., 1410 Broadway, New York 18, New York

Kimberly

KNITTED FASHIONS

"I've got my love to keep me warm . . ."

And one of her loves is her Stroock—

ethereal Kashmir, woven with Stroock's

priceless "extra ingredient" t.l.c. (tender

loving care). Originala tailored this beauty

with as much love as was woven into the

fabric itself—because Originala cutting

Stroock is like Toscanini conducting

Beethoven. Sublime!

I. Magnin California and Seattle,
Garfinckel's Washington, Neiman-Marcus Dallas
and Houston, or write Stroock,
350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Stroock

The sheer beauty of it!

Two threads instead of one...and they hardly ever run!

FOIL-A-RUN nylons by Holeproof



No seams or show seams...FOIL-A-RUN nylons are so sheer, only a shadow can match them. Yet they wear twice as long!

Holeproof makes this impossible delight come true with a unique twin-thread knit...if one thread should break, the other holds.

And Holeproof's complete wardrobe of FOIL-A-RUN styles was designed to compliment every fashion you wear.

Holeproof's exclusive Fashion Circle Colors are created to enhance your own costume shades. HOLEPROOF CORPORATION, A Division of Julius Kayser & Company, New York



the fleece in fashion is

HOCKANUM

The lustre of Hockanum® fleece captures the highlights of fashion. Here in a coat you can relax in, even on the most formal occasions. In brown (shown); also blue, red, taupe, black.

Sizes 6-18. About $90 at Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; The Higbee Company, Cleveland; The J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit; L. S. Ayres & Company, Indianapolis; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.
New York 36, New York



The advertisement reproduced on this page which first appeared 33 years ago, carries a message as true now as it was then . . .
"Via CUNARD
there is no better way"

COLORAY* HUES OF THE CITY

fashion by Marjorie Montgomery of California

Green bright as a go-light in a blouson sheath as simple as any stroke of genius. In Courtaulds' Coloray rayon with the beautiful color caged in for life. You'll love the soft feather striping, the rich cashmere feeling. In Coloray city green, grey, blue, brown. Sizes 8 to 18. About $36. At I. Magnin & Co., California and Seattle; B. Altman, New York; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D. C.; Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago; and J. P. Allen, Atlanta. For additional store names write Courtaulds (Alabama) Inc., 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York



Fabric by ABC Fabrics

Why so colorfast? Because of Courtaulds' famous solution-dyeing method. Color is poured into a viscose solution that flows into spinnerets and emerges as fully formed Coloray fiber. And inside... is that wonderful Coloray color. It's caged in! It can't get out!

*COURTAULDS'

COLORAY®

Solution-Dyed Rayon Fiber With Captive Color...Can't Escape!

Mary Grey's



. . . a new glow in stockings

with seams or seamless

At fine stores everywhere

© MARY GREY HOSIERY MILLS, BRISTOL, VIRGINIA





your public appearance begins in private . . .

with new costume-mated slips of Du Pont nylon. It's a compatibility of color and line that bespeaks the most beautiful taste. And to these lace-bountiful slips, nylon brings lasting luxury and a washable, quick-drying nature. This fall, add color to your private life with a wardrobe of slips in care-free Du Pont nylon.

A veil of nylon lace over nylon tricot. Rose blush, willow, grey mist, caravan brown. Sizes 32-38. About $25. At better stores everywhere.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DU PONT NYLON

Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric, lace or slip shown here.

the
new
perfume
of
Christian Dior



Diorissimo

made in France



COETS®

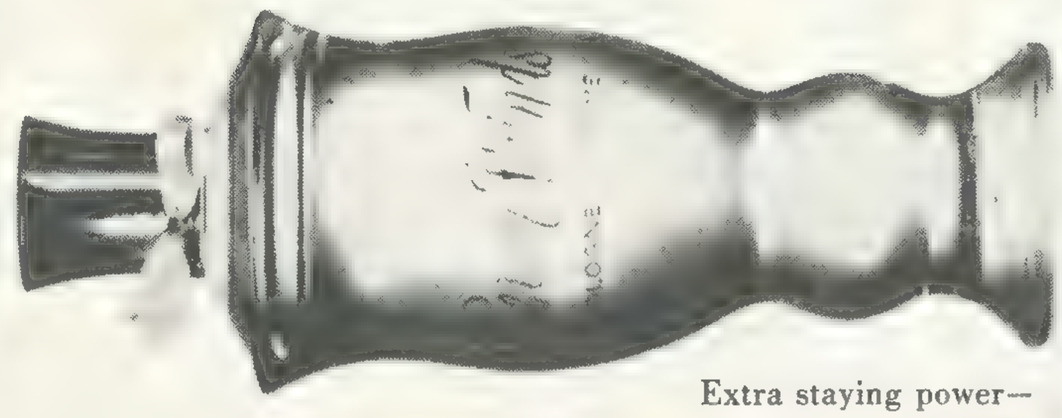
Better than plain cotton or tissues for removing nail enamel

COETS are *quilted*. Won't "wad up" when wet... won't fluff off or stick to polish like ordinary cotton or tissues.

Box of 80—45¢ Box of 180—95¢

QUILTED COTTON SQUARES

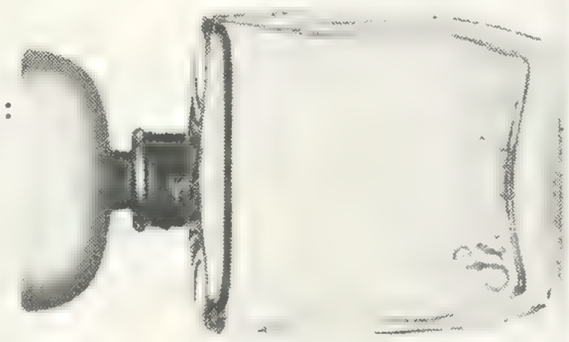
Discoveries in beauty



Extra staying power—
Cologne Supreme. 4 oz. size: $4.

Flowers on tap

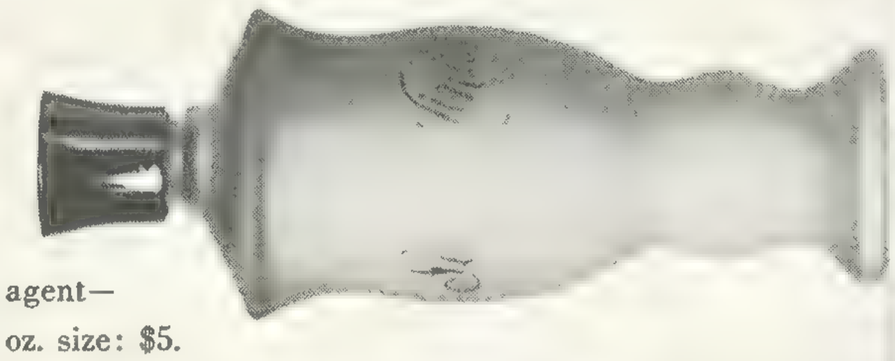
The bath and after-bath plan here:
based on a flowery new perfume
that's light, but lasting.
This, Du Barry's Seven Winds,
a potpourri of roses, jasmine,
and violets grown wild
(woody undertones, in fact).
Everything here, from Altman's.
All prices, plus tax.



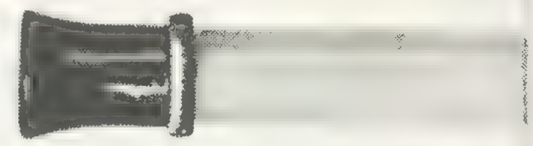
Perfume in a squared-off
bottle. 1 oz.: $18.50.



Seven Winds to puff on:
feather-light bath powder. 10 oz.: $4.



Smoothing agent—
bath oil. 2 oz. size: $5.



Seven Winds perfume—
purse-powered by a
tiny gilt-topped *flacon*. $2.50.



COETS®

Better than plain cotton or tissues for refreshing tired eyes

COETS are *quilted*... hold their shape when moistened with cool water or witch hazel. Neater, handier than regular cotton. Just the size to rest on closed eyelids.

Box of 80—45¢ Box of 180—95¢

QUILTED COTTON SQUARES



COETS®

Better than plain cotton or tissues for applying liquids

COETS are *quilted*... won't "wad up" when wet. See how smoothly they apply your make-up film. No streaking... no caking as with regular cotton or tissues!

Box of 80—45¢ Box of 180—95¢

QUILTED COTTON SQUARES

DAVID BY CARTIER



FOR STORE IN YOUR CITY WRITE VERLÉ 522 N. ROBERTSON BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Hat by Mr. Arnold



The Elegance of Simplicity—

Couturier coat by dan millstein INC. ***—made of bartalana fine Italian woolens***

The new tapered look—Contessa red, black and taupe—sizes 8-16 $125 slightly higher on West Coast

Bergdorf Goodman, New York Neiman Marcus, Dallas and at all Paris franchise stores

Dan Millstein Inc., 205 W. 39 Street, New York 18, N. Y. In Canada Barry Lee, 1193 Phipps Square, Montreal

Fabrics by Bart Schwartz International Textiles Ltd., 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Hat by Mr. Arnold



The Elegance of Simplicity—

Slim coat by dan millstein INC. ***—made of bartalana —fine Italian woolens***

Cocoon shaped—sleek and slim—seal brown or topazio blue—sizes 8-16 $125 slightly higher on West Coast

Lord & Taylor, New York Engel-Fetzer, Cleveland and at all Paris franchise stores

Dan Millstein Inc., 205 W. 39 Street, New York 18, N. Y. In Canada Barry Lee, 1193 Phipps Square, Montreal

Fabrics by Bart Schwartz International Textiles Ltd., 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Hat by Mr. Arnold



The Elegance of Simplicity—

Versatile suit by dan millstein INC. ***—made of bartalana —fine Italian woolens***

Chanel influenced belted suit of muted plaid—grey or bronze—sizes 8-16 $100 slightly higher on West Coast

Bonwit Teller—all stores Roos Brothers, San Francisco Neusteter's, Denver HP Wasson, Indianapolis

Dan Millstein Inc., 205 W. 39 Street, New York 18, N. Y. In Canada Barry Lee, 1193 Phipps Square, Montreal

Fabrics by Bart Schwartz International Textiles Ltd., 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

ESTEVEZ



GRENELLE-ESTEVEZ LTD., 550 SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y. C.

PHOTO BY BETTY ESTEVEZ

"New Fashion" *...the new color!*

"Click-Change" *...the new refill case!* That Elizabeth Arden. Never satisfied. Endlessly fussing to make things better. Now she's really done it. Dreamed up "New Fashion", the new color that adds a lively glow to the quiet beiges and browns . . . ignites the classic blacks! Here it is in Click-Change, the refill case that saves tempers and money. One twist and the used lipstick clicks out. Another twist and the refill clicks in. No messy hands. No scooping out. No squeezing in. Try "New Fashion", the new color created with that rich, creamy texture, so lasting, so lustrous, so gentle to the lips, so exclusively Elizabeth Arden, in Click-Change, the new lipstick. Click-Change lipstick in New Fashion red, $1.75. Click-Change refill, .85.

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX

Elizabeth Arden





we say it again and again...

darling

you're much too nice to be a garbage collector

Ask your plumber to install an In-Sink-Erator garbage disposer under your sink. In-Sink-Erator's patented automatic reversing action quickly pulverizes all food waste so it's quietly washed away, down the drain. Look for In-Sink-Erator in model homes.





In·Sink·Erator®

garbage disposer

©1957 In-Sink-Erator Mfg. Co., originator and perfecter of the garbage disposer, Racine, Wisconsin.



VITALITY'S SLENDERIZING FIT DRAMATIZES YOUR FOOT

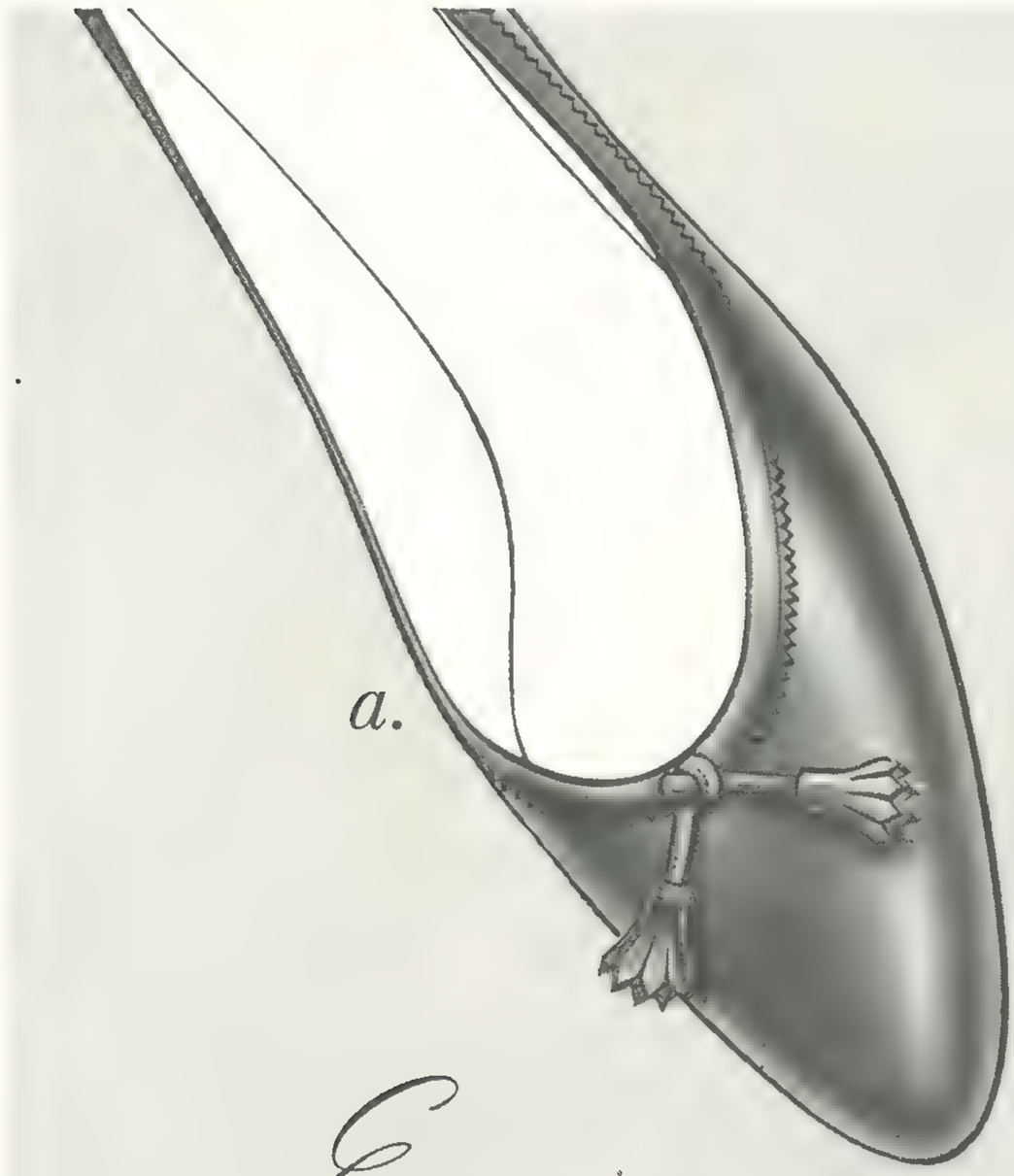
Dramatizes indeed,
for Vitality's
narrow heels shape
to your heels—
Vitality sleek topline
fit hugs your foot!
The more perfectly
a shoe is fitted
to your foot, the more
slenderizing the effect!
New slender toes
and lovely slender heels
representing fashion's
newest look are prominent
in Vitality's exciting
new collection.

$10.95 to $13.95

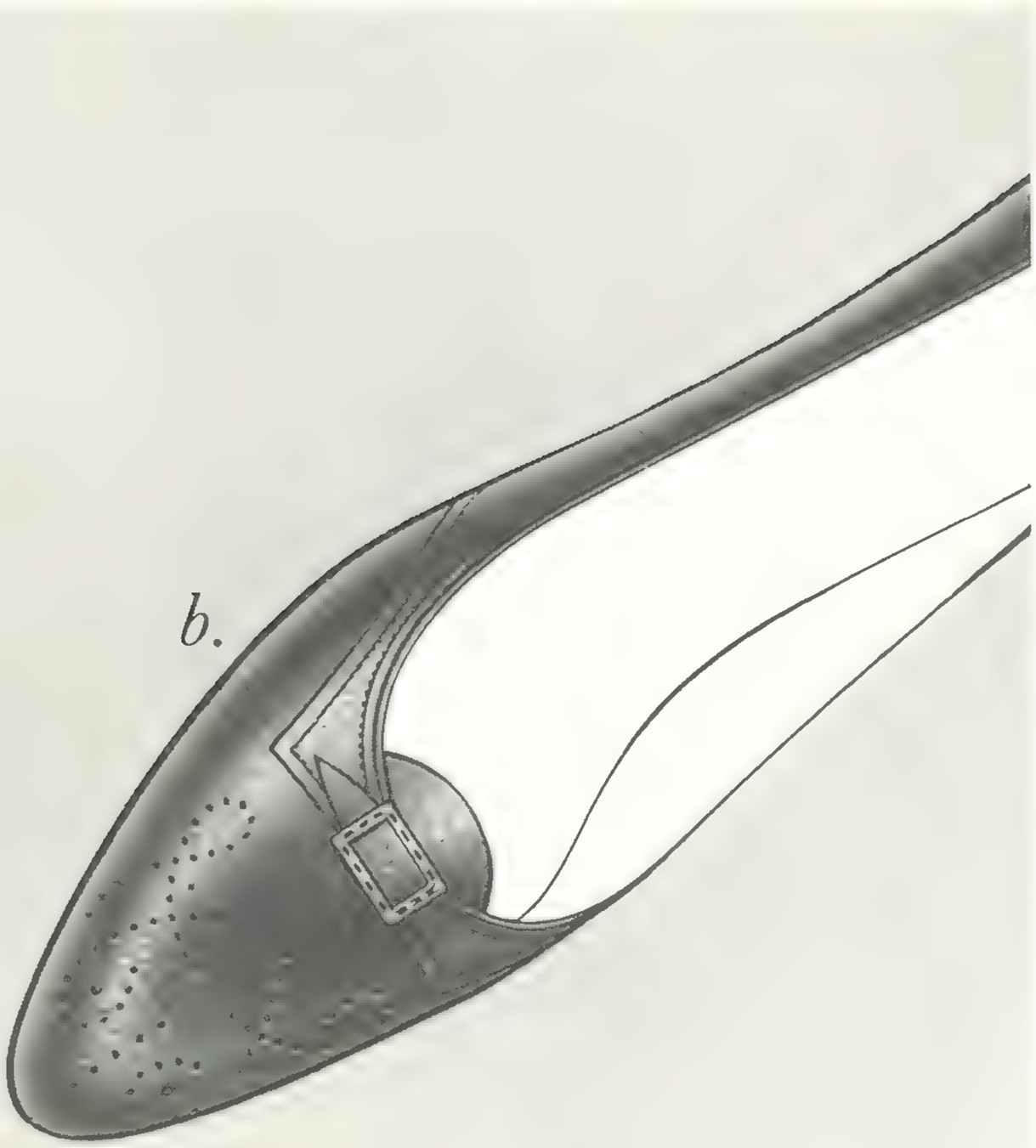
VITALITY SHOES

famous for fashion and fit

Vitality Shoe Company, Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Missouri

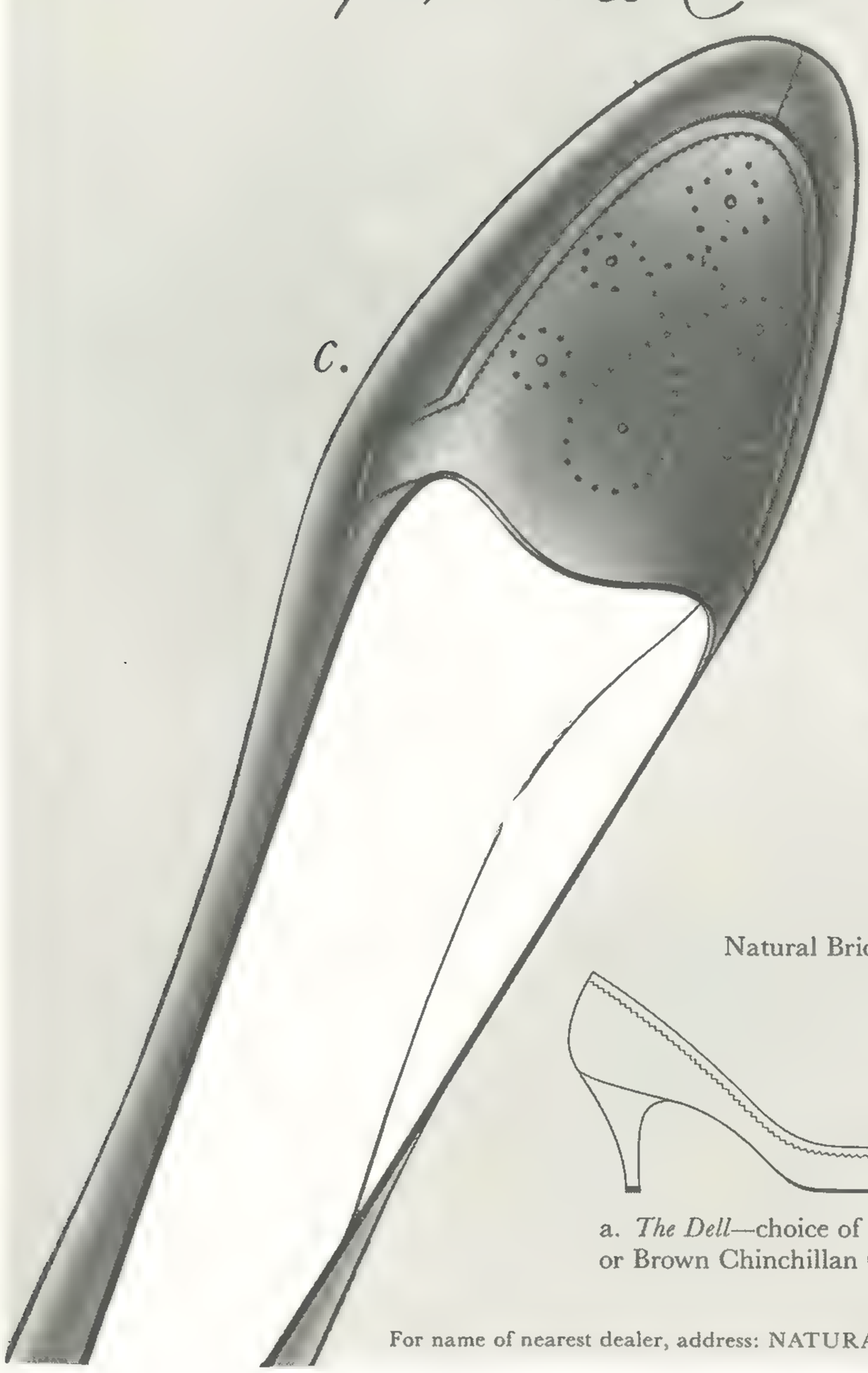


a.



b.

Exquisitely Textured... and pointed to autumn's softest, most beautiful side of fashion



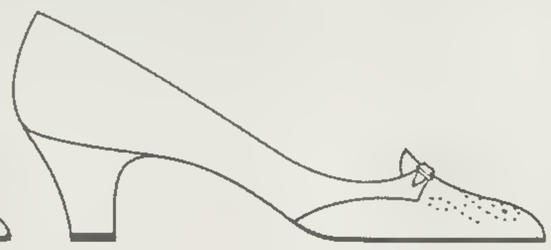
c.

Caressingly soft textured calf... in three smartly tapered patterns, each sporting such a trim, yet practical heel. Fit and wear pleasure out of this world!

Natural Bridge® Shoes

Natural Bridge Shoes are priced at 9^{95} to 13^{95} Distant points slightly higher

a. *The Dell*—choice of Black or Brown Chinchillan Calf.



b. *The Babette*—in Black or Brown Chinchillan Calf.



c. *The Corral*—in Black, Red or Brown Chinchillan Calf.

For name of nearest dealer, address: NATURAL BRIDGE SHOEMAKERS, Division of Craddock-Terry Shoe Corporation, Lynchburg, Va.

Evyan

high fashion in fragrance . . .



white shoulders . . .
most precious . . .
golden shadows

Alamac knits a special brand of magic to create Thalspun® Jersey*—luxurious, washable and shape-retaining. Left: The gracefully draped, eased sheath in garnet, charcoal blue, charcoal green, charcoal grey. Sizes 12½ to 24½ and 10 to 20. About $18.00. Right: The slim overblouse look, bare-necked and sparkled with rhinestones, in charcoal blue, charcoal violet, charcoal green, black. Sizes 12½ to 20½ and 10 to 20. About $18.00. At the stores listed below, or for store nearest you, write to Martha Manning Garment Co., 1641 Washington Avenue, St. Louis 3, Missouri.



*80% orion, 20% wool

HATS BY EMME

fashion becomes a fine art
when the fabric is

THALSPUN by ALAMAC

when the designer is

MARTHA MANNING

Arnold Constable, *New York*/Also *Hempstead/New Rochelle/Manhasset/Trenton/Hackensack/New Brunswick*



the fashion shoe

mademoiselle®

About $18 (slightly higher Denver west). For store names write Mademoiselle Shoes, Empire State Building, New York 1.

A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION



PARFUMS BY

LUCIEN LELONG

PARIS • NEW YORK



RUTLEDGE

The self-sufficient dress—jacketed

For the woman who puts in a fair amount of time in transit (airplane; commuters' special): a tweed and jersey suit-dress that comes as close to solving major daily dressing problems as any we've seen. The top, black wool jersey, bound with the black-and-white wool-and-silk tweed that makes the skirt and double-breasted jacket. By David Levine; $160. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. Castlecliff gilt bracelets, also at Saks Fifth Avenue.

bobbi



no seams
to be seen
in those
new
stocking
colors*
by
Hanes

*barely black · barely brown · barely taupe · firelight · plum fun · in the pink



Betty Brett of Nina brings the dream dress to life. It's 80% "Orlon"* acrylic fiber and 20% wool with a lightly textured, luxury touch. But unexpected as a unicorn in the garden are its practical qualities. Thanks to "Orlon", it is washable and requires little or no ironing. It keeps its shape, keeps its color, but doesn't keep a wrinkle. Plaid of black and red or black and midnight blue with removable white dickey. Sub-teen 6-14, about $23. At Bonwit Teller; Ransohoffs; Neiman-Marcus; Garfinckel's; L. S. Ayres & Co.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabric or dress shown here.



and
when
they're
very,
very
good—
they're

GARDNER

As millions of American mothers have discovered, Gardner *nylon* snowsuits are in a class by themselves.

Wash them?
Of course —
again and again . . .

Dry them?
Quickly —
no lost wearing time.

Buy them?
Because of all this —
plus their beauty,
warmth (nylon quilted or
Orlon pile lining!)
and unmatchable quality.

Top: nylon knit trimmed
"Taslan" textured nylon suit.
Turquoise, brown, red,
or skipper with white.
Toddler sizes: 2, 3, 3x, about $20.00.
3-6x, about $25.00.
Center: nylon fleece jacket,
Dynel fur collar.
Natural, red or turquoise.
3-6x, about $17.00, with ski cap.
7-14 (without cap), about $17.00.
Nylon downhill ski pants.
3-6x, about $9.00.
7-14, about $11.00.
Bottom: drawstring blouson,
attached hood, downhill ski pants.
Navy, grey, red/navy,
or turquoise/brown.
7-14, about $25.00.
3-6x, about $20.00.

"every ounce nylon"

JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia, *and other fine stores everywhere*
For the store in your city, write: GARDNER CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York



Grand-entrance suit by HARRODS OF CALIFORNIA in Mayflower's beautiful classic: yarn-dye worsted flannel. New departure: Greek Key design jacket with a gently belted blouson back. More news, the premiere of exciting colors: Sea-Sand Green, Blue Spruce, Winter Beige, Cambridge Gray, Cedar, Parfait Brown, Thistle. Sizes 10 to 18. About $90. Available at Best's Apparel, Seattle Leon Godchaux, New Orleans • Haggarty's, All Stores • J. L. Hudson Co., All Stores • Neiman-Marcus, Dallas HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS



Catching compliments
at every turn . . . the new Jacquelines
for Fall! You'll lose your heart,
too, when you see their unusual styles,
detailed with an eye to fashion's
mobile lines. Soft suedes, melting-
smooth leathers, colors you've
been sighing for . . . all at prices to
pluck at *your* heartstrings.

10.95 to 12.95

Some styles 9.95

Jacqueline

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI • A Division of Brown Shoe Company



Dalsheim

copper fire...north, east, south, west! New sparks for your fall costumes...brilliant burnish for fashion colors! Modern classics in imported diamond-faceted beads: 3-strand bib $9.00; bracelet $3.00; button earrings $2.00. (Two-strand choker $5.00, one-strand $3.00.) Also in ice-glittering Silver-blue imported beads. At fine stores everywhere or write Dalsheim Accessories, Inc., 389 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



all prices plus tax



JOHN STEWART

Late-day black: belted for good measure

Flare-skirted. flare-sleeved. a coat dress
with a beautiful, tall waistline--and immensely becoming
to a figure with same. It's black silk tweed;
the belt, pleated kidskin. Probable time-span for this?
Cocktails-through-dinner-through most 8:30 curtains.
By Maxwell Shieff, of Bianchini fabric; about $185.
At Lillie Rubin; I. Magnin. The muff, black-dyed fox, by Winter Furs.

AUTUMN AND eve

A STOCKING COLOUR
OF TOTAL FEMININITY BY

Humming Bird



Who but Humming Bird could
capture all the magic
of autumn in one new color?
Who but Humming Bird could
couple it with
the quality and styling
that goes beyond time and season?
Here is an entirely new
color concept,
as purely feminine as EVE—
fresh as the first
fall fashions.

You will find EVE
at your favorite store
in both full-fashioned
and seamless styles.

DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS INCORPORATED, CHATTANOOGA 1, TENNESSEE



HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS



JABLOW creates the
narrow tweed coat in a

BERRIEGE

fabric loomed by Strong, Hewat

J. P. Allen, *Atlanta, Ga.*
Neiman-Marcus, *Dallas, Texas*
Bonwit Teller, *New York, N. Y.*
Stix, Baer & Fuller, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Berriege and Strong, Hewat Fabrics
sold exclusively through Berglas-Rieger Corp.,
112 West 34th Street, New York 1, N. Y.



not a seam to cut you anywhere!

Silf Skin Pantie Girdle is so firm...so friendly...has no crotch seams to cut and bother, yet moulds and controls beautifully! Make the *"inside-out test"* and discover that only Silf Skin exclusive seamless knit is just as velvety smooth on the inside as it is on the outside—feels so good next to you. Full-fashioned, preshrunk, in white, and now in black. Nylon elastic, $5.95. Silk elastic, $10.95. As shown, $5

NOW AVAILABLE IN SILF SKIN'S SUPER CONTROL
An extra-firm knit that combines amazing support and spring-back with luxurious comfort! $5.95

Silf Skin

At all fine stores . . . For nearest one, write Department V-9, Silf Skin, Inc., 10 East 39th Street, New York 16, New York or 215 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

For all the women you are...

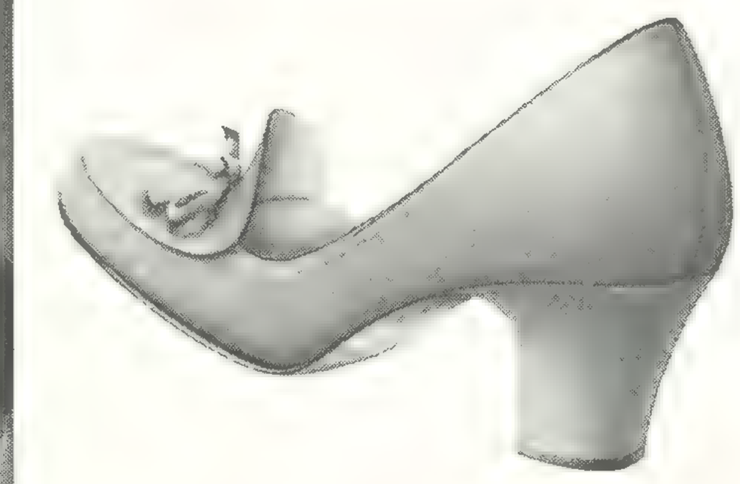
Velvet step

Whether you're a careerist, housewife, glamor girl— or all three— there's a Velvet Step shoe to match every mood! Dress shoes, walking shoes, casuals! And such exciting textures, colors and details. Beautiful broadtail leathers, elegant peau de soie, calfskin slashed to look just like luxury reptiles. Velvet Step offers the fashion excitement of thirty dollar shoes for so much less.

10.95 to 12.95

PETERS SHOE CO., DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY
ST. LOUIS 3, MISSOURI







Suddenly a delightful Continental Custom is sweeping America!

It's vermouth as a *straight* drink . . . and men and women who instinctively choose the finer things reach for Martini & Rossi—*the finest vermouth in the world.*

Whether they champion tall drinks, whether they're sippers or ice swirlers, Martini & Rossi vermouth offers something for each of them—as a delightful dry aperitif or a sweet drink to follow dinner.*

Chilled . . . with soda . . . or "on the rocks", *the quality of Martini & Rossi is most apparent.* Alone in the glass, it reveals the subtleties of expert blending—the combining of vintage wine with the infusion of more than 30 varieties of herbs—all in strict accordance with a secret formula, unchanged and unsurpassed for generations. ▪ *Renfield Importers, Ltd., N. Y.*

*AND ONE MUST NOT FORGET VERMOUTH S CLASSIC ROLE IN MARTINI AND MANHATTAN COCKTAILS.



MARTINI & ROSSI

IMPORTED VERMOUTH
SWEET OR EXTRA DRY



Put new beauty in your hair

Noreen can put a new, subtly different look of beauty in your hair by accentuating your natural hair shade and depth of color. And you can plan these flattering variations in your natural hair shade to go with your clothes and to help you wear some of the handsome but difficult colors you may have avoided in the past.

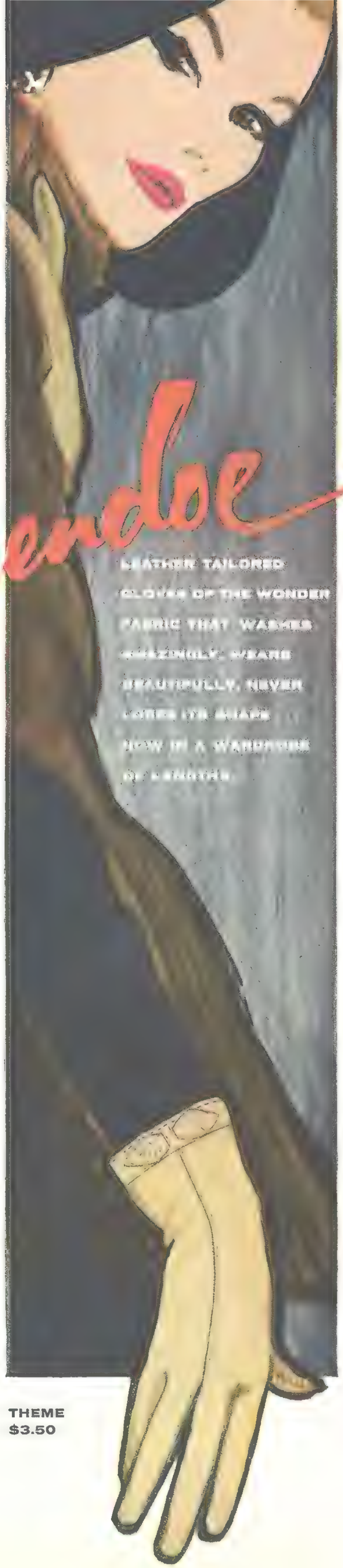
Noreen Color Hair Rinses are designed to flatter you . . . to restore the tender shining quality of young hair to locks that have become drab, streaked or graying . . . to bring back the sheen of rich color or delicate tints . . . to emphasize your natural hair shade by simply adding a lightening or darkening color.

COLOR HAIR RINSE

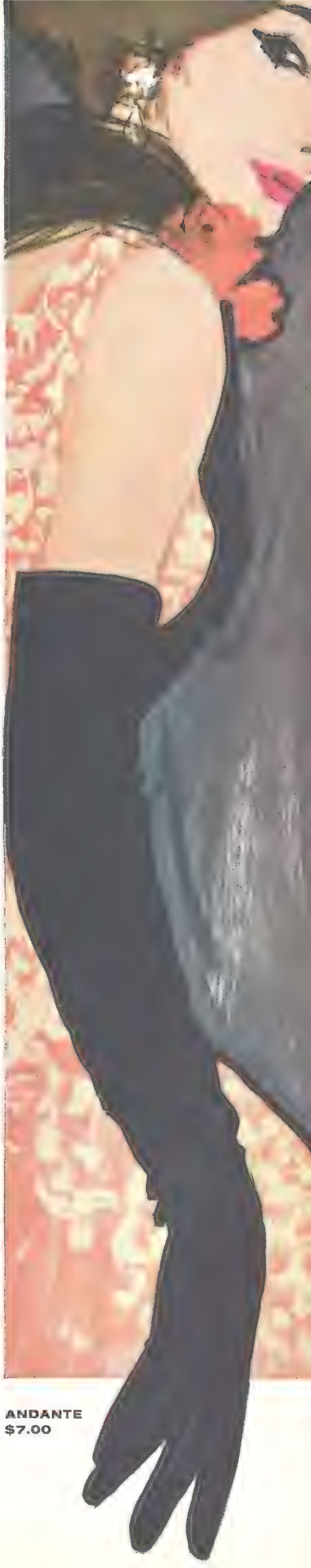
There are fourteen Noreen shades to choose from and you can change your shade as often as you wash your hair, since Noreen can be applied in three minutes and shampooed out equally fast. Ask your beautician for a Noreen rinse or apply one yourself at home.



OVATION
$3.50



THEME
$3.50



ANDANTE
$7.00

For those very special people

who appreciate the daily pleasure

of owning the very best—

there is one very special towel...

MARTEX



For name of store nearest you, write: Martex, 65 Worth Street, New York 13, New York

He never hunted geese again

BY OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

This story was told me at a dinner party by a man who was frequently interrupted by the guests. So it was not all related at once. Therefore I have had to fit the pieces together as a whole, but during the breaks in the narrative, I had time to reflect and to see one or two things which may or may not have been apparent to him.

One of these was the way his guide treated him and the friend he brought with him. He employed a guide to look after a hunting lodge he had built on a wild island off the coast of Georgia. The guide, who had to live there all year round, knew what roughing it meant, so, when the two whom he regarded as members of the idle rich came to play at roughing it, he took care to make them as uncomfortable as possible.

My fellow guest said that he took his yacht as far as he was allowed to by the guide. The rest of the journey had to be made in a small sailing boat. The trip took eleven hours. The excuse for the small boat was that the yacht might alarm the wild geese.

When at last the men reached the island, the guide informed them that no geese would appear until Friday. As it was only Wednesday, they had to pass the time as best they could. They found this rather boring. But there was worse to follow. On Thursday, the guide ordered them to sleep with their clothes on.

"Whichever of you is going to shoot, let him lie in the lower bunk so I can waken him by pulling his foot."

The guide was to creep into the sleeping quarters before dawn and the hunter was to follow him in dead silence through the dark. The owner of the island thought it would be a courteous thing to let his friend have the first chance of a shot at the geese. So his friend occupied the lower berth. There would be only two geese: enough for only one hunter. The guide knew the ways of wild geese.

The narrator said that after an uneasy night he was awakened by the sound of two shots. After half an hour the guide and the friend returned. The guide was silent. The friend said that he had a "left and right"; but that he missed with the left and only wounded the second goose, that is, if he hit him at all.

Breakfast was served outside the lodge in the chilly air. I could not see the necessity for this; but I could see that the servant was master now and he was letting his employer have it.

The guide announced soberly: "There'll be no more birds for a week since that one got away this morning. Then we'll have to hunt from a blind."

The "blind" was a platform covered with branches and surrounded by decoys far out in the bay.

I did not inquire how they spent the week, but it seemed to me that it takes a long time to outwit a goose.

"After six days," the story went on, "we sailed out to the platform and lay half frozen on our backs for hours. At last, flying north in V formation, came a great gaggle of geese headed by an old gander who acted as squadron leader. They flew high over the blind. When he saw it, the leader hesitated. Then he led his formation on, all but two. At each end of the V were two young geese, a male and a female. The male must have signalled to his lady friend, 'Don't mind that old fellow; like all old people, he is too suspicious. There is good feeding below us. Let's go.' The two descended. When they were within range, the guide nudged me. I killed the goose or badly wounded her for she lay flat on the water. The gander flew away but not for long. To my surprise he came back, and with cries tried to raise the bird his advice had brought to her death. Finding that was of no avail, he tried to induce her to fly by flapping his wings as an example. They drifted nearer to the blind. The brave bird, regardless of danger, never ceased his attempts to rouse his mate. He cried and fluttered and stretched his neck skyward repeatedly. I never saw a more touching exhibition of devotion even in a human being.

"I raised my hand. 'Don't shoot,' I said. I have never shot since."

Dress by Rosalie Macrini



fashion rated colors . . . *exciting new idea in*

TEXOLITE PAINTS*

Now you can live with colors that are flattering to *you*. Colors inspired by the fashions of the day!

Breathtaking new pastel shades in TEXOLITE paints give an exciting new dimension to home decorating—complement your dress . . . reflect your own good taste. Those who influence our fashions rated these lovely colors . . . extravagantly praise them.

Why not make your home truly fashionable? Ask your TEXOLITE dealer about new TEXOLITE Fashion Rated Colors, thrilling new idea in home decorating, or write Dept. V-4, 300 W. Adams Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM The Greatest Name In Building

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

What is the time and place for Liqueur?
. . . Champagne? . . . Cognac Brandy? *Any time you choose to enjoy them!* And for these pleasant occasions only the very finest belong—
Cointreau, Piper-Heidsieck, Remy Martin.



Remy Martin 80 proof • Cointreau 80 proof • Renfield Importers, Ltd., N. Y.
Cointreau produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.

SPEAK AND SPAN

By W. R. Rodgers

When I was a boy in Ireland my mother used to say to me, "You're a slow-coach. You'd be a good one to send for sorrow." But my father saw no harm in that. "*My* father," said he, "told *me*, and his father before him told *him*, that if ever you have to go anywhere, and have to run, never go. It's unlucky."

My father belonged to a more deliberate world than I did, a world ruled by custom and ceremony. For he was a countryman by birth, and I was a city lad. My earliest memory is of hearing him read. Every evening as darkness fell over the Ulster city, we would gather round the fire in the morning room and he would read aloud the day's doings from the newspaper. He always read aloud. Somehow I knew that he couldn't take in the printed word unless he first sounded it *out*, and I used to wonder at this. Why was he so old-fashioned? Why couldn't he read *into* himself, like me? It was not until later on in life that I learned that he belonged to a much older Europe with an *oral* culture, a Europe whose only word was the spoken word. The silent reader is a comparative latecomer to Europe.

UNLETTERED, BUT GRAND TALKERS

So my father's world was very different from mine, which was a brave new world of books and newspapers and silent readers galore. Indeed he told me that when he first came to the city only about one in ten of the old residents there *could* read or write. Yet, said he, they were knowledgeable people and grand talkers. "But nowadays," said my father, looking gloomily at the book I was immersed in, "everybody loses his tongue as soon as he puts his nose in a book." He himself never altered his habit of reading aloud. It was no use pointing out that if everybody in our busy city were to do the same thing there would be pandemonium.

So there I sat each winter's night, with my chin on my knees, looking into the fire, while he wrestled with the great rocks of English words. I couldn't always make sense of what he was reading, for so many of the words were too big and too strange for a child. But one good thing I did get from it all—I got a liking for the *sound* of words that never left me. "Look after the sense," said the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*, "and the sound will look after itself." But being my father's son, I would rather have Coleridge's saying that a sentence which *sounds* pleasing has always a meaning which is deep and good. In fact, I prefer *sound* sense to sound *sense*, if you hear what I mean. Which is partly why poetry appeals to me, because in writing it I find that the sound leads me to the sense.

"Whenever you are writing a poem," said W. B. Yeats to a friend of mine, "write as if you were shouting to a man on the other side of the street and he had to hear you." Yeats himself always buzzed aloud like a bee when he was composing a poem—in a bus or a drawing room or wherever he happened to be. And the best story about him was told to me by his Dublin doctor, Oliver St. John Gogarty. Yeats, as an old man, had come back from Spain where he was wintering for the good of his health. He brought with him a letter from his Spanish doctor,

(Continued on page 92)



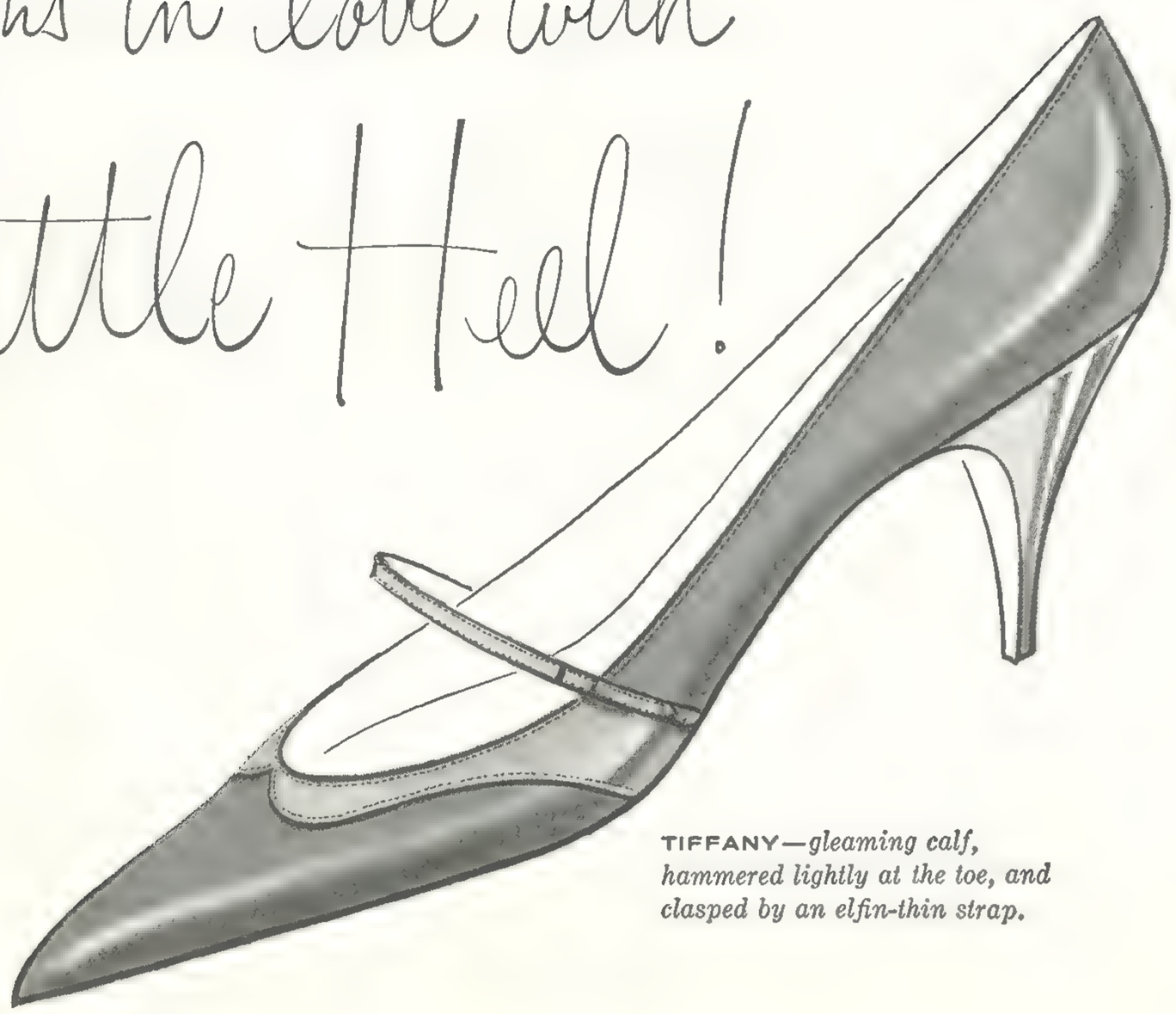
The most delicious trip you ever took! The food is just part of the fun on Italian Line's Sunny Southern Route! You'll enjoy sparkling tiled swimming pools, broad sun decks, entertainment every evening and superb service in the grand tradition of the Italian Line. Choose a leisurely Cruise-Like Voyage on the stately Vulcania or Saturnia with calls at many exciting ports or go express on the modern transatlantic liners, Cristoforo Colombo, Giulio Cesare or Augustus.

Call your TRAVEL AGENT or

Italian Line

Battery Park Building, 24 State Street, New York 4, New York
Telephone: DIgby 4-0800

fashion's in love with the Little Heel!



TIFFANY—*gleaming calf, hammered lightly at the toe, and clasped by an elfin-thin strap.*



REYNOLDS—*smart dialogue between suede and calf, with a slight Oxford accent.*



SOPHISTICATE—*a smooth sweep of calf that flares up into a proud collar with impudent off-beat buttons.*

Gives the foot a more delicate look—yet that wisp of a heel has a wonderful talent for walking! Shown here from Fortunet's Little Heel Collection, three supple versions to wear with your newest suits and separates.

Most Fortunet styles, $10.95 to $12.95.

Fortunet

FUN-LOVING SHOES

Fortunet Shoe Company ⚜ Division of General Shoe Corporation ⚜ Nashville 3, Tenn.


LOOK TO Marvella® FOR THE REAL LOOK
MATURELLE®... OUR MATTE-FINISH, NATURAL-LOOKING SIMULATED PEARLS. $15. PLUS FEDERAL TAX. AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE OR WRITE: MARVELLA, 383 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
COSTUME BY ESTEVEZ


norman
WIATT
That Beverly Hills Look! Pure silk, tab collar closing, about $30. Best & Co.—all stores, J. P. Allen, Frost Bros., I. Magnin-California or write to Norman Wiatt Co. 127 E. Ninth, Los Angeles 15, Cal.

SPEAK AND SPAN

(Continued from page 89)

addressed to his Dublin doctor. Gogarty opened the letter and read it. It said, "We have here an antique cardio-sclerotic of advanced age. . . ." "Well," says Gogarty, "I knew it was a death sentence—heart disease—so I shoved the letter quickly into my pocket." "No, no," said Yeats, "it is half my letter. You would not have had it at all were it not for me." So, very reluctantly, Gogarty got out the letter and read the fatal words—"We have here an antique cardio-sclerotic of advanced age. . . ." The old poet rolled the words over and over on his tongue—"Cardio-sclerotic . . . cardio-sclerotic. . . . Do you know, Gogarty," said he, "I would rather be called 'cardio-sclerotic' than 'Lord of Lower Egypt!'" There you have the poet's ear for words, the pure delight in the sound of words which enabled him to pick the eye out of death itself.

The word "death" takes me back at once to the long evenings I spent, as a boy, in the morning room. There was a sort of ritual about them. Each night, when my father paused in his reading of the paper, my mother would say quietly, "Have you done with the deaths?" and my father would hand her the middle page with the obituary notices in it. Death, I may say, was a lively feature of our community, and it was a sad day on which no notable or neighbourly demise occurred. Why? Because it was a public event, an occasion for everyone to sit up and take notice and recall the days that were gone. It is only in urbanized countries that a man's death has come to be looked on as a private affair, and the sole concern of his family. In Ireland—as in Spain—the bell still tolls for all, and friends and neighbours, near and far, are in duty bound to foregather and to take part in the common funeral ceremonies.

"In my young days," said an old countryman to me, "when a death happened in the town-land there wouldn't be a hand's turn of work done that day by any man." It was as if a breach had been made in the dykes of life, and only a combined operation would stop the flood. I can well remember how puzzled and vexed my mother looked when, in reading the paper, she came across an obituary notice which said "Funeral private." To her, and indeed to all the older generation, it was outrageous, like the private enclosure of some ancient and common piece of ground. "Man alive," my father would exclaim, "I wonder what the world's coming to!" He was a great caretaker of tradition. And I suspect, too, that it annoyed him not to be able to put on his tall silk hat and long frock coat and walk in grave procession with his fellows. Other countries may have their gay public pomps and military circumstance, but Ireland's one and only pomp has always been the *pompe funèbre*, the slow funeral procession with its prancing horses, its tall-hatted hearsemen, and its long retinue of followers who fill the road and hold up the traffic as if sealing off a deadly opening.

So it wasn't a morbid interest which my mother took in reading the obituary notices. It was, in fact, a social duty which, I must say, she discharged cheerfully. For death lent a lovely edge and urgency to life. To me, as a boy, it was an ear-opener. I learned more about life from listening to the grown-up gossip on these funeral occasions than I did at any other time. There was great rambling depth to the talk. It might range from funerals to fairies, and there was no telling where it would end up; but politics, religion, and wars were bound to come into it, especially wars. Then my grandmother would tell all about her uncle who fought at Trafalgar, and my father would recall his lost brothers who fought in the American Civil War, or his grandfather who remembered the 1798 Rebellion in Ireland. And, as we listened to this far and widening backwash of memory, there would be the sharp crack of a rifle in the darkness outside, the sudden distant chatter of a machine gun beyond the roof tops, just to remind us that Ireland had a very long memory indeed; and the talk in the morning room would stop abruptly and we would draw back our chairs out of line with the window, for fear of a stray bullet. For those were the days of what we called "the Troubles."

"Memory," wrote James Stephens in the margin of a book of mine, "Memory is what I forget with." The longest-memoried people I have ever met were people who could neither read nor write. It is the written and printed word that takes away our powers of memory, and makes us forgetful. I was lucky, I think, to be born in a community where much still came to people by word of mouth; lucky, also, in that I had two very different mouths to listen to. For my mother spoke with a Scots County Antrim accent, but my father, who came from the last Irish-speaking part of County Down, had rubbed shoulders with a softer speech, and I can recall the day, even the moment, when, as a boy, I decided to adopt the softer tone.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SOUND

Yes, sound was important to me, and in more ways than one. In church-going, Presbyterian Ulster, where I was reared, the emphasis was always on the Word, and the high light of the week was the Sunday sermon. There was nothing my father liked better than a good flowery sermon, except perhaps a good floury potato. He was near to God and the ground, and he would mouth the names of the great potatoes—Skerry Blue, Kerr's Pink, Arran Banner, Majestic—as lovingly as he did the names of the generations of great men like Abram, and Abimelech, Methuselah and Jesse. There was always this fondness for the rich-sounding language of the Authorized Version, which saved us from a bare-bone puritanism and which led us to look on oratory as the first and fairest of the arts. "It was a grand discourse," my father would say after hearing a good preacher. "You should have seen how he took it this way and took it that way, like a dog with a flock o' sheep, and how he rolled and rounded it up at the end." Yes, the end in Ulster was important. Life was real, life was earnest, and delight was not its goal. Which no doubt accounts for the fact that, as John Betjeman remarked to me once, there have been very few Presbyterian poets. For poetry will always dance, and moral earnestness is the rheumatoid arthritis of poetry.

My father was pleased when he saw my first published book of verse. "All the same," he said, "I don't think I'd mention it to anybody. People might be thinking you'd been wasting your time." He needn't have worried. The very fact of having to keep

(Continued on page 94)


NEVER-
ENDING
NEWNESS
LIKE WEARING A
NEW GIRDLE EVERY DAY...
well...almost. For girdles, bras, slips and panties stay new and wear much longer when always washed in the golden cold water soap that's made especially for that purpose. LASTIC LIFE adds to their life...and for only pennies per washing. In Corset and Notions Departments of fine stores everywhere.
Lastic Life Co., P.O. Box 590, North Hollywood, California
Gossard Deb
by Gossard
who recommends Lastic Life for lasting beauty and longer life
Lastic Life
Woolite
Made by the makers of world-famous WOOLITE



Rave notices are all about the fabulous new Visions for fall—mere wisps of color to echo the beauty of your autumn costumes. Consult your hosiery department soon. Full-fashioned or seam-free.

At fine stores everywhere.
Vision Hosiery Mills, Inc., Belmont, N. C.
New York office: 350 Fifth Ave.

SPEAK AND SPAN

(Continued from page 92)

a stiff upper lip gives the puritan Irish a rebellious pleasure in the free play of words. The very effort of toeing the doctrinal line makes them prone to turn all sorts of verbal somersaults. "Many a man," I heard a Presbyterian minister say in a sermon on prayer, "many a man is never on his knees until he's on the broad of his back." "God is good," declared an Ulster roadmender, "and the devil isn't bad, thank God." Yes, always the paradox, the play of opposites. "Was not the church herself founded on a pun?" asked James Joyce, the arch-priest of all who sit on both sides of the sense, the Playboy of the Western Word.

When I was a parson in Ulster I found myself on one or two occasions making a slip of the tongue in the pulpit. Instead of saying, "Let us pray!" I said, "Let us play!" Nobody noticed it; at least nobody dared to notice it. If any small child had gone home and reported that the minister said, "Let us play," he or she would have been soundly smacked. All the same, I *did* say, "Let us play." I suppose it was because I was always unconsciously playing with the sound of words in order to escape from the one-track sense of them. Always to be preaching, to be speaking the words of wisdom and moderation, to be advocating moral aims and urging spiritual claims, imposes a human strain on any parson, which doubtless is why, as one sees from the course of English literature, quite a number of parsons have mounted the winged horse and made a getaway.

Anyway, there we were, pressed between the upper and nether millstones of puritanism, between God and the ground, between Faith that brought rabbits out of a hat and Reason that brought habits out of a rat. So I turned to poetry, which was neither here nor there, neither one thing nor the other. Poetry set me free from the predetermined meanings and the restrictive practices of common sense. As I went about my business I kept playing with the sound of words. Maybe, visiting my parishioners and conversing about the doings of other people, someone would say, "Well, it takes all kinds to make a world." And I would take that well-worn phrase, and, as I went along the road, I would keep turning it over and over on my tongue—"It takes all kinds to make a world.... It takes all winds to make a curl...." And so on and on, till the sense was gone and the sound itself led me to a new and far different sense. "For a tune is more lasting than the song of the birds," says the Irish proverb, "and a word more lasting than the wealth of the world."

I had found a land where words lived and moved and had a being of their own, a land where ends were meaningless, where language danced on air, and my mother was a moth and my father a feather. I could put it into verse:

"In that land all's flat, indifferent; there
Is neither springing house nor hanging tent,
No aims are entertained. and nothing is meant
For there are no ends and no trends, no roads,
Only follow your nose to anywhere.
No one is born there, no one stays or dies,
For it is a timeless land, it lies
Between the act and the attrition, it
Marks off bound from rebound, make from break, tit
From tat, also today from tomorrow.
No cause there comes to term, but each departs
Elsewhere to whelp its deeds, expel its darts;
There are no home-comings, of course, no good-byes
In that land, neither yearning nor scorning.
Though at night there is the smell of morning."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *W. R. Rodgers, who was born in Belfast in 1909, is a noted Irish poet whose changeling career includes twelve years as minister of the Loughgall Presbyterian Church and six years as script-writer and producer for the B.B.C. in London. In 1951 he was elected to the Irish Academy of Letters to fill the vacancy caused by the death of George Bernard Shaw. Recently he wrote the introduction and notes on the illustrations for* Ireland in Colour, *which was published by Studio Publications, Inc.*



With your easy red suit, your cashmere sweaters, your daytime furs. Calfskin polished to a nifty glow in three wonderful suit pumps. Of course, they're

BRITISH WALKERS

BY MARSHALL, MEADOWS & STEWART
Osborne Street, Auburn, New York
Write us for the fine store near you



SHIRRED CHIFFON

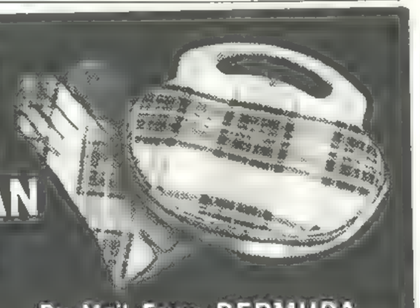
Excitingly yours
Exclusively ours

RAYMOND'S
SALT LAKE CITY
350 E. 1st South

Walter Florell
30 West 57 Street



PURE WOOL TARTAN BAGS



By Mail From BERMUDA

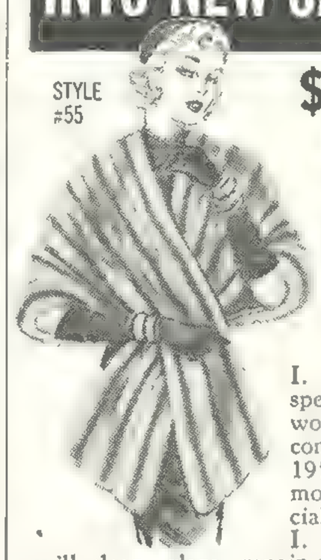
These smart cedar-handled tartan bags are made especially for us right here in Bermuda. Tartans include Dress Stewart, Royal Stewart, Dress Gordon, Black Watch, Anderson, Buchanan. Our English-made leather-palmed gloves of same materials to match, in half sizes 6 to 7½. **Bag, $6.95; Gloves, $5.95,** Postpaid. Your postman will collect small customs duty. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send order to Dept. 5.

H.A. & E. Smith Ltd.
HAMILTON • BERMUDA
Bermuda's Largest Selection of Outstanding Importations



REPRODUCTION
George III
ENGLISH SILVER
6 Piece Dinner Service
$57.40
ROBERT
Ensko, INC.
682 Lexington Ave., N.Y.

YOUR OLD FUR COAT INTO NEW CAPE, STOLE!



STYLE #55

$22.95 COMPLETE

ORDER BY MAIL
2-3 week delivery

SEND FOR FREE STYLE BOOK

I. R. Fox, fur remodeling specialist, restyles your old, worn fur coat regardless of condition into a glamorous 1957 cape or stole. Save more than half, at our special low price of $22.95! I. R. Fox skilled furriers will clean, glaze, repair your fur—then lusterize to a glossy, glorious, like-new sheen. Finally our master stylists remodel completely and provide a lovely *NEW LINING* and *INTERLINING* & Monogram at no extra cost. The thrilling result—a luxuriously beautiful cape or stole. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just wrap up your old fur coat, mail it to us now. Send dress size and height on postcard. Pay Postman $22.95 plus postage, when new cape arrives. Or send for FREE style book now! Many different styles to choose from.

When In New York Visit Our Factory
I. R. FOX, 146 W. 29th ST., Dept. B2-7, N.Y.C. 1, N.Y.

SHOP HOUND



. . . changes into autumn



Little-money broadtail, above. Short jacket of Hammer Brand black-dyed broadtail-processed Argentine lamb, narrow body, narrow sleeves. $165 inc. tax, at Harold J. Rubin, 52 E. 56th St., N. Y. 22.

Dress—knitted, narrowed. Dress of cocoa wool, knitted in a new wicker pattern. Long sleeves, leather belt, buttons; waist shaped by elastic. Also in beige, black, sizes 8 to 16 $35.25 ppd. French Boot Shop. 541 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.





The fashion for bangs. A coiffure with softly-waved bangs, a nape-to-crown upswirl, available at a salon that's open evenings to accommodate busy women. V. George, 501 Fifth Ave., New York 36.

A pair of house pets. Fuzzy wool overblouse that isn't knitted but looks it, worn with skinny pants of wool challis, striped in blue-green-red. Top in blue, red, yellow, mauve, or white, $35. Pants, $25 for ankle-length; $19.95 for knee-length. Robert Leader, 146 East 54th St., N. Y. 22.

Measure for measure. Found: a shop that makes dresses to order, specializes in sheaths and split sizes (e.g., size 10 top, size 12 skirt). All from $25 to $50. Example here, a blue wool jersey dress at $29.95. Tape Measure, 717 Lexington Ave., New York 22.

Tonic for discouraged hair. Word of a salon that gives corrective treatments for hair that's dull, dry, damaged: Bernard Guro, 19 E. 57th St., N. Y. Preparations are often individually blended, with herb potions. The coiffure here: high-rising, largely waved.



Short cut to mink. A mink jacket that hovers at the waist—not fitted, not loose—wearable with straight or full skirts. Here, in "Diadem," Emba pale-brown mutation mink at $975 plus tax; to order in other mink shades. Henry Greenhut, 745 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 21.



Elevated coiffure, as shown with some of our Paris evening clothes, this issue. Hair is high at the brow, brushed up into a twist, ending with a finial of curls. By Michel of Paris, 11 West 56th St., New York 19.

Tailor to note. Suits are custom-tailored, here, to individual taste and measure, from a vast selection of fabrics and styles. One possibility: this suit of blue wool with a short fitted jacket, straight skirt, at $225. Casola Tailors, 18 East 55th St., New York 22.

ALL PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED







is this Caryl Richards?

Her permanent wave is. A Caryl Richards SOFTY, the wave we like best to give your hair that exquisitely soft, natural look—permanently! SOFTY makes a beautiful beginning for our exquisite new hairstyles.... yet you never have that 'I-just-had-a-perm' look. And your coif stays so manageable it takes just a whisk-of-the-comb to set it. We have many C/R salon permanents.... there's one just for you.

And, everyone knows a Caryl Richards Permanent is better for your hair.



Adoria Beauty Salon • 12th Floor

KAUFMANN'S

PITTSBURGH

DE BUSSCHERE OF BRUGES • SHOE ARTISANS FOR OVER 300 YEARS

BELGIAN SHOES

De Busschere



CLASSIQUE $47.50

THE ELEGANCE OF SIMPLICITY. COMPLETELY AND EXQUISITELY HAND-MADE TO INSURE LONG WEAR AND SUPERB FIT. BROCHURE A ON REQUEST.

BELGIAN SHOES, INC., 60 EAST 56TH ST., NEW YORK



genuine
LEOPARD

COSSACK HAT (illust.)
Reg. $55.00. only **$35.00**
May be worn high or as a beret.
Bolster Muff (12" x 18")
Reg. $80.00.....**$49.50**
Profile Hat
Reg. $35.00 .....**$22.50**
Ascot Scarf (35" long)
Reg. $40.00.....**$24.50**





HANDBAGS $80 val.....**$49.50**
Other bags from.....**$16.50**

Unusually low prices! Drastic Reductions! Dramatize your new outfit—glamorize an old one—at low cost. These prices can't be matched elsewhere.

Pull-String Muff (illust.) 12" x 14"
Reg. $75.00.....**$45.00**
14" x 16".....**$49.50**
Either muff shown may be draped into a bag and worn on shoulder.
Leather piped belt (1-1½")
Reg. $25.00.....**$13.50**
Others from. **$8.00**
Prices include Federal Tax. 5-Day Money Back Guarantee; postpaid.
For BELT, give waist size.
FREE BROCHURE V-9
showing other lovely leopard accessories.
OCE-LEOPARD FUR CO.
244 West 39th St.,
New York City 18
WI 7-2053





New Way To Sleep!

Tee-PJ's resemble a T-shirt, but are over a foot longer. Rib-knit, soft combed cotton. Gives when you move, eases up when you relax. No bind, no bunch, no chafe, no buttons! If not most comfortable sleeper you've ever worn, return within 7 days for full refund and we send you regular T-shirt FREE! S (34). M (36-38). L (40-42). XL (44-46).

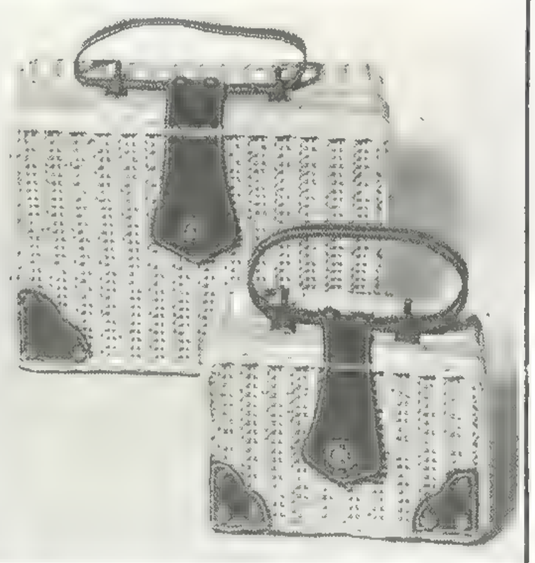
$2 ea. 3 for $5

NOW! Tee-PJ's available in long sleeves.

$3 ea. 2 for $5

ALL POSTPAID.
WITTMANN TEXTILES
6505 S. Dixie, Dept. 306
W. Palm Beach, Fla.

RATTAN MOTHER & DAUGHTER BAGS
A versatile mother and daughter set that goes with everything. Perfect for casual wear. Or use as Purse and Overnite Bag.



Handmade imported natural rattan with pigskin handles and corners. Shiny brass hardware. Sturdily constructed to last. Two pieces nest. Small Bag 8" x 5" x 4½". Large Bag 12" x 8" x 4¾". The expert craftsmanship gives these bags an exclusive, expensive appearance. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Set of 2 bags.....$6.95 *Prepaid.*

BARCQUE IMPORTS LTD.
1491 Burlingame Ave., Burlingame, Calif.



Send for our fashion folio of sizes 1 to 4

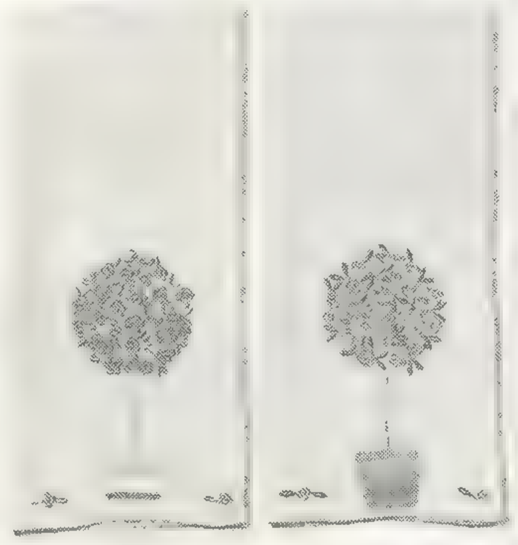
SMALL SIZE SHOE FASHIONS ARE AT
I. MILLER
1552 B'WAY
NEW YORK
NEW YORK

SHOP HOUND

... *on the home scene*



Brow unfurrowers. Above, left, wings of adhesive fabric to wear between the brows, to help rout out lines, remind wearer not to frown. (Further reminder: wear in solitude.) Box of 60, $1.10 ppd. Wings Products, 11 W. State St., Trenton, New Jersey.



Towels, tree-d, present for hostesses—hand towels of white linen, embroidered with prim potted trees in bright colours or pastels. By Marghab, $7.50 each, at Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Ave., New York 22.



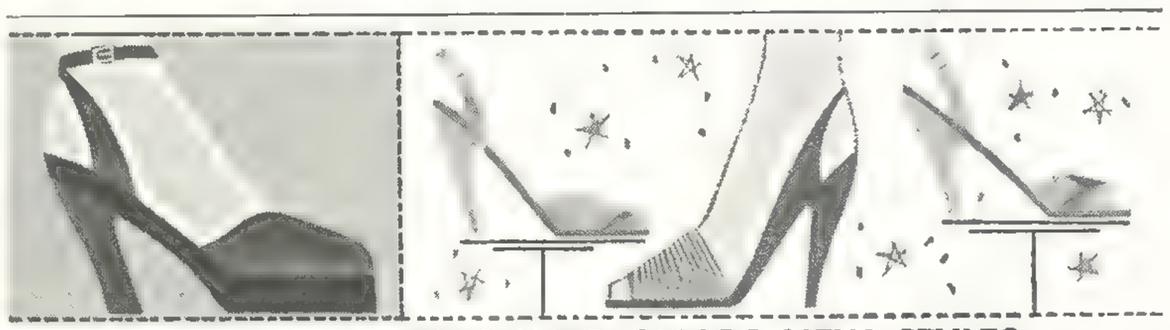
Saving face. A zippered cap of nylon marquisette to wear while changing clothes. Prevents make-up from smearing onto clothes, hair from snagging on hooks. $2.95 ppd. Cosmeticap, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.



Box, hollandaise. To decorate a table (dressing or coffee), an antique box, dated 1860, from Holland. Tortoise with ivory feet, silver trim; 3" high, 4½" across, octagonal shape. $45 at Black Starr & Gorham, 594 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 36.

ALL PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

MIEHLMANN



RESTYLE OLD SHOES INTO SMART NEW STYLES
Specialists using factory methods give shoes fashionable new look
☐ New Heels, every type $4.50
☐ Convert to open toe $4.50
☐ Convert to sling Straps $7.50
☐ Removing Platforms — new soles, heels balanced $8.95
add 75¢ for shipping. Send complete instructions,
B. NELSON CO. 10 E. 39 Street, Dept. V, New York 16, N. Y.

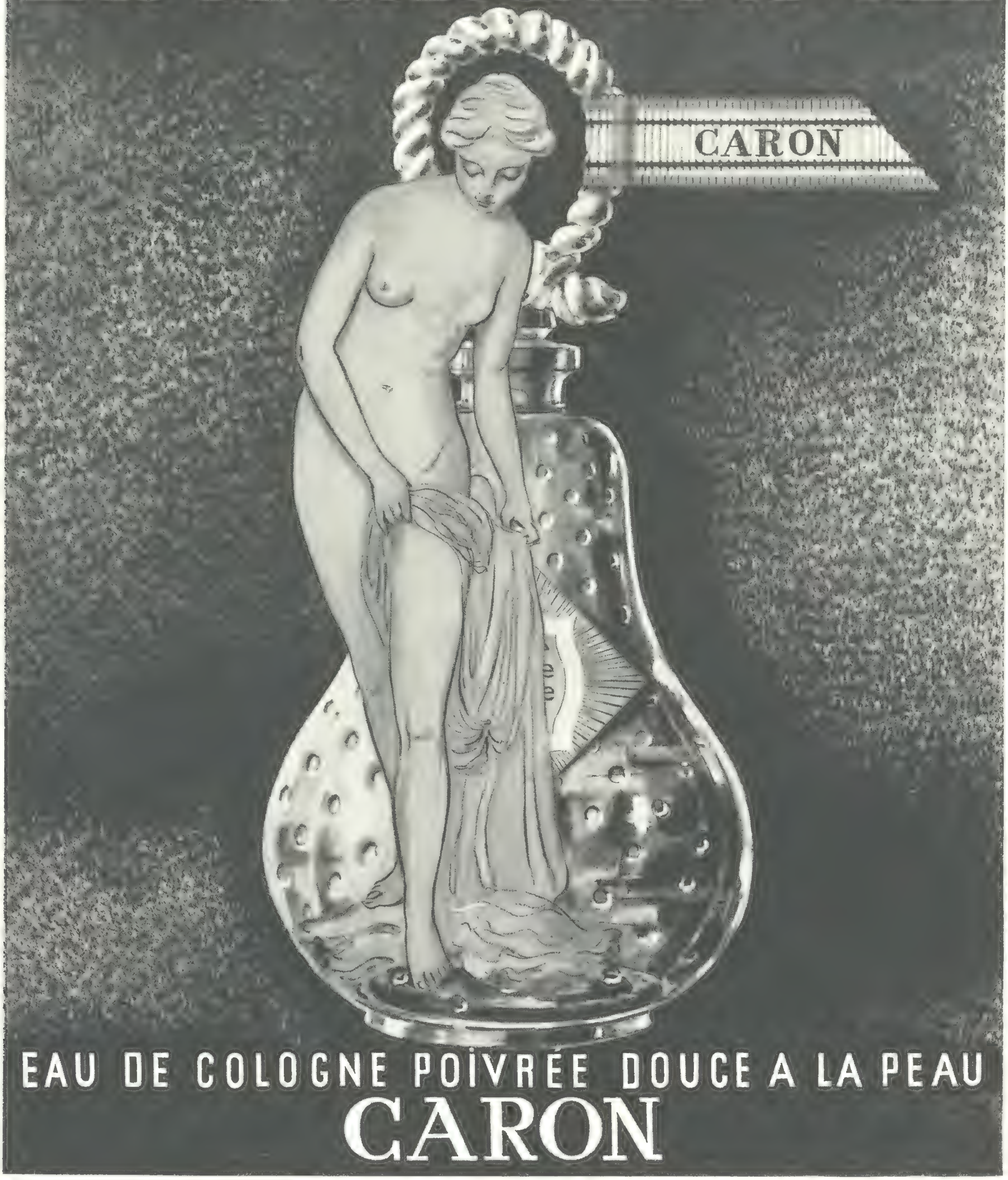
Monika



there are many shoes but only one Bally

PARIS • NEW YORK • LONDON

EAU DE COLOGNE POIVRÉE



EAU DE COLOGNE POIVRÉE DOUCE A LA PEAU

CARON

© Caron, 1957

SEPTEMBER 15, 1957 VOGUE



WILLIAM KLEIN

Vogue's eye view: Paris first-choice

The first of the first-choices in any autumn's Paris Collections is—
for many women—the Paris hat. (For one thing, it doesn't have to wait
until the weather turns serious about autumn before it can show its face.)
An obvious first-choice this autumn: Dior's deep little glove of hat,
very likely half-a-hat deeper than any cloche you've ever owned, hiding everything
except a streak of bangs, a charming profile, a lovely length of throat.
This (plus the croissant) strikes us as a delectable way to open
any day in the new fashion season. The hat, by Dior, in black velours;
in America at Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.
Other first-choices from the new Paris fashions, on the next twenty-four pages.



PARIS FASHION: FIRST CHOICES

First of the first-choices in *ideas* from the new Paris Collections: the accent on the feminine shape, freshly flattered in the collections of Dior, Lanvin-Castillo, Balmain. Second, the glorification of the chemise dress (or the tube or slip-dress), particularly at Dior, and particularly in the dress called "Flanelle" (page 118). Third, the fascinating variation of lengths, from the short-normal for day, as shown by Dior in all of his suits, to the young-short toy dance dresses at Guy Laroche and Nina Ricci.

Other first-choices—these details to choose from: the quilted satin linings in evening coats; the diagonal cut of the new Dior shoes (page 143); the enormous tortoise-coloured turtle pins worn on the sleeve at De Rauch; the black fur double sleeve-stole at Balmain. The apron dresses, with slip-on, slip-off overskirts; the blue satin organdie evening coat lined with black fur; and the black suit with the blue velvet ribbon tied with a little bow around the sleeve, at the shoulder—all at Lanvin-Castillo. *All* of the Patou blouses—enough in themselves to go to Paris for. The citron chiffon evening dress over an embroidered sheath at Dessès. The camel-coloured velvet shirtwaist dress, under a camel coat, at De Rauch; and her feminine irrelevance in chiffon—a beige chiffon dress under a beige-and-white tweed coat covered with the same chiffon. The turtle-neck collars on the suits at Heim, and his wonderful back-rushing coat with an inside hem of white wolf.

The hair-showing hats, firmly establishing bangs in fashion; the hats made of flat feathers looking like particularly extravagant varicoloured tweeds; the fur hats of all degrees from raccoon to sable, mostly bushy busbies; the tweed hats at Dior and Chanel; the coats that look straight but aren't really (notably Dior's mysterious cuts in "Automne," page 108, and a black coat with a sable-lined collar); the sudden clear chic of leopard in cuffs or belt or collar.

First choice for a feminine day look—the soft soufflé Lanvin-Castillo coats over round-hipped, close-topped, narrow wool dresses.

For a straight streak of chic—Dior's "Londres," unfitting grey wool sheath.

For distinguished under-coat wool dresses—Grès shoulder-draped dresses (see one on page 121), or jerseys at Griffe and Chanel.

For little evenings—Dior's dark green lace, shapely, sleeved, short; or Lanvin-Castillo's white cut velvet, short-sleeved, V-necked, fitted, full-skirted, hippy.

For the prettiest débutante of the year—Dior's "Dauphine" (page 114), a quilted white satin coat faced with swansdown, over white satin.

For the most elegant big party of the winter—Dior's mauve chiffon draped to show the figure and to float at the same time (page 112); *or* Castillo's red satin organza with a torso like a wand, slightly rounded hips, and a tulip-like bodice from which the throat and face rise seductively (page 125); *or* Balmain's back-buttoned, princesse brocades, pale, elegant, and trained.

And: first choice for "a suit to live in"—any one of Chanel's tweed crop.

THE 1957-58 CHANELERIE

CHANEL—Number 35, and one of the numberless little suits that are part of Chanel's fame this and every year (once a Chanel woman, always a Chanel woman, runs the maxim). Sequence here: the nuance of fit—the jacket looks straight, but *is* it?—oatmeal wool tweed from back-tipped Breton to hem. Underneath, a beige jersey blouse. In America at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Paris gendarme proving no man is an island—on the Place de la Concorde.



Dior décolletage

Paris news reprinted
from September 1 report



Dior figure-line



Dior
chemise dress



Lanvin-Castillo
mohair coat

WILLIAM KLEIN





PARIS: YOUNG SUITS ON THE SCENE

GUY LAROCHE: Left, in pumpkin-coloured tweed, a suit that's our first choice of this young designer's easy suits for the young; its jacket paragraphed at the waist by a loose tie over a round-hipped skirt. Laroche hat: a pumpkin-coloured cap. Suit and hat in America at Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson. The horses—part of the Jardin de l'Observatoire.
LANVIN-CASTILLO: Above, a first-choice in suits this season—we like its youth, its pleasant awareness of curves. Round-hipped dress and waist-length jacket of blue tweed, with black Persian lamb collar and cuffs. In America at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.
The traffic here—emerging from the Pont de la Concorde.

WILLIAM KLEIN



PARIS: BIG, BOLD CHECKS

DIOR : Above, his "Scottish" three-piece suit (the hat counts, definitely), in black and white traffic-stopping checks. The skirt of deep ironed pleats, a straight young jacket, are a Dior team. In America at I. Magnin. Roger Vivier shoes for Dior.
Locale: street-crossing near Notre Dame.
LANVIN-CASTILLO : Right, sheath high on the femininity curve, under a brand new jacket—a beautiful soft volume of blue and black checks seemingly not cut with scissors; carved, more likely. Black velours cap by Lanvin-Castillo.
Photographed at the Jardin de l'Observatoire on the Boul' Mich.

WILLIAM KLEIN





BALMAIN'S TWEED AND FUR EXTRAVAGANZA

Right: The feeling of luxury that pervades the Balmain collection—here in a pale-blond tweed coat with a torrential lining of snow leopard, flung over a blond tweed sheath. It recalls somehow the opulence of the Tsars; is seen here on the Seine bridge named for one of them, Alexandre III.

PARIS: DIOR'S COAT NEWS: TAPERED

Above: Dior's deep-brown fleece coat that tapers gently, almost imperceptibly, due to a sort of concealed mechanism: deep pleats that run from shoulder to hip at each side. The pleats are revealed only in motion; the back appears perfectly straight—yet there's a gradual narrowing down. Pushed-back brown printed cap. Coat, of Ducharne fleece, in America at Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Background, a magnificent prospect of the Église St.-Augustin, the Sacré-Coeur.

WILLIAM KLEIN





PARIS: TURTLE-NECK SUIT, DRAWSTRING COAT

MADELEINE DE RAUCH: Above, the suit idea from this collection: straight jacket. turtle-neck pull-over, narrow skirt—all pale camel-coloured jersey (the De Rauch signature colour). Orcel cloche of pheasant feathers. Photographed in front of the Comédie Française.
GUY LAROCHE: Right, our favourite coat from this young collection, a pure and simple cardigan coat, converging at the waist with a drawstring. Taupe Lesur velours (Orlon-and-cashmere). Laroche taupe cap. Photographed on the terrace of the Princess Gourielli's Paris apartment.





PARIS CHIFFONS: THEIR NEW CANDLE POWER

D I O R ' S choice (and Vogue's), left—
chiffon of a pale romantic mauve, in a
beautiful, flowing, yet figure-conscious dress.
A drapery of scarf curves over the shoulders.
Of Bianchini silk chiffon.
In America at Henri Bendel;
Wanamaker's, Phila.; Marshall Field;
I. Magnin. The globe lamps
lighting the steps of the Paris Opéra.
D E S S È S ' gossamer white chiffon,
one of the prettiest evening dresses
in Paris, right. Layers of
formalized white drapery fall
at the sides in flat, moth-wing folds.
In America at Bergdorf Goodman;
I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada.
Photographed in the light of
the Comédie Française.
Coiffures on these and the next two
pages, by Alexandre of Paris
(the braided tiara by Fleischer).

WILLIAM KLEIN





PARIS: BLACK AND WHITE— FOR DRAMA

DIOR: White satin ball dress, left, chosen because it could be one of the prettiest débutante dresses of the season. Bowed, belled, with a glorious new enthusiasm for the figure, the dress is half concealed, here, by its coat—satin with a feather's weight of quilting, and feathers (the facing is clipped swansdown). The name—"Dauphine." In America: dress at Henri Bendel; dress, coat, at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Shoes: Roger Vivier for Dior. The stone parquet—part of the Paris Opéra court. BALMAIN, below: Chosen from among his luxuries, for its shapely black and whiteness: black velvet dress with white satin scarf-belt, uncomplicated curving over hips, at the décolletage. In America at Bergdorf Goodman.



WILLIAM KLEIN



PARIS SHAPES IN BLACK AND WHITE

LANVIN-CASTILLO shape, left—
black velvet two-piece dress clasped at
the waist by tiny black satin bows.
Emphasizing the hips, lightly:
a rounded peplum and a reedy skirt.
Pale-blue satin cap, backing up bangs,
also Lanvin-Castillo.
DIOR shape, right, that makes the figure
a part of the design—a nipped-in,
meticulous waist, fitted torso,
accented hips, and a skirt that
shows the way some Dior skirts
are blowing—quite full.
Late-day dress of black wool
with this news added:
a frame of collar, jewelled to
a low V neckline. Dress, in America,
at Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh;
Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
Shoes: Roger Vivier for Dior.

WILLIAM KLEIN





WILLIAM KLEIN

DIOR DRESS: CAREFULLY UNFITTED

"Flanelle," a grey wool dress
that is a Vogue choice because it seems
to us to exemplify Dior's idea
about the fit—and the unfitted.
It masks the contours of the body
with an ease plotted as
meticulously as a compass reading.
At the back: a straight unbroken line.
In front: a suit look, with definite fullness
falling from a scarcely-waisted waist.
Worn here with a hat of the same wool.
In America at Bergdorf Goodman;
I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada.



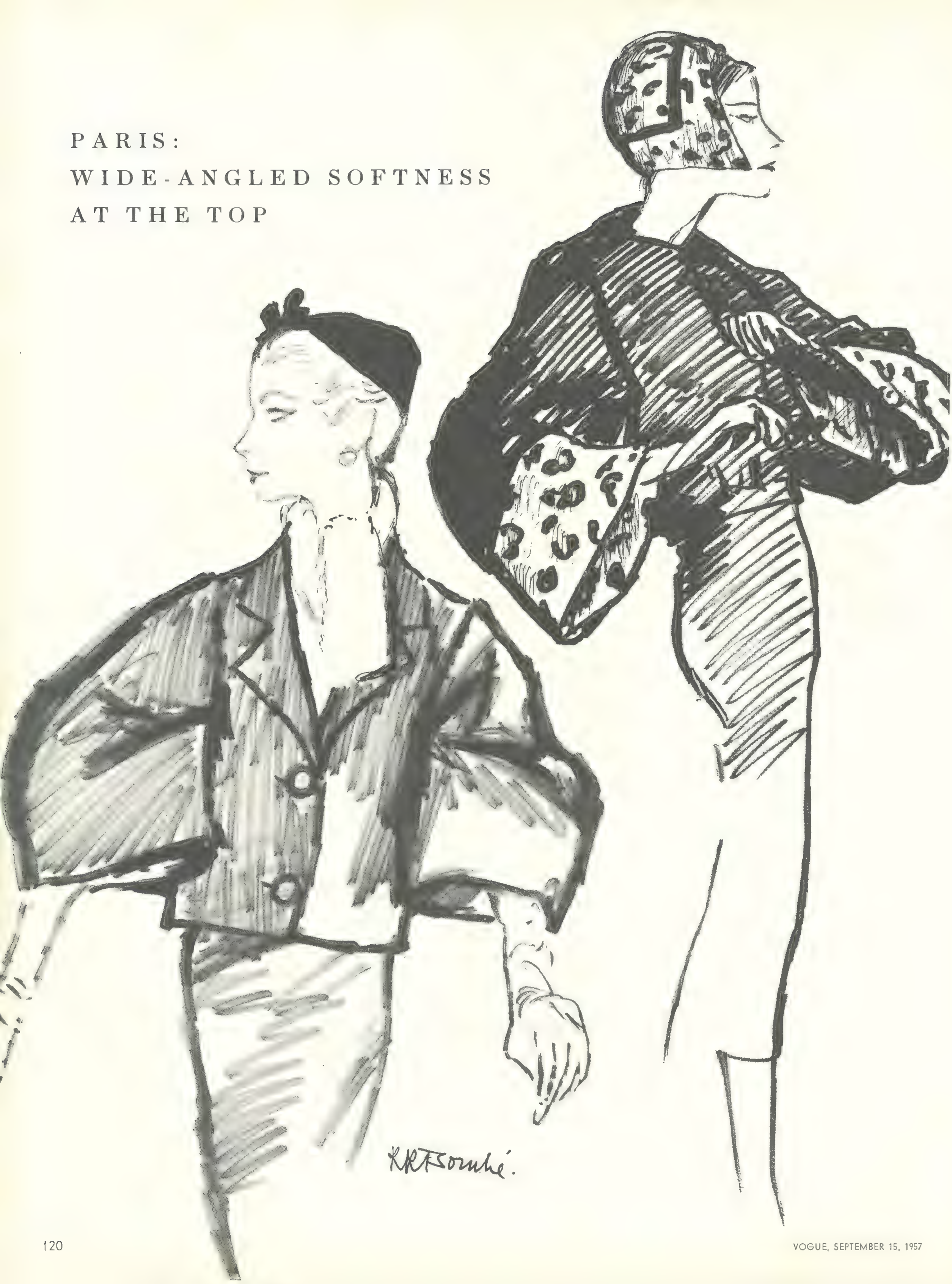
CHANEL SUIT: CASUALLY FITTED

This we think is Chanel personified—
her latest invention for walking ease:
two deep pleats in the skirt, folded
from the waist to fall without a ripple.
More Chanel nonchalance, intensified:
the use of jersey—here, navy-blue;
brass buttons (at ease, of course);
a white crêpe blouse that's not only
part of the look, it's part of
the skirt—buttoned on.
Suit of widely ribbed jersey,
with a navy-blue felt sailor hat—
pinned to its brim, a gardenia.
In America at Bergdorf Goodman;
Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus;
Frederick & Nelson; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

THE BOW-BERET
AT GUY LAROCHE. Below,
one of the most becoming young
hats in Paris, a beret of black velvet
with a wide flat bow that
leaves the brow smooth and young.
In America at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.



PARIS:
WIDE-ANGLED SOFTNESS
AT THE TOP





DIOR : Far left, black wool late-day suit, called "Ritz";
we chose it as his most engaging example of width on top.
There's a clear arch to this line, achieved by slight stiffening
in the sleeves, which lose some of their bulk by
a catching up of folds under the arm. The hat, a cache-chignon
of black velvet. Suit in America at I. Magnin.
BALMAIN : Left, his "Mata Hari," a black wool costume
we thought one of the best of his new folded-shoulder lines.
The jacket has bold cuffs of leopard; the dress—by contrast
to the show of width above the waist—slim and sheath-like.
GRIFFE : Above, Vogue's choice among his widish jacket shapes:
pinky-red tweed with a collar of beaver. Deliberately nonchalant
about the figure, it bulks slightly, gracefully,
over a narrow dress of the same tweed. Taupe velvet cap.
GRÈS : Right, her prime example of the dress with soft,
shoulder-framing folds; this, of Angora wool jersey, its multiple
folds veering into a narrow waist, fullness panelling the skirt.
The hat, a wind sock of thin black felt.
In America: dress, at Henri Bendel;
dress and hat, at Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson.



PARIS CHOICES:
YOUNG LOOKS,
YOUNG LENGTHS





RICCI: Far left, one of the late-day black dresses, shortish and full, that are her *spécialité* this year. This, in black satin—her prettiest variation of the belled-skirt idea: the skirt arches out in pannier folds, has looped and draped panelling down the centre. The hat, black veiling and white beads, twisted back to a white rose; by Claude St.-Cyr.

GUY LAROCHE: Left, his shortest dress—and the youngest dance dress in Paris. Black point d'esprit, tucked over a black bodice, gathered over a white tulle skirt, and stopped short by a deep border of white lace. In America at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

PATOU: Above, the fullness works this way in a three-piece suit of black-and-white wool tweed (third piece is a blue cashmere sweater): the skirt is a brief, non-swinging bell; the jacket—for Patou—quite close. The length, the skirt, the shape—fresh, young, Parisian. In America at I. Magnin.

HEIM: Right, Vogue's choice as a particularly dashing new coat look. It's swung upwards at front, has a rush of fullness to the back and the surprise of a white wolf facing as a prop for the hem. Of wide-wale black wool cord; worn here with a little back-of-the-head velvet cap, by Svend.



PARIS
EVENING SHAPES:
AWARE
OF THE FIGURE

LANVIN-CASTILLO:
Two of the famously
ravishing evening dresses at this house—
Vogue choices because their figure-awareness
gets directly to the point of
evening clothes: *flattery*, without further ado.
Here, one short version; one long.
Left: Short dinner dress in white cut velvet,
very *habillée*, with sleeves almost to the elbow.
The bodice: moulded as a velvet skin;
the skirt, a round, impertinent bell,
giving a small-waisted woman the
shape of a Minoan figurine.
To mark the waist: a band of velvet done
up with clusters of bogus rubies.
In America at Bergdorf Goodman;
Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson.
Right: Lanvin's columnar evening dress,
slender, restrained, but certainly curved, with
a slight show of hippiness, an important stir
of folds about the shoulders. All of this in
flame-coloured silk organdie. In America
at Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffures by
Alexandre of Paris. Photographed at the
Paris apartment of Mr. Gerrard Mille.

PRIGENT



PAT BOONE, *left,* an unquivering singer, as wholesome as corn on the cob and almost as popular. (About ten million of his records have been sold.) The star of the recent movie, *Bernardine,* Boone will have his own ABC-TV show next month. Boone, who plans to be a teacher, balances easily his studies at Columbia, his singing-acting career, and his life as the father of three girls.



À TUE-TÊTE

T.S. ELIOT





GERMAN PAINTERS: *Above,* a self-portrait by the bitter Otto Dix, one of the numerous artists in the comprehensive exhibition, German Art of the 20th Century, next month at the Museum of Modern Art. (The New Gallery in New York will have later this month the first retrospective of the work of Emil Nolde.) In its big modern European art show, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts will give a large section to the Germans. In addition. two new books are devoted to the subject: *Modern German Painting* by Hans Konrad Roethel and *German Expressionism and Abstract Art* by the American authority, Charles L. Kuhn.



CECIL BEATON

NOEL COWARD

LENA HORNE

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

"À TUE-TÊTE," a picture book that Parisians have found amusing. Its impudent sketches, animalizing, among others, museum-goers, pigeon-feeders, and lovers, are by Laurent de Brunhoff, son of Jean de Brunhoff whose books about Babar, that marvellous elephant, still give pleasure not only to children but to those who read them to children.

T. S. ELIOT, who for a quarter of a century has published no major collection of criticism, has now in *On Poetry and Poets* given his considered and, in some cases, his reconsidered opinions. With his usual punctilious modesty, and, on occasion, teacherish tone of voice, he includes, for the first time between the same covers, two famous essays on Milton—the first, ill-tempered and damning and written in 1936; the second, written in 1947, readmitting Puritan Milton to literary respectability.

NOEL COWARD, whose London hit, *Nude With Violin*, is coming to New York in November. This elegant missile against the art world was written by, directed by, and stars Mr. Coward, who plays a valet with the ability to speak fourteen languages and to give off such Cowardish epigrams as "Art, like human nature, has got out of hand."

LENA HORNE, the star of the big new musical, *Jamaica*, in which she will sing Harold Arlen's happily non-calypso song: "How a lady gets git and how de mighty man gets got."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The visit to America in October of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip; the disappointment among New Yorkers that, of the nine-day tour of Canada and the United States, only one day is, at present, scheduled for New York.... The public speeches of Prince Philip in England which have revealed him, apart from his royal good looks, as an extraordinary, magnetic personality (a collection of fifty will be published in November by the Oxford University Press); his recent TV address, "The Restless Sphere," narrating the story of the International Geophysical Year, was "generally admired."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... *By Love Possessed*, the new James Gould Cozzens novel.... The intricate wire figures of horses, bulls, and bullfighters found at a small Madrid shop, Carpa, which exhibits along with these, English silver, Portuguese fishermen's hats, and abstract paintings by Spain's young artists.... Composium, a bureaucratic term for a breakdown committee of a symposium.... *Operation Mad Ball*, a funny movie starring Ernie Kovacs as a conniving Army captain outmanoeuvred by a group of lovable morons, with Mickey Rooney as a double-talking master sergeant, giving the wackiest, most energetic performance of his movie life.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Yahtzee, the going game in Chicago, a variation of poker played by each person rolling five dice for thirteen turns, with the top roll for Yahtzee, five of a kind which counts fifty points.... The muted tranquillity of the new Seagram Building, like a great bronze sculpture on New York's Park Avenue.... The Chico Hamilton Quintet, a clutch of bright boys who handle their jazz with an appealing, vaguely literary sense of fun, running it neatly round a 'cello, a bass, and a guitar, with Hamilton on percussion and Paul Horn on the horns.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... *Brothers in Law*, a Pimm's Cup of a British movie, which chronicles the hectic legal life of neophyte barristers mainly concerned with anchoring their skiddy wigs during trials at the Old Bailey and the County assizes.... Yo-yo, the newest slang successor to jerk, drip, or creep.... *Bridge to the Sun* by Gwen Terasaki, an American woman who married an anti-war Japanese diplomat in 1931 and then spent part of the war years in Japan, years which she reports fairly, freshly, and with political acumen.

DE MORGOLI



RED BUTTONS, *left*, who said recently, with good reason, "I just can't get the grin out of my stomach." The reason: the praise for his performance as the turbulent Irish friend in the movie, *Sayonara*, praise whispered loudly after the quiet previews. An earnest, rather noisy redhead, Buttons was once master of ceremonies at the Potsdam Conference, where his audience included President Truman, Prime Minister Churchill, and Dictator Stalin.

THE DAY OF THE FISH

A short story by Elisabeth Ayrton

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Elisabeth Ayrton has really been a writer for many years. It is only recently, however, that anyone seems to have told her so, for she has consistently failed to pursue any of the rewards which her writing might bring. Suddenly, two years ago, she was pushed, cajoled, and finally bullied into offering her things to publishers with the result—to her immense surprise—that her first novel,* Sense and Sensuality, *was accepted both in England and America. Two of her previous short stories were bought by Vogue, and a poem in 420 lines of blank verse was broadcast three times on the B.B.C. Third Programme. Unaffected by this, to her, slight indication of public favour, she continues nervously to withhold much of what she writes, concentrating upon running a large house in Essex, cooking superbly, sympathizing with and smoothly assisting her husband, Michael Ayrton, a painter and sculptor, and three daughters. The Ayrton way of life consists of doing as far as possible exactly what they like and then finding money for it. They travel abroad and entertain at home and produce from their house, which is called Bradfields, a variety of prose, verse, painting, sculpture, lithography, good food, without trying to conform to any regularity of hours or other conventional restrictions. They live the life of Riley and they know it and glory in it and out of it comes Mrs. Ayrton's prose and verse which mostly celebrate the fact.*

I came down the steep hillside from Apollo's temple to the Acropolis of Cumae, near Naples, and I could see Fiona sitting tidily on a broken column, clear-cut and neat and Northern among the crumbling architecture, the richly flourishing vines, the extravagant blackness of the great rocks and pines and evergreen oaks, and the brilliance of the myriad flowers.

We went down to the car and drove it slowly and dangerously along a track where dirt slipped from Roman pavement. Talking idly about Aeneas, who landed here, we got out and walked along the sand till we were exactly under the Acropolis rock, dropped our clothes and bathed, naked and alone. The warm sea washed all dissatisfactions away, here on this coast, so saturated with ancient history: once the centre of Greek civilization in Italy, then the playground of the Roman emperors.

Two hours later, we sat on the harbour wall in the last of the sunset, so faint now that there was only a little coppery light. The boats came slowly in. Five boats. We had drunk *grappa* at the bar just behind us and bought drinks for the owner and a friend of his, Pietro. They said that we might or might not get a good dinner at the Ristorante Lucullus. The proprietor, Marco, had been what they described as an "exquisite" cook, who had worked in Rome. But here he did not bother much. Anyway, there would be spaghetti and fish or meat—we could ask him what he had.

"Lucullus!" I said to Fiona, bitterly. "I wonder how many bad restaurants all over the world are called that, and which is the worst. I hope Lucullus doesn't know about them, wherever he is—how furious he would be."

The bar owner had been in America; he could follow my English. He said quietly, "Ah, Signor, but here it is right.

Marco's restaurant is called Lucullus because it stands on the grounds of his house."

"Lucullus had a villa here?"

"But yes, Signor. It was his country house, where he brought his friends for very special eating, for small, informal feasts."

Pietro joined in.

"It is said that he came here to invent his best feasts—to try out the dishes, Signor, with a few friends, before he gave a great dinner in Rome."

"I suppose none of the dishes are remembered here?" I asked, without much hope, remembering last night's bad dinner in the hotel.

The bar owner laughed. "Ah, no, Signor. Nowadays we are all poor here—poor and hard-working." He struck an attitude, grinning at Fiona. "The rich all went a thousand years ago and their cooking with them—we are simple men and we eat spaghetti. But Marco is not bad. You will see."

They came out with us and it turned out that Pietro was part owner of one of the boats. They stood behind us as we sat on the wall, telling us the names of the different fishes and describing their properties. The fish were just what one expects on these coasts, small mullet and flat fish, squids of different sizes, large shrimps, a few *scampi*, a lot of the large mackerel which are a kind of tunny, some small eels and one very big one. The lights from the boats caught them; their scales glittered in heaviest black, in viridian, and lapis lazuli; the little octopi were half opaque like moonstones, the big shrimps faintly pink. They were just what one expects, but they were the most beautiful fish I had ever seen. The wind blew softly and it was quite dark, except in the pool of light round the boats. They were all empty now. The men were piling the boxes of fish, ice-packed, into the lorry which had backed down to the quay.

As the last man came off his boat, the two men with us exclaimed in surprise and got up. The man was carrying something heavy in one hand. It looked like a very large fish, but I couldn't see it clearly. Pietro said something and took it from him, and, holding it in front of him on both hands, brought it over to us, a fish indeed. The Fish: magnificent, very thick at the shoulder, covered with rough, pinkish-silver scales, except for a velvety black pattern along the back. It must have weighed twelve pounds or so. The golden eyes in the great head were not yet glazed and the very big, almost transparent fins still stood up along its back, bright coral at the base turning to silver at the serrated edges. Pietro's big dark face behind it was laughing.

"He is a fine fish, yes? You have not seen one before like him?"

"No, never. What is he?"

"Ah, he has many names, but he is not often caught and who knows which is the true one? He is very beautiful and very, very good to eat—the best.

"He is called King of the Seas, Signora, and Wolf of Rome and Great Fish. One or two a year are caught; and only here, just in these waters, nowhere else."

"But what is he? A kind of tunny? A bass?"

The bar owner spoke from the shadows.

"No one knows, Signora. Some say they were bred in the fish farms on Lake Lucrinus, two miles from here. Many fish were bred there. They say that the Emperor Vespasian believed that his fish answered only to the call of his voice; they swam up to him, Signora, as he stood on the bank and slaves would hand him different foods to throw to them."

"There was a lady," said Pietro, "who had golden earrings put on the largest eels among her fish; if you caught one of those, you were supposed to throw it back."

"Anyway," said the bar owner, "it is thought that many kinds of fish were crossed to make the perfect fish and this is the result. Nowadays, not many people have seen one."

Pietro said suddenly, "Signora, he is for you. You will take him to Marco and you will say that he should cook him for your dinner."

"But we can't . . . If you don't often catch them now."

I said quickly, "If he is for the Signora, you, Pietro, will dine with us also; and you, Signor. . . . We shall all go now, in the car, to Lucullus."

As we drove off, Fiona asked, "How will they cook it—the Fish?"

It was a fish which easily commanded the capital F. You could hear it when any of us referred to it. The two men were silent for a moment. Then the bar owner leaned forward from the back seat.

"Boiled, it is very good with oil or butter and lemon. Roasted, it is good, with salvia and thyme; or split into fillets and grilled with butter."

"Ah, like that I love it," said Pietro.

"But there is another way, if Marco will do it. It is expensive, no?"

"Never mind that. Ask Marco to do it the special way."

Fiona turned round to them.

"Can you get it anywhere else? Do you send them to Naples or Rome, when you get more than one?"

"We never get more than one, Signora. This is the first this year. Like some wines, they do not travel. Pack them in ice and keep them overnight, and the flavour is gone. In twelve hours, the Fish is watery."

Pietro gestured towards a small square building we were passing.

"Agrippina's tomb, Signora. You have seen it already?"

"No."

"There is nothing to see. Agrippina was the mother of the Emperor Nero. Nero had a house here and he arranged that his mother should be drowned coming here in a boat. But she swam too well. She got ashore here, just where we are now, and went up to her son's house and went to bed. But it didn't do her much good, because he sent people to finish her off and she was buried here—that's what they say."

As we drove up to Lucullus, Pietro was saying, "Cicero's house was further round the point—Cicero the Orator, you know, Signora. He had a great library there."

They might have been saying, "Some people called Brown used to live here until a few years ago. The place has been empty since they left and, of course, it's gone down rather."

The restaurant was a small square room, above the sea, with an enormous terrace over a sheer drop down to the water. There was no one there, but our friends seated us carefully, near the window. Pietro took a carnation from a vase on the bar counter and gave it to Fiona, and then, carefully carrying the Fish, they disappeared through the door behind the bar.

In a few minutes, a young boy, very beautiful, in a dirty white coat, came with wine and bread. Presently our friends came back, the bar man carrying a plate of the big local shrimps. "Yes," he said, with triumphant pleasure. "Marco will do it. It will not cost too much. *(Continued on page 177)*

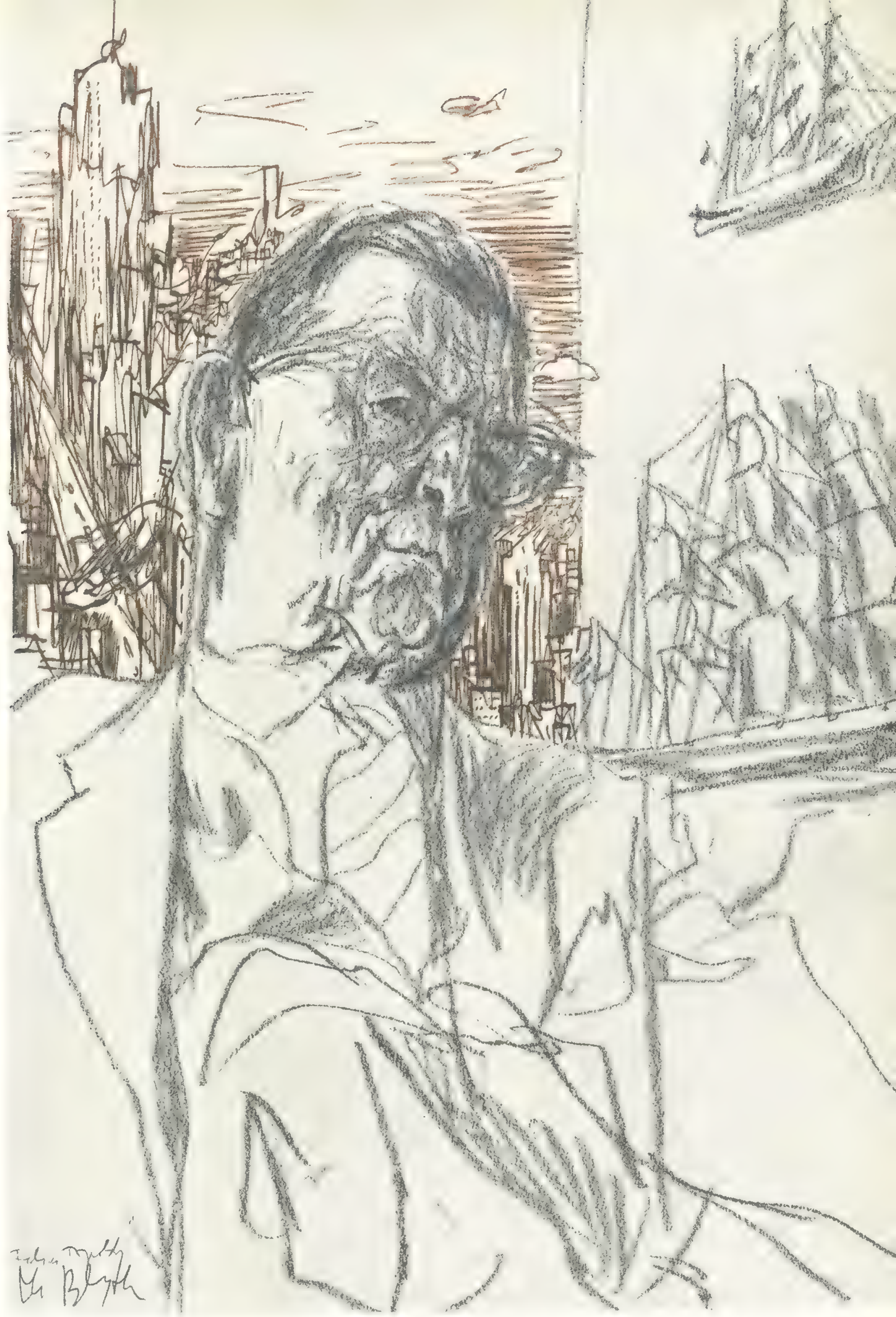




The Miller house on Nob Hill.
(The men in the foreground are walking up the steps of the Pacific Union Club for lunch.)

FELIKS TOPOLSKI

SPECIAL TO SAN FRANCISCO



ROBERT WATT MILLER, *left.* An imposing, tall, indoors man with impatient hands and a distracted air, Mr. Miller has been the president of the San Francisco Opera Association almost continuously since World War II. He goes to every rehearsal, every performance, and has added a certain old-fashioned magic to the opera season which is now on in full-voice. His own voice is a bass horn blast. A man of positive opinions who might easily have disputed with Einstein on the Einstein Theory, he knows an extraordinary amount, especially of history and music. Although he is president of the Pacific Lighting Corporation and a director of five companies, including Standard Oil of California, Mr. Miller has constricted his routine, in the off-opera months when he is in San Francisco, almost entirely to California Street; he lives at its top, works part way down, and lunches at the Pacific Union Club. He has, at fifty-seven, three sons, a daughter, fifteen grandchildren, a wife, and the Opera Association.

CHARLES R. BLYTH, *above.* From his desk in the San Francisco office of Blyth & Company, the largest corporate equity underwriters of any investment banking house in the country, Mr. Blyth can look either up to Nob Hill or down to the ship slips in the harbour. He takes the same large view of civic problems, has for a long time been a slightly hidden power in California Republican politics. A stiff-collar man with a carved face, he has a thin mouth, given to small, amused smiles, and a habit of making a bird cage of his fingers. When he talks of his early days when he first came to San Francisco from his home town, Ashtabula, Ohio, with no more than a guarantee of three meals a day, he unlocks the bird cage, releases his almost immobile face, and talks with love of the city when everyone had fun and the shops sent out bagmen on Steamer Days to collect debts in gold and silver dollars from their customers. At seventy-four, he still likes the hard pull for enormous stakes, always plays out the hand.



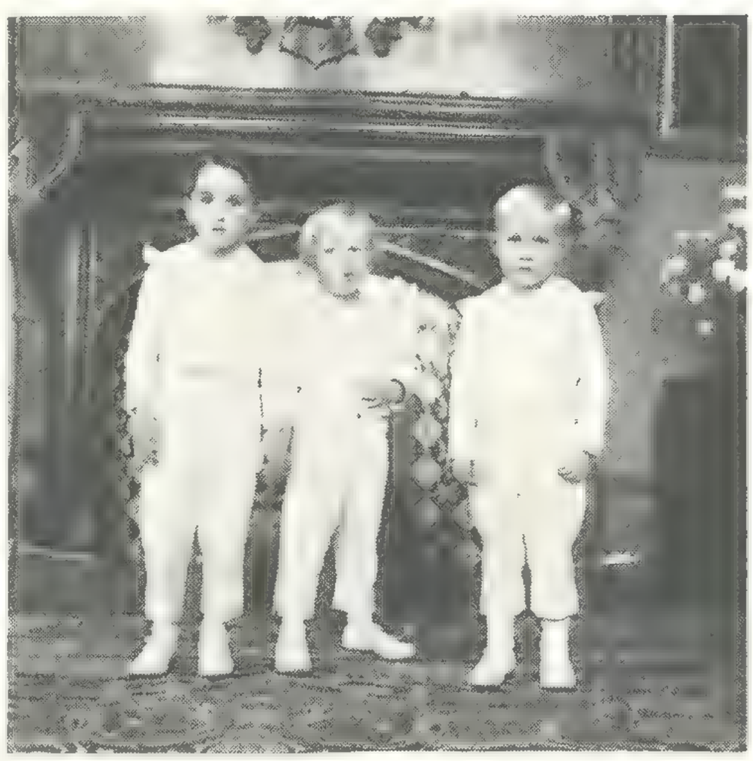
WEDDING IN ADARE

In the parish church of Adare, County Limerick: the wedding of Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dunraven, and the Marquess of Waterford.

On a misty Irish day in midsummer, several hundred guests from points east and west of Ireland crowded cheerfully into the parish church of Adare to see Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin married to the Marquess of Waterford. Lady Caroline, daughter of the Earl of Dunraven and his American-born Countess, the former Nancy Yuille, had for her principal attendant, her sister, Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin. For her wedding party she chose five little girls, Lady Sarah Stanhope, the Honourable Doune Ogilvy, the Honourable Victoria Warrender, Caroline Wyndham, and Nicola Beresford, and three small page boys, the Honourable Steven Stanhope, the Honourable Charles Hemphill, and Hubert de Burgh, universally as pink and white as the wedding bouquets.



Opposite page: The wedding party—the bride in white organdie and white tulle; carrying a white flower bouquet. Her sister, the maid of honour, wore a dress of pink organdie; her flowers, pink and white roses. The little girls wore white organdie dresses with pink sashes; the little boys, pink linen page suits with huge white organdie collars.



This page: After the wedding, hundreds more guests and the townspeople of Adare streamed up to Adare Manor (right, at top) in a winding queue of motor cars. A sudden Irish rain made the bride change her plan to walk up the tree-shaded avenue to the ancient church; the other slight change in plans was made by the Honourable Charles Hemphill, aged two-and-a-half, who left the church—and the duty of holding the bride's train—at the beginning of the wedding; spent the time outside, soothing a case of wedding nerves with tea and buns. At right: the Honourable Victoria Warrender, her headdress worn at a little girl's angle of choice.



SABINE WEISS




Hourly report on black
in American
fashion now



It's no secret—what black can be when all the elements are right: worldly, elegant, plainly alluring—indispensable. *Facing page, far left:* Beautiful hours for black this way—cocktails, theatre, little dinners. The dress, wool crêpe—day-length, with a wide squared-away décolletage, a small rush of fullness at the back. *Left:* The hours: lunch, afternoons in town. The dress: black silk and worsted jersey, with an ingeniously cowled neckline, a leisurely ripple of skirt—the kind of little black dress that's about as simple as a flawless soufflé. Both dresses, by Traina-Norell. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *This page:* Black as it might arrive at a string of opening nights, restaurant dinners: slender but not stringently so, with a deep V-throatline, brief tip-of-the-shoulder sleeves, and a jacket that's collared with baum marten. Peau de soie, scrolled with soutache embroidery. By Sophie, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

PENN

Corduroy with city-grooming

On these pages: corduroy on a wide wale with a silky new chic that puts it in the same company as mink (see hats), without losing a whit of its ease on the way. Colouring the news here: subtle mutations of the new browns. *Facing page:* Corduroy's new city elegance in a seven-eighths coat cut with the throwaway ease of a shirt, right down to the plain bone buttons. Here, a chrysanthemum-pale colour (part of the bloom's on the corduroy), pointed by a sable beret and by this handful of news: bright dark brown gloves. Coat by George Carmel, about $175. Saks Fifth Avenue; J. P. Allen; Neiman-Marcus. Russian sable beret, by Emme. Gucci handbag. Jewels—gold, diamonds, rubies—from Cartier. Lancôme's new Azalée lipstick. Crystal box, brass coffee table, from Nesle.

HORST





Above: Open jacket suit (no option: no buttons) of crispy beige corduroy with a smartly diminishing line of skirt. Sharply in city focus: silk-shirt collar and cuffs, the silky look of the corduroy itself. Suit of Crompton corduroy, with natural silk broadcloth shirt, $100. By B. H. Wragge. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Mink turban, by Lilly Daché. *Right:* Corduroy shirtwaist dress that might be as relaxing to a city wardrobe as a week end in the country. This, warm brown, lit by bronzy buttons throat to hem, with a tall self belt, bracelet-length sleeves. By Brigance of Sportsmaker (Cone corduroy), about $50. At De Pinna; Frost Bros. The brown fur seal beret, by Sally Victor.




Eric

Leopard—
fashion natural
on a fresh track



Coming into new spheres of fashion now (everything from a new cut of coat to an evening dress), leopard as a fur is trading on a look that's knockout fashion news in itself—the winter print.

Left: Somali leopard and Russian sable—coexistence *grand luxe*—in a coat that, otherwise, doesn't make a great fuss over formalities; pockets patched on like this are usually a tip-off to an extra-city life from time to time.

The coat, designed by Emeric Partos.

This, Russian sable hat: to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

Leopard hat—and the tawny eye

Right: Leopard as hat, as costume-maker (you might sketch in an underplayed black city suit, for instance), and as beauty inspiration.

The leopard-eyed look here, a natural follow-up to the new liking for leopard, puts a hazel eye or a brown one in a new tawny light, the new tawniness applied by eye shadow. Brown eye shadow swerved over a yellow shade; the reverse for a heightened effect.

(More how-to details on this, page 180.)

Hat, leopard and black velvet, from Irene of New York. Also at Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.



Leopard—indoors

Left: Leopard on its way to taking over the grey-dress world. Here, a worsted jersey dress, a flow of ingenious folds, its leopard belt the stronghold of the waisted shape. Jane Derby dress, in Jasco jersey, $125. Henri Bendel; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's. Black soleil felt turban, by Lilly Daché. Leopard muff, by Harold J. Rubin. *Right:* Leopard décolletage, fur streak on an evening dress that has, besides leopard, yards of beige silk chiffon, a surprising black leather belt. Gives a lot, this dress; demands a lot: for instance, the self-knowledge that knows a superb figure's wanted here. By Anna Miller. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Battelstein's. Good dramatics with leopard—Fame perfume, by Corday.





American stripe: offhand elegance

For someone who's thin, tall,
and terrific, a dress scissored
along the same beautiful lines.
And the scissoring here is almost
everything—the fit implied,
but lightly. News within
this outline: a new way to combine
a famously pretty combination—
velvet and jersey. The dress is black
wool jersey, with wide black velvet
stripes (or vice versa—depending
on how you look at it).
By Oleg Cassini; about $90.
At Bonwit Teller;
Himelhoch's; Vandever's.
Hat by Irene of New York.
Shoes by Mannequins.



Paris shoes: looking sideways

Above and below, two of the handsomest profiles to turn up in the collections—and some of the most exciting news past any length of hemline, anywhere in Paris. The line—and it's a line that's been a notable beauty-maker elsewhere: asymmetric. What it does here is to create a delicious new spotlight for a pretty foot—one of the prettiest lights it's been in for ages.

At top, the asymmetrical shoe for day—grained black leather, buckled off to the side.

Below, the asymmetrical shoe as a T-strap evening sandal, in brocade.

Both, by Roger Vivier, for Dior.

ANDRÉ OSTIER

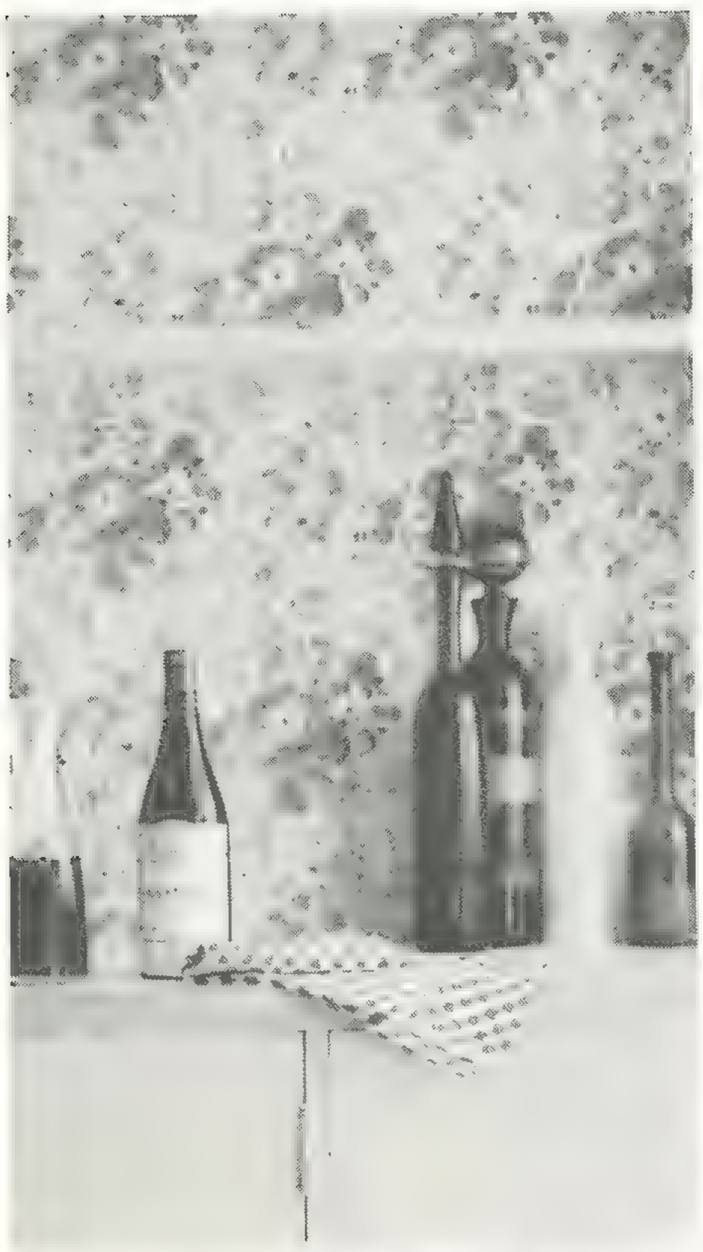


The beautiful habit of jersey—this year





On these two pages, four new versions of a look that's become a beautiful daily habit with American women—jersey dresses, with jersey ease, and pleasant wearableness. *Left:* In the rare-find department (not nearly so rare in jersey, though): a slender little day-dress that can underwrite the most pampering fur around—or the corduroy coat on page 137. Of roséed beige worsted jersey. By Alison, in Sag-No-Mor fabric; about $55. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. *Above:* The kind of dress on which the jersey-reputation was made: tall, thin, easy—and a look that can change in the time it takes to snap on a bib of pearls. By Seymour Jacobson, of tobacco-coloured worsted jersey (Heller jersey); about $70. This, and the Monet gilt bracelets, at Saks Fifth Avenue. The dress, also Woodward & Lothrop.







Above: In bright orange, petit-point wool jersey pointing up its firmly belted waistline by skirt—a gentle swing of pleats. Dress, by Georgia Bullock; about $65. At Bergdorf Goodman; Woolf Brothers. Gilt link bracelet by Monet, also: Bergdorf Goodman. *Left:* Two-piece worsted jersey, with most of its news tied up in checks—and a skirt that's not too narrow to take a stride in its stride. Grey and brown checked dress, by Ben Barrack; about $60. This, and the Coro three-strand pseudo-pearl-bracelet: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress alone, also at Neiman-Marcus.

RUTLEDGE



Coat news: two strengths of brown

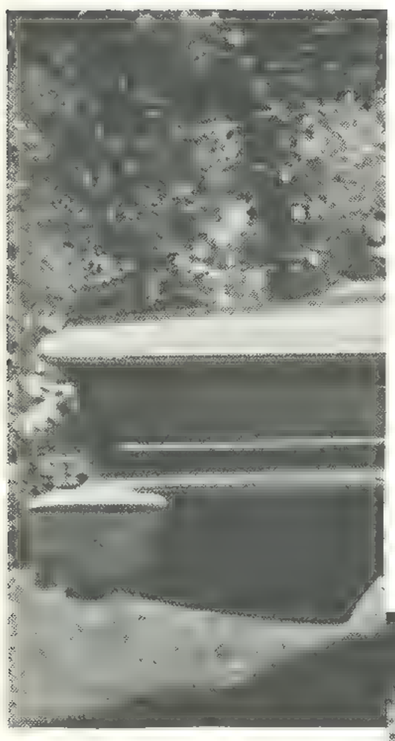
Brown coats to think of in a black-coat context—i.e., one per wardrobe could account for most of the action in a woman's coat-life. *This page:* The kind of easily transplantable coat that wouldn't bat an eyelash at a walk in the woods—or lunch in town. Pale taupe-y brown, with a fur lining *and* a straight, close line. By Spectator Ltd., of Anglo cut-wool pile, lapin-lined; about $200. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Joseph Magnin. Doeskin-finished lambskin gloves, both pages, by Kislav. Jersey hat: Lilly Daché. *Facing page:* Brown coat moving in black-coat circles—and circles of its own: blackened brown wool, rounded out under a rolling collar. By Lilli Ann, of Blin & Blin fabric; about $119. Coat and Deitsch bag: Bloomingdale's. Coat, also Dayton's; The Emporium, San Francisco. Sally Victor hat. Diamond and gold jewellery: Tiffany. New autumn transparency in compressed powder form—DuBarry's Cloudsilk. Background for these photographs: the Park Avenue offices of Raymond Loewy Associates.

HORST

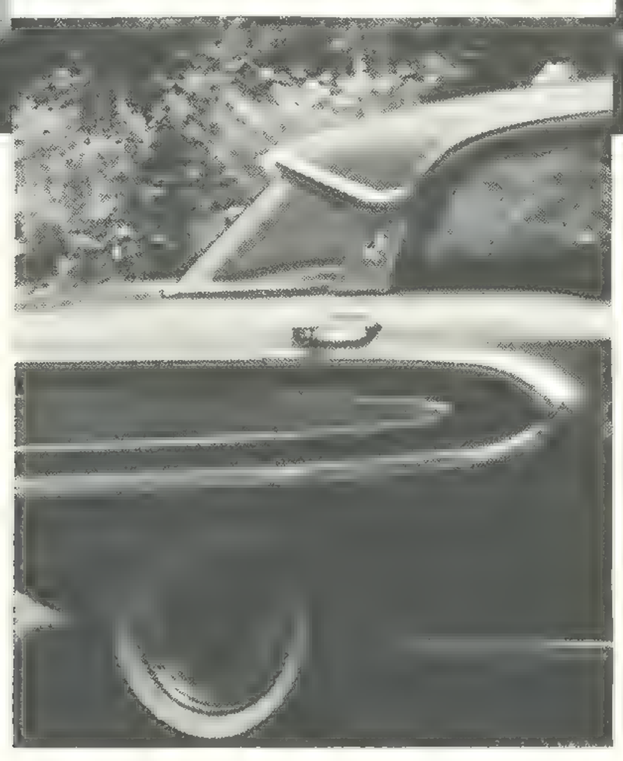




News in transport: a first

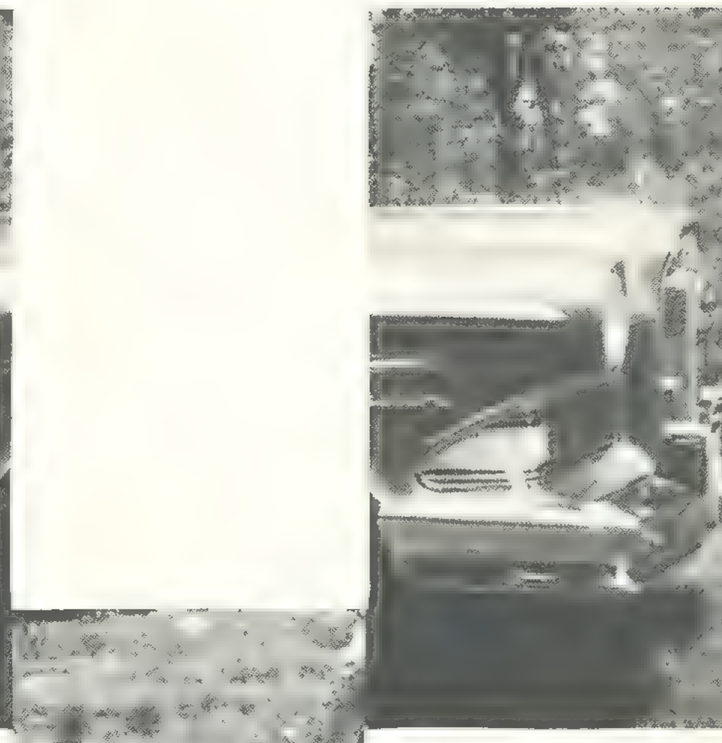


September news for autophiles: a new race of car that promises to be easy to spot coming or going. (Its price spot: happy medium.) Here, the pride of Ford's new Edsel series, the four-door Edsel Citation, shown in photographs that overtake it by degrees. At left, new directional turn indicators. For maximum safety and distinctive looks, they flank tapered bar taillights to make a strong band of red.





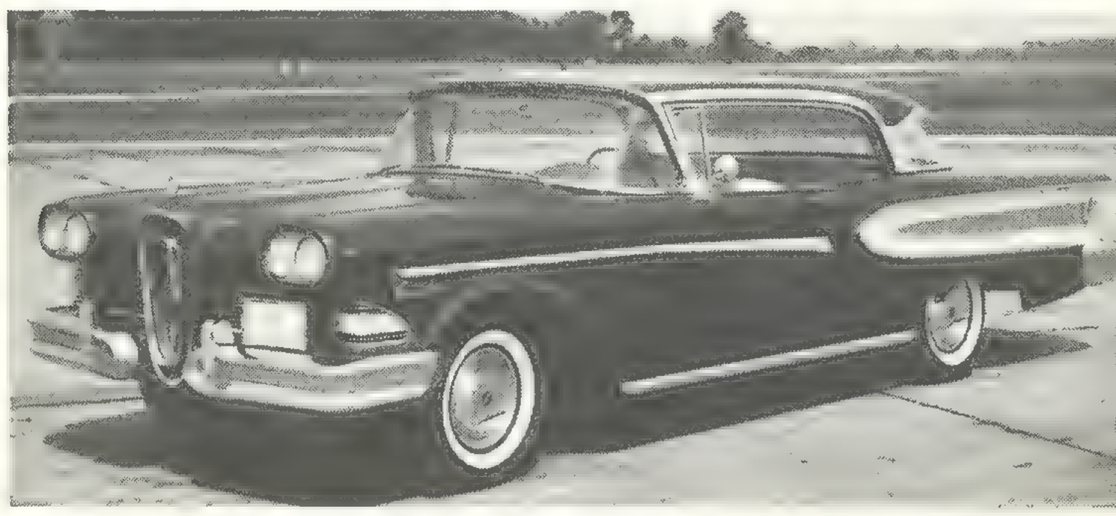
Left, part of Edsel's rakish good looks: scalloped wings, smooth-flowing lines. Above, this news stashed away inside: a gadget-happy instrument panel; push-button automatic transmission controls centred on the steering column. Right, front fender on a new curve. Right above, fresh permutations in lighting by this arrangement of twin headlights, doubled (close-up, facing page). Below, the two-door Citation. New line in all Edsels: a vertical radiator grille, squared off by chrome side pieces (looks apart, it has a cooling effect on engines).



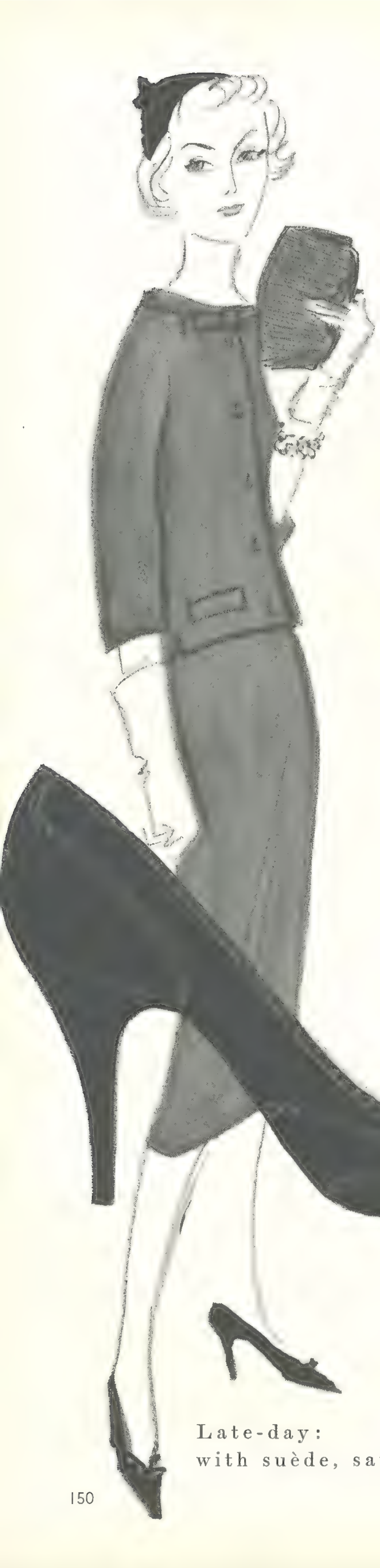


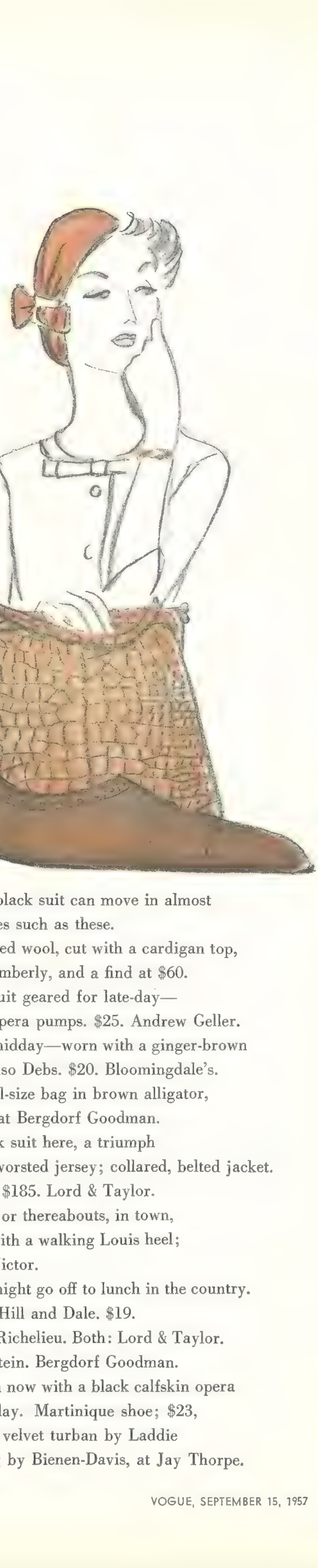
Coat news: high-powered green

Facing page: Coat news that doesn't need a car to lean on—a smooth wrapping of piney-green wool with the kind of collar many new coats own now: a soft shawl of mink. This, cut on straightish lines, with shaped sleeves narrowing towards the wrist. By Wm. Devitz, of Worumbo fabric. The collar of natural ranch mink. At Henri Bendel; The Blum Store; Marshall Field. Lizard handbag, also at Henri Bendel. New bloom with green, Dior No. 8 lipstick. Car news here: the twin headlights of the Edsel four-door Citation.



The suit shoe—direction finder





Lunch-time:
a dash
of ginger

Late-day:
with suède, satin

Demonstrated here: the way a good black suit can move in almost any direction, given accessory changes such as these.

This page: The black suit here—knitted wool, cut with a cardigan top, straight skirt, a fine, easy line. By Kimberly, and a find at $60. From Bergdorf Goodman. Left, the suit geared for late-day—worn with satin-bowed black suède opera pumps. $25. Andrew Geller. Above, the suit as it might appear at midday—worn with a ginger-brown calfskin shoe, middling heel. By DeLiso Debs. $20. Bloomingdale's. Brown velvet beret: Mr. John. Satchel-size bag in brown alligator, by Nettie Rosenstein; at Bergdorf Goodman.

Facing page: The black suit here, a triumph of urban planning, in worsted jersey; collared, belted jacket. By Ben Gershel; $185. Lord & Taylor.

At lunch-time, or thereabouts, in town, it's seen with brown lizard Oxfords, with a walking Louis heel; $37. I. Miller. Leopard beret: Sally Victor.

Far right, above: the black suit as it might go off to lunch in the country. Walking shoe, in brown calfskin; by Hill and Dale. $19. Necklace, carnelian-brown stones, by Richelieu. Both: Lord & Taylor. Jaguar-fur handbag by Nettie Rosenstein. Bergdorf Goodman.

Far right, below: the same suit—worn now with a black calfskin opera pump that's elegant enough for late-day. Martinique shoe; $23, at Franklin Simon. Taupe-and-brown velvet turban by Laddie Northridge. Black furry calf handbag by Bienen-Davis, at Jay Thorpe.

Off to
the country,
with brown

Another day:
lizard below,
leopard above

In town:
with black,
brown, taupe

Dayner



Throwaway elegance— the jersey suit

Throwaway elegance: good description of a good American look—found invariably in the kind of fashion a woman can live with for seasons. Here, jersey suits to wear on their own, under coats—the coat, in this case, three-quarters' length of mink. *Left:* Smoothly dark, city-travel look that amounts to credo for many American women: jersey suit in a clear dark blue—belted; minked. The mink coat is a length and intensity of colour that could do this same beautiful polishing job for an evening dress. Harmay suit, in worsted jersey, $90; coat, of Umpa natural dark ranch mink, by B. Wollman. Both: Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. Emme hat. Locale, a new Madison Avenue branch of The New York Trust Co. *Right:* Beautiful news to see, and wear—wool jersey with the surprise of Glen plaid as its pattern, in a suit with a short-sleeved bodice, an elegantly easy jacket and skirt. By Ben Gershel, of English worsted jersey, about $215. Altman's; Montaldo's; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Sally Victor felt cloche. Jewels, from S. G. Barnett.



HORST



Suit news circulated by belt

Two suit shapes that make their point without forcing the issue—or a September clothes allowance: the jackets are waisted lightly but determinedly, with the news of belts into the bargain.

This page: Suit with an ulster-cut of jacket—and belted, *and* brown. More change to count here: the kind you get from fashion dollars spent this way. By Handmacher of wool tweed; about $90. Suit, Dawnelle gloves, Trifari jewellery: Altman's. Suit also: Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson. Handbag by Lucille.

Facing page: Belted suit (we added the belt), with an undemanding fit—a price tag to match. By Glenhaven, in a speckled worsted tweed that's based on brown; $40. Altman's; Famous-Barr; The Broadway. Kidskin gloves, Forstmann cashmere sweater (both pages): at Altman's. Both hats, by Emme. Dofan alligator handbag.

KAZAN



HOW TO LOOK LIKE A BEAUTY

Some women find it necessary to be beautiful, and so—they are.

They may begin with the luck of good features, but they know that it isn't beauty until they have learned how to project their good looks.

Or, they may begin with a little less luck and make up for it with something that comes to almost the same thing—by learning how to *look* like a beauty.

How does a beauty look? She looks proud, in the ancient, classical sense of pride. She looks assured, without arrogance. She looks immaculate in every detail. She looks definite about the way she means to look. She has shining hair, shining teeth, prettily-coloured skin, beautifully-shaped eyebrows, interesting shadows around her eyes. She has a look of freshness and neatness; she carries her head well; she walks lightly and beautifully; she has prettily-shaped fingernails; her lipline is neatly marked; her aura is delicious. These are the attributes of beauty. And, no matter what the shape of her features, if a woman has these things, she is bound to give the effect of beauty. And that's the first lesson in the beauty book.

Some women find beauty unnecessary, and will take the trouble to *hide* inherited good looks behind frowzy hair, fat, badly-chosen spectacles, and dreary clothes, feeling elemental and honest when they spurn artifice. Some women are unemotional about beauty, and think that a certain amount of good looks is like good manners—merely politeness of a routine sort towards the people around them; just enough grooming for local protocol is every bit enough for them. But the woman who finds it necessary to be beautiful comes to look like a beauty because there is a need in her. She will make up for a lack of inherited good looks with work, knowledge, time, fashion, and any artificial aid that's appropriate. And this is the second lesson in the book: beauty is, very often, like any other ambition or drive—capable of realization to a degree in proportion to the need of satisfaction. Many women are happy enough without ever thinking seriously about the subject in the course of a contented lifetime. They might say sometimes, "Oh, I *wish* I were beautiful." But what they mean is, "Oh, I wish I'd been *born* beautiful." Enough of them. What we are concerned with here is the woman who says, and means, "I must be beautiful —always."

If her hair is a natural disaster, she goes to the very best hairdresser and gets the very best advice as well as the very best work that she can. She finds—just as she'd hoped—that the actual quality of the hair can be changed; that dyeing may give body to flyaway hair; that somewhere in chemistry there is the perfect permanent wave for her hair; that, surprisingly, a hair-straightener may be indicated; that what she had consistently considered "the hairdresser's fault" may be simply a matter of her own insistence upon putting on her hat the minute after a permanent wave. (This can be the equivalent of a resetting, when the hair is newly pliable.) She *(Continued on page 159)*

The news: the floor-long coat over a day-short dress

Facing page: This was one of the great excitements in the American collections—and possibly their single most glamourous fashion invention. The makings of it? A little satin stroke of a dress, day-length; a long satin coat steering just clear of the slipper-line. Ravishing, unprecedented, rather grand—this look is all of these, and this as well: the first time that the prettiness of a woman's legs has rested on the principle of two levels like these. The three costumes here, by Ben Zuckerman. All at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Evins shoes. Stockings, a spicy beige, by Christian Dior. Jewels: Harry Winston. Beauty news that applies here: Dorothy Gray's new Royalty Red lipstick.





How to look like a beauty

continued

covers grey hair if she hates it; *or* she has a pastel tint put over it (gold, blue, platinum, a hint of pink) to make it the prettiest shade of grey imaginable; or she has streaks of her own original hair-colouring dyed into her grey hair to give it definite line and character. She will risk a new coiffure, and if she has trouble managing it herself, between settings, she asks the hairdresser to let her brush and comb it in his presence so that he can coach her to keep the pattern he has set. And she has a better chance for keeping the pattern—no matter what the weather conditions—now that she can use a hair-spray to reinforce her brush and comb.

The woman who needs to look like a beauty has heard that a professional make-up can diminish unfavoured features, highlight the best; that, in fact, it could give her a *new* face. But how? She finds out; sometimes she discovers that make-up artists who guide photographers' models or transform actresses for the theatre or for television, are available to teach their magic to non-professional women. And every cosmetic company that maintains beauty salons will give excellent personal advice on colours and techniques; or will give transforming make-ups on appointment. If she *wants* to be changed, by make-up, she seeks professional make-up help.

If her complexion is not satisfactory, she learns the creams and lotions for her needs—and their routine and timing. The woman who wants to look like a beauty doesn't just *buy* products—she uses them consistently, faithfully, intelligently. Even the very advanced, and highly beneficial formulae of today are no over-night miracles (a hormone cream, for instance, should be used daily for a month, before results are judged). She learns that basic skin-care is a basic necessity, should be as habitual as toothbrushing. And she learns that its slow, but sure, effect can be heightened quickly for galas by special treatments, of which the surest is usually a professional facial and make-up; or, failing that, a masque at home.



She knows, without being lectured, that taking on overweight is beauty-suicide; and she knows, more than most women, that the satisfaction of slipping into a small-size dress is infinitely greater than the satisfaction of sipping in a chocolate-malted. She diets when she has to, as a matter of course, and she exercises habitually; she knows that slenderness is not enough for a figure, it must also be flexible, graceful, and if she can not exercise, she explores the new machines that exercise for her, toning specific muscles.

And most of all she learns not to be rigid in her ideas of beauty. If she is forty, she knows that she does not look exactly as she did at twenty, simply older. Therefore she decides to look different, which is exciting, because it is new—and what is new is *(Continued on page 160)*



Green-eyed beauty

This page: Possible to the blue-eyed, brown-eyed, and hazel-eyed now, something of the green-eyed beauty's sparkle, it seems. This new eye-shadow formula is based on green with flecks of silver. And while no blue-eyed woman is suddenly going to be emerald-eyed because of it, almost every cosmetic-maker now plans some version of this colour: its chemistry makes *any* eye-colour seem more brilliant. The perfect "neutral," the first such in eye make-up, it's an answer to a not-too-made-up-looking eye make-up for day. This version, by Coty; others, page 180.

Beauty—highlighted

Facing page: This is beauty—with gloss added in one of the newest ways around. To fingernails made up in a muted-red shade, an overlay of spun gold has been added. It's Juliette Marglen's new Cellini Gold, applied here over her Rousseau Rouge nail glacé (same red that makes the glossy oval lipstick). The Marglen lipstick, nail glacé, and Cellini Gold, all at Saks Fifth Avenue. Diamond and ruby-striped ring from Cartier.



PENN

How to look like a beauty

continued

often young. She never says, automatically, "I can't wear that," "I couldn't do this . . ." She *may* say it, after she has tried, and considered dispassionately, and listened to a few sound opinions. But her decision on the fashion or the make-up will be a firm decision: is it really unbecoming?—or only unfamiliar? (One of the best-known beauty salons in the world tells this story: a famous woman, unhappy with her appearance which had jelled about thirty years ago in a now-dated way, went to be transformed for an important public appearance. After getting a ravishing coiffure, and a flawless and delicate make-up, she went up to the mirror and said "Isn't that nice!"—then pushed her hair back into its old line, whipped out her dry-rouge compact and put on the two precise red circles she had always worn on her cheeks, and left, looking rather much as usual. She wanted to look better—but just the same: a patent impossibility.)

The woman who wants to look like a beauty asks medical advice, wherever the salons, and the magazines, and the fashions can not provide a change as deep as the one she may be seeking. And she decides whether her troubles are real or imagined, worth or not worth, the trouble, the pain, and the money that a radical change might involve. And, before any such change, she acknowledges the beauty of looking like herself, rather than like a standardized beauty. She knows the value of the strong feature—and knows that, projected with assurance, a strong feature may be the making of her looks. The high-arched nose that may be an agony to a girl in her teens can become, in her twenties, more forgivable to her, as her face grows up to it.



In her thirties, and for the rest of her life, that same nose may be described as "beautiful . . . the distinguishing feature of a handsome face." (A happy but alarming turn of events, considering that in her temporary need to conform, she might have had that nose changed for life.)

One of the fascinating beauty stories of our time is told about herself by a woman whose distinguished beauty has everything—including a wry and charming irregularity of feature. As a young woman, she regretted her front teeth, which tilted out in a modified version of buck teeth. An automobile accident gave her an option: two new front teeth of any shape she wished. She chose the two perfectly straight front teeth of her dreams, and found, suddenly, that as a result, she looked just like any one of a number of other pretty young women. The peculiar piquancy of her face was gone—for that slightly-lifted upper lip, the delightfully unsymmetrical smile, turned out to have been its principal ingredients. A clever dentist, using earlier photographs and impressions, was able to reconstruct and replace the erring front teeth exactly as they had looked before the accident. The beauty became again what she remains to this day: one of the really enchanting-looking people of our time. She's worth three of any number of other beauties because she looks like *somebody*.

So: the woman who wants to look like a beauty acquires the attributes of beauty, a knowledge of beauty, the mettle of beauty. But that's not all. She learns to feel like a beauty, to behave like one, and to expect to be treated like one. (And *that's* the final lesson in the beauty book.)



RAWLINGS

Beauty in a noble new essence

Left: One of the great events in the perfume world is celebrated here—the arrival of *Lasso* by Jean Patou; the first new perfume by this house in ten years' time. Obviously thought out as carefully as a work of art (which it is), it went through hundreds of experiments to reach perfection—and the public. Among the qualities sought for this scent: complexity, femininity, brilliance, "modernity"—and unusual lastingness. And if these *hadn't* been achieved, it might still be another ten years. . . .

Far left: Ear-tip-length coiffure - swinging around to bangs. An Antoine of Saks Fifth Avenue design, based here on a permanent wave called Revivex formulated by Helene Curtis for fragile (which includes sunburnt) hair. The diamonds, S. G. Barnett.

Vogue
Patterns:
suit lines,
untaxed



VOGUE PATTERN S-4818



Two suits to make, both mildly waisted,
unbelted, slender. Either could
be the mainstay of an autumn wardrobe,
and a foil for furs—perhaps this year's
new fur beret, a stole, muff, or
smashing handbag in mink,
long-haired fox, spotted jaguar.
With non-pro dressmakers in mind,
Vogue Patterns print every step of a
suit's way plainly on each pattern piece.
Far left: A double-breasted suit
of gentled tailoring that could be
booked solid for most of a season's
daytime engagements. It's shown
in bright red cashmere; could
just as well be tweed, in greyed
olive green. Vogue Pattern S-4818.
Fabric by Einiger. Pellon interfacing.
La Mode brass buttons.
Lynx beret and muff, by Sally Victor.
Near left: This suit, on the curvier side,
with its jacket notched at the hem
to make room for front fullness in the skirt.
Here, it's brown wool-and-silk tweed—
but any tweed would be apt.
Vogue Pattern 976 that includes
the boat-necked blouse.
Suit fabric by Forstmann.
Balloon beret of black velvet
and satin: John Frederics.
Back views, yardages, page 192.

VOGUE PATTERN 976



Left: Pink as a sleeper: a nightgown in pink—deeper pink than lingerie has seen in some time. Besides the delectable colour, it has a lacy top, ribboned waist, full skirt. By Luxite-Kayser, in nylon tricot; $13, at Best's; Hutzler's. *Lower left:* Pink, skin-deep—a girdle of nylon power net, with front panel of nylon lace, back panel of elasticized satin; $9. Pink nylon lace brassière, dipped low in front, $5. Both by Formfit, of Du Pont nylon, at Best's; Hutzler's. *Below:* Half-slip in full-strength pink, with lace that edges the hem, bisects one side. By Luxite-Kayser, in nylon tricot; $6, at Best's; Hutzler's. Slippers, this page, by Capezio.



The pink revival—
new lingerie, new pinks



Now that lingerie has become aware of Technicolor, there's a rosy rediscovery of pink, in intensified shades. Here, six examples, two new pinks —one deep (facing page), one deeper (this page), all at pleasantly rosy prices.





The pink on this page is a paler one—a fresh clover colour. *Above:* Slip of nylon tricot, lace; rose-appliquéd bodice. By Vanity Fair, $9 at Bloomingdale's; Dayton's. Capezio slippers. *Upper right:* Pink high-waisted girdle with nylon satin ribbons striped across a light firming panel at centre front. By Treo, of Du Pont nylon power net; $10 at Bloomingdale's; Hudson's. *Right:* Pink half-slip, banded in lace with margins of nylon net. By Vanity Fair, of nylon tricot, $6 at Bloomingdale's; Dayton's. Pink nylon lace brassière by Lily of France, $4 at Jay Thorpe; Julius Garfinckel; Kaufmann's. Slippers by Margaret Jerrold.

JOHN STEWART

GOSSIPY MEMO ON TRAVEL

If one likes to escape Christmas at home but find it elsewhere, there is *gemütlich* celebrating, and a white Christmas too, to be had by visiting Scandinavia. On the December voyages to Gothenburg and Copenhagen, those meticulously-run Swedish American Line ships, the "Kungsholm" and "Stockholm," become floating festivals of Christmas trees, Yuletide menus, carol singing, and the traditional Queen of Light rituals put on for Scandinavian passengers going home for the holidays. Once landed, and on one's own, there are many excellent hotels to choose from. For example, there is the new Foresta near Stockholm. Surrounded by water and woods, the hotel is reached by helicopter service to its private field, or by yacht to the wharf, or, of course, by car; it is gay with dancing and steam baths and affluent spreads of smörgåsbord. In Denmark there is one of Europe's finest inns, the ivy-covered Store Kro, right at the gate of Fredensborg Castle, summer residence of the King and Queen, where the parks slope to Lake Esrum.

A slightly different flying world tour which concentrates on the East has been planned. Leaving New York February 15 and San Francisco February 16, it will be led by Miss Ena L. Yonge, who is Map Curator of the American Geographical Society; tour members will thus have entrée to local museums, libraries, and educational institutions. Among the dozens of places to be visited will be Tokyo, Hong Kong, Saigon, Siem Reap, Anuradhapura, Madras, Mysore, Hyderabad, Bombay, Aurangabad, Agra, Srinagar, Lahore; then through the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan, back to New York April 12. All this, for those with a healthy constitution and $4,196. Write to any American Express office. (For another month and another odd-$1,000, the tour continues through Europe.)

There is wonderful, wide-open fishing in South America (during the next six months), both deep-sea and fresh-water, with no restrictions on weight or number of fish caught; no regulations whatever on salt water fishing; licenses readily available at negligible cost; and landowners in the Andes area glad to have their lakes and rivers used. Latin sportsmen also like their luxuries—few rustic lodges—so there are many comfortable places to stay. Near the dorado-filled rapids at Salto Grande, in Uruguay, is the excellent Gran Hotel Salto; along Peru's seacoast, full of marlin, swordfish, and tuna, there is the Cabo Blanco Fishing Club (see Vogue, April 1, 1956). In Chile, on Lake Villarrica, thick with rainbow and brown trout, there is the Hotel Pucon. Write Panagra or Pan American World Airways; read their booklet, "Fabulous Fishing in Latin America."

Autumn Bargains: Eight days of red and gold leaves, crystal air, golf and horseback riding at top hotels in Canada's Laurentian Mountains have been packaged by Trans-Canada Air Lines (which flies one there in a Viscount). Prices for the week range between $90 and $115, depending on which hotel is chosen; and for the plane, between $50 and $110 round trip, depending on whether one starts from New York, Cleveland, or Chicago.

For Sunday painters there are two delightful four-week holidays to the West Indies on which they can paint on week days, too. Run by the Dinglebrook Art School of Brookfield Centre, Connecticut, the first group leaves New York January 25 and flies straight to Barbados (that Island in the Sun) and, after one night, goes on to St. Vincent. On this still unspoiled island they stay at Sugar Mill Inn, paint the vivid scenes, swim in the blue ocean, and the hotel's pool. The other tour leaves New York February 7 for St. Lucia, an island even less touched than St. Vincent. Here the group stays in a plantation house, high in the hills overlooking the sea, near a beach and Yale University's Archaeological Carib-Arawak excavations. On both trips there is expert weekly criticism and paintings done during the trip are exhibited in local hotels and galleries. Each trip costs $610.

Travellers Know: Sophy's travelling medicine kit, in Emily Kimbrough's book, *Water, Water, Everywhere*, included, among other things, sulfathiazole ointment, codeine tablets, B.F.I. powder for any minor foot irritations, Kaopectate (invaluable when the traveller's bug attacks), acromycin tablets for an acute infection.

Japanese house, U.S.A.: sleight-of-panel space plan

Facing page: On a span of lily pond in the Mandeville Canyon of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. William Brockway built their Japanese house for reasons as practical and as aesthetic as the Japanese have: sliding-panel walls open the whole house to dehumidifying breezes and the visual pleasures—the pond, with its natural seclusion, ornamental planting that was once part of a botanical garden. The American reason for building the house was as American as its kitchen: with one daughter married, one still in college, the Brockways needed less room but wanted to be ready to expand their living areas quickly, without makeshifts. At right, translucent shojis, the "walls" of the library-guest room, are pushed back to bring the entrance hall and an angle of the living room into the picture. Enshrined in the tokonoma, or traditional family shrine, is one of Mrs. Brockway's collection of kakemonos—carp swimming on silk.

More about the Brockways' house on pages 170-171.

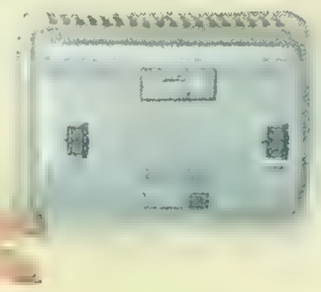
JULIUS SHULMAN

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING





You're so
<u>sure</u> of yourself
when your home
has the
newest
woman's
touch



—by Lennox

You're the perfect hostess and homemaker, *and you know it,* when your home has the newest *woman's touch:* Lennox All-Season Air Conditioning.

No wonder! Gentle, soothing Lennox air gives you new beauty, a new feeling for your role as wife and mother, new confidence! Far more important than fancy frills, this newest *woman's touch* is something Lennox can best provide.

Over 60 years' experience in the conditioning of air has made Lennox the world leader in home comfort. Lennox All-Season Air Conditioning equipment is precision-made; expertly installed by a factory-trained Lennox Comfort Craftsman, your community's leading heating and air conditioning dealer-expert.

If you're planning to buy a new home, look for the builders in your area who are featuring Lennox All-Season Air Conditioning as the newest *woman's touch.* Or, to enjoy Lennox air in your present home, call your Lennox Comfort Craftsman, listed in the Yellow Pages, for a free survey.

More families buy

LENNOX

world leader in all-season
air conditioning for the home

© 1957 Lennox Industries Inc., Heating and Air Conditioning, founded 1895; Marshalltown and Des Moines, Iowa; Syracuse, N.Y.; Columbus, O.; Decatur, Ga.; Ft. Worth; Los Angeles; Salt Lake City. In Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Calgary, Vancouver

DECORATING NEWS:

FABRICS, FURNITURE, AND THE TASTE FOR APRICOTS

APRICOTS, CREAM, AND COFFEE — their colours are moving off the breakfast table, now, and into room-size decorating schemes. Here's how it works: a whole room is done in shades of white, darkening through beige to coffee tones; then, bright, strong apricot is used for colour accents. This delicious colour plan is as much news as the Matisse-inspired splash of bright colours described in September 1 Vogue—and capable, within its subtle range, of almost as much variation. An integral part of it is the delight of white-on-white—whether it's shades of white woven together, white embroidery on white, or white pigment on fabrics or papers. A living room done this way might have: beige walls, a creamy-beige rug (newest if the walls are covered in a tiny-patterned beige paper or fabric, and the rug has a flat needlepoint texture). At the windows, two tiers of Swiss batiste café curtains embroidered in white-on-white; and beige draperies—these could be silk or nylon woven in a rich texture, perhaps a brocade. Sofas might be covered in off-white and beige fabric in a small-scale brocade or damask pattern. And—on odd cushions, small chairs—the sudden warmth of apricot, in pure silk velvet or silk taffeta, would complete the scheme.

FURNITURE — NEW BLUEPRINTS: meaning, there's a new architectural quality, often a new solidity, in furniture now. Designers aren't afraid to show what holds a chair or table up; they no longer feel it must appear to float in space like something in a Ouija-board séance. And there's a new liking for the heavier woods, such as oak. Louis XIII tables copied in oak, with turned legs, and architectural stretchers, illustrate both trends, and another as well—the tendency of designers to look back to the seventeenth century for inspiration. Some look even farther back, to the High Renaissance in Spain; and some, no farther than the early 1900's, when furniture had a strong feeling of solidity, of substance. The latter period inspired Dunbar's "Janus" collection, in beautifully handcrafted, oiled walnut. Carved panels, elaborate hardware, combinations of inlaid woods, and new uses of colour, all give a look of richness and interest. Drexel, for example, silk-screens Provincial designs such as foliage and *treillages* on the fronts of cabinets and chests, often in soft greens or light blue. Kittinger's tall Queen Anne secretary has solid panelled doors, an interior painted lettuce-green to hold books or porcelains (these will be visible only when the doors are open). Hardware may be of metal enamelled in blue, green, even orange. Many small tables, chairs, and chests are coloured with lacquer or stain, instead of being painted, as accent pieces.

IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR — new colours like apricot, apple green, creamy beige, for carpets; the return of needle-point carpets, or thin carpets with a needle-point texture; the onward march (or glide) of the bare, polished floor in parquet or marble or tile, waxed and glowing. A new carpet by Archibald Holmes reaches new heights, or depths, of softness, in natural-coloured wool imported from Pakistan. At the opposite pole is the new fabric by Kent-Bragaline that simulates French needle point, in shades of beige and brown on heavy natural linen —Baldwin & Martin have used this, with a canvas backing and a flannel inner pad, for the rug in a smart beige-and-white bedroom. Flat, close-piled rugs are being made by Roy Williams, and by Edward Fields, who has a new group of rugs in a very flat weave, of white and natural-coloured wool worked in parquet patterns. Uncovered floors may be tiled in Amtico's new marble-like vinyl tile (see September 1 Vogue); or a new processed cork tile by Robbins, tough, resilient under foot, and available with coloured (or simply darker) borders—a handsome flooring for libraries or halls. Or, they may be tiled in real ceramic tiles, laid in the patterns of Italian marble pavements centuries old.

A FEELING FOR TEXTURE pervades the new fabrics. Printed fabrics often look woven, and woven fabrics, just as often, look embroidered. There are fewer nubby fabrics, fewer smooth ones, aside from silks; many more small-scale, woven designs, damasks, brocades, matelassés. Prints are newest when they are abstract, with a three-dimensional look in the design to give a feeling of texture. At Stroheim & Romann, a new collection *(Continued on page 184)*



The living room, with shoji-walls pushed back for a clear, uninterrupted view straight through the house, past the tokonoma to the garden's geometry of rocks and greenery.



Terrazzo bathroom decorated with a pale-blue plunge, Japanese objects, a garden view.

JAPANESE HOUSE; U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brockway's

Los Angeles house

In Japan, where the top peak of Mount Fuji can be reached in a day's walk, the Japanese sense of proportion has kept the houses in comparable scale. Easy of upkeep, expansible by shoji, a Japanese house seemed sized-to-fit Mr. and Mrs. Brockway's particular specifications—maximum open space, and at least six individual rooms. William R. Stephenson, their Los Angeles architect, designed the arrangement of sliding-wall panels to open up almost the entire 2,064 square feet of space for parties. For non-party living, the panels close with the approximate ease and speed of pulling blinds—or the speed of electricity: panels in the bedroom-bathroom area operate by push button. A traditional terrace-deck rims the pond side of the house. In Japan, its unroofed extension would be recognized as a special veranda for contemplation of the moon. Further contemplative possibilities—the remarkable cabinetry of the house itself: the cantilevered terrace-deck as smoothly joined as the deck of a ship; fittings of cloisonné and brass chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Brockway in Japan. With its other treasures—among them, Mrs. Brockway's collection of Oriental art—the house includes American comfort: deep settees pillowed in foam rubber, a standard dining table that lowers to tea-table height, uses cushions instead of chairs only on festival occasions.



Bed-platform in the master bedroom: purple, yellow, and orange silks covering an American bed; on the wallpaper, gold clouds scudding.



Japanese garden off the bathroom: simple planting, inlaid stones worked smooth, natural stones as steps to the doorways.



Between lily pond and a clear sky, the Los Angeles house of Mr. and Mrs. William Brockway. At right, on the terrace-deck—the front door: at left, the bridge connecting the house with its driveway. In the pond, good-fortune symbols: flashing golden carp, catching the light *and* mosquitoes, endlessly.

DANNY WANN



Breakfast at a slate-topped fruitwood table

ONE MAN'S APARTMENT: CROWDED BY DESIGN

Mr. Henry Lenning's decorating method frankly, and by his own admission, packs in a considerable amount of furniture, yet contrives not to make life a protracted obstacle race around it. To a nucleus of furniture which he inherited, and likes, he has added pieces collected in various parts of Europe, with Biedermeier as the predominating influence. Mr. Lenning is an art historian; his thesis for his doctorate at the University of Paris was "L'Art Nouveau," subsequently published in book form. But as a design consultant working with architects, he has refocused his interests, with the emphasis now on modern styles; one example, the Japanese house he designed for himself in Palm Beach with Frederick W. Kessler as the architect. Mr. Lenning needs space to work, and he likes to do a certain amount of entertaining. The structural changes he made in his New York apartment hardly



In the master bedroom: a rare Munich Palladian clock; an early Biedermeier chest.

Long view of the living-dining room: over the sofa, a Pereira abstract; in front, a mosaic table by François Petermann. Sofa cushions of Siamese silk in acid yellow and persimmon.

KERTESZ



Dining table laid for a party: Munich Biedermeier armchairs used with 19th century Swiss and early American Dutch furniture

Biedermeier "Kaffee Klatsch" table; voluminous blue silk curtains in the Biedermeier manner.



disturbed a flake of plaster. First, he gave the dining room over to storage. Next, the smaller of the two bedrooms became a study-bedroom—sofa-bed, easy chairs, a big chest desk. For the entrance hall, living room and study-bedroom, he chose pale space-expanding colours, white, off-white, celadon green, with tweeded black-and-white fabrics. Adding their colour in a continuous supply: books, and paintings, which include a Matisse, a Dufy, a De Chirico, and a Pereira abstract that will go on tour with the Whitney exhibition next year. In the living-dining room all the furniture is on a relatively small scale, giving the optical illusion of an untrammelled flow of space. At the far end of the room, the dining table stands against a wall of windows (shown above) and the high draped valance has the double purpose of disguising a jutting ceiling beam and seeming to lift the ceiling itself. Part of the charm here lies in Mr. Lenning's free addition of individual details: 18th century Bavarian angel heads; a black lacquer three-panel shoji screen; the juxtaposition of the Pereira abstract with an antique Venetian mirror; a collection of Tiffany glass; and a Louis XV table with a slate top, which had its first home in a Swiss tavern, keeping score in Jass, forerunner of pinochle.



Mrs. Van Alen and Nils, the butler, discussing wines.



The Van Alens' living room: black and white pavilion stripes



Mr. Van Alen and Nils, checking the cocktail table.

DINNER PARTIES WITHOUT SPACE

The New York apartment of Mr. and Mrs. James Van Alen

For a good part of the year, Mr. and Mrs. Van Alen live in Newport in a house high on the rocks near Bailey's Beach. They also have a house on Long Island and a farm in Millbrook, New York, but, for a variety of reasons—and one of the important ones is pure pleasure—they keep, in Manhattan, the small apartment photographed on these pages. There, although everything was planned for pristine practicality—with straw matting and Woodard chairs with washable covers—the final effect is a sort of summer-house gaiety. Thinking forward from the black and white Chinese paintings that hang in both rooms, the Van Alens had all the floors painted black, with white walls in the living room, black and white "snowflake" wallpaper in the bedroom. In the living room, black and white striped curtains are held back by carved wooden hands, with ringed fingers and jewelled cuffs. For dinner parties, the bedroom becomes a pleasant dining room (as shown opposite). Because the kitchen is scarcely more than galley-size, Mrs. Van Alen brings baskets of cooked food down from the country so that only reheating and final touches are needed. (The same end, of course, could be accomplished by ordering from a catering service.) Nils, the Van Alen butler, serves cocktails from the small round table in the living room; champagne or other wines may stand in handsome English silver wine coolers on black and white consoles flanking the fireplace. A dinner for six—with the men in black tie, the women in unbouffant dinner dresses ("Bouffant dresses take up too much space," explained the Van Alens)—might have a menu based on pheasant bagged at the Van Alens' shoot in Millbrook. For instance:

SMOKED SALMON
with capers and lemon

CUCUMBER AND WATER-CRESS SANDWICHES

CHILLED AQUAVIT AND VODKA
(half and half, in tiny glasses)

BREAST OF PHEASANT WITH WILD RICE

SEA GRAPE JELLY

PURÉED CARROT RING
filled with chopped spinach

BURGUNDY (BEAUNE)

FRESH PEACH HALVES
studded with slivered almonds,
served with raspberry sauce

CHAMPAGNE

COOKIES

When there are as many as eight or ten guests, a long table replaces the small ones, with half the guests seated on the banquette, and half on folding chairs. The menu might be:

CRAB LUMP
with mustard sauce

WATER-CRESS SANDWICHES
on white and pumpernickel bread

CHILLED AQUAVIT AND VODKA
(half and half, in tiny glasses)

CASSEROLE OF BREAST OF CHICKEN
IN TARRAGON

BAKED ZUCCHINI WITH TOMATO

BERNCASTEL DOKTOR

STRAWBERRY ROLL

CHAMPAGNE

After dinner, coffee and langues de chats are served in the living room. The central charm of the Van Alens' parties depends, naturally, on their gift for gathering together congenial and amusing people; beyond that, however, the special quality of these New York parties is the gaiety in the mixture of protocol and improvisation.



BALKIN

Above: The Van Alens' transitory dining;
totally invisible here, its other life as the apartment's one bedroom.
Day beds covered in black corduroy, with comfortable
corduroy-cushioned backs and extra pillows, make a banquette
for four guests along one wall. For the others, there are
folding chairs; and every guest has
an individual folding table, each lighted by its own candle
in a silver taperstick; each with its own tiny bouquet.

Right: On the opposite
side of the dining room
hangs "The Story of the
Rambling Chinese River,"
painted by the young Chinese
artist, Chiang Er-Shih.
From this and the
paintings in the living room,
the Van Alens and
Ellen Lehman McCluskey,
their decorator, took the
black and white motif
for the apartment.
Beneath the paintings:
serving dishes, plates set out
on more of the folding tables
which Mrs. Van Alen
found at Alice Marks.



4 SUCCESSFUL DINNER PARTIES

with menus and recipes

BY PEGGY HARVEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following delicious excerpts are from Peggy Harvey's forthcoming book,* Season to Taste, *which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., on October 21. Like her earlier and shorter book,* When the Cook's Away, *it is a lucid and heartening guide for the amateur cook who wants to turn out really good food; the recipes are a pleasantly eclectic mixture of classic French dishes and such American delights as clam chowder and blueberry pie.*

Unless you have unexpectedly received some stone crabs from the West Coast, or a barrel of oysters from the East (what a pity this doesn't happen oftener!), the first step in planning a menu is, usually, to decide upon the entrée. Having made up your mind about that, the question then is whether the vegetable is to be richly sauced or unsauced, starchy or non-starchy. If a sauced or starchy vegetable is indicated, the first course should be light and so should the dessert. On the other hand, if both entrée and vegetable are simple, a certain richness may both begin and end the dinner.

The following menus, built along the preceding lines, are from my own notebook. Such a record, in which you list your dinner guests, what you fed them and when, their likes and dislikes, and, nowadays, their allergies and diets, is an invaluable help in menu planning. The possibility of serving the same meals to the same people is eliminated and, at the same time, you are reminded to pay someone the compliment of repeating, after a decent interval, of course, a dish which he or she especially liked. Besides, a menu which drew raves from one group is likely to please a different group as well. Little asides come in handy too, such as "Double recipe of Béarnaise necessary for six." Or "Try Madeira instead of sherry in this soup," or, as must happen to all of us, on occasion, "Skip this. Not too successful."

When planning an important dinner, try to have one unusual item on the menu or as an hors-d'oeuvre. This does not have to be something out of season, or flown in frozen from far away. It could be a new thin Armenian bread, buttered and heated, or a mysteriously flavoured sauce, or even something as simple as bits of prosciutto in the peas. The element of surprise is a pleasant thing to have people expect of you.

Here, then, are four menus for autumn and winter dinners—all proven successes in my household:

MENUS

(Recipes follow for dishes starred)

GREEN TURTLE SOUP WITH CAVIAR
ROASTED ROCK CORNISH GAME BIRD,*
wild rice stuffing,
guava jelly
BRAISED HEARTS OF ROMAINE LETTUCE*
STRAWBERRY BEIGNETS,*
SABAYON SAUCE*

CANTALOUPE WITH PORT*
INDIVIDUAL STEAKS, FINES HERBES
ZUCCHINI FOUQUET*
CHÂTEAU POTATOES
SOUFFLÉ ROTHSCHILD*

CLARET CONSOMMÉ*
TONGUE OR HAM, MADEIRA SAUCE
PURÉE OF CELERY ROOT*
GREEN SALAD
APPLE ROLL*

ARTICHOKES VINAIGRETTE*
BEEF À LA MODE*
PEACHES BAKED IN WHITE WINE,*
SABAYON SAUCE*

RECIPES

ROASTED ROCK CORNISH GAME BIRDS

Serves 6

These delicious little birds are now available in good markets in most localities. They vary in size, some being large enough for two or more servings, but personally I prefer the one-to-a-customer size. They come boned or not, stuffed or not, frozen or fresh. All are good, but if you are blessed with an amenable and talented butcher, have him bone fresh ones for you, leaving them whole. This, of course, would be for a dinner party.

Shopping list:

6 small Rock Cornish Game Birds
1 medium-sized onion
Butter
Dry vermouth
Clear chicken broth
Water cress
A few mushrooms
Wild rice
Brandy
Salt, pepper
Marjoram, thyme

Mince 1 medium-sized onion and sauté it in 2 tablespoons butter until golden. Add the livers from the 6 birds, washed and dried, and ½ cup minced mushrooms. Sauté for 5 minutes and chop the livers up. You can do this while they are still in the pan with the mushrooms. Add this mixture to 1½ cups cooked wild rice and season to taste with salt, pepper, marjoram, and thyme. Add a scant tablespoon brandy.

Rub the birds inside and out with salt and pepper and stuff them loosely. If they have been boned, shape them to a reasonable facsimile of their original form. Spread them generously with soft butter, tie the legs together, and place them in a shallow baking dish. Roast for 15 minutes in a 400° oven, reduce the heat to 300° and cook until tender. This will take about ½ hour. Baste frequently with half chicken broth and half dry vermouth, and later, with the juices in the baking dish. The birds will be so moist that no sauce is needed. Garnish with water cress.

BRAISED ROMAINE

(May be prepared in advance)

Serves 4

This entails piling up quite a store of large outer leaves of romaine lettuce since only the nicest inside parts, or hearts, are used, but you can always use them next day in a salad. Braised lettuce is an interesting change in the vegetable department. Serve it sometime with steak or roast beef.

Shopping list:

4 firm heads romaine lettuce
Butter
Flour
Salt
Black peppercorns
Clear beef broth
Beef extract
Bay leaf, thyme

Remove the outer leaves from 4 heads of romaine lettuce. Wash the hearts carefully and soak them in cold water for ½ hour. Drain and tie each with heavy thread or light string. Simmer in just enough boiling salted water to cover, for 10 minutes. Drain again and plunge into cold water. Remove them in a few minutes, drain once more, and pat dry with a tea towel.

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a heavy iron skillet or baking dish which is large enough so that the pieces of romaine can lie side by side in it, but do not put them in yet. Add 1 teaspoon flour to the butter and let it brown a little, stirring over a medium flame. Add ½ cup beef broth, canned or made from beef extract, dissolved in boiling water, to the butter. Add ½ teaspoon extra beef extract, salt, freshly ground black pepper, 1 bay leaf, and a pinch of thyme. Cook, stirring, until slightly thick.

Put the lettuce in the sauce and simmer, covered, basting often, for 45 minutes. Remove the bay leaf from the sauce and the string from the lettuce. Serve the lettuce with the sauce poured over it. It can wait, on an asbestos pad, over low heat, if you baste it every now and then.

STRAWBERRY BEIGNETS

Serves 4

Beignets are French fritters and may be made with any number of different fillings. Of the dessert fillings, I am partial to strawberries, and, I'm sorry to say, with those or any other fruit, last-minute preparation is necessary. The little fritters must be deep-fried, drained, and served at once, hot and crisp. The fat should not be too hot because the

(Continued on page 182)

THE DAY OF THE FISH

(Continued from page 129)

We have talked to him." He dug Pietro in the ribs and they roared with laughter.

We sat for an enchanted half hour. We drank several *grappas* and sent one down to Marco in the kitchen; then we started on the wine, to clean our palates. The beautiful boy stood giggling and shelling shrimps for Fiona, while we did our own.

They told us many stories, partly in English, partly in Italian, and the lies and the legends were no more interesting than the true ones. Indeed, they agreed with me, it was a strange place; even if you had lived here all your life, you never knew what you would find, what might not happen. Often, particularly after a storm, the fishermen brought up great amphorae, unbroken, patterned with barnacles; the road under the sea—oh, certainly there was a great road, everyone knew that—was lined with broken columns, which tore their nets.

The bar owner himself had sold some little marble heads, fished out of the sea, six of them, which his wife had used for years to weigh down sheets spread on the rock, when she had too much washing for her line.

"She kept them all together under a bush. She had got fond of them, you see. But I knew their value . . ."

The door which led down to the kitchen was pushed open. A very fat, almost bald man, in a very clean, voluminous white shirt, came in, carrying high, so that it hid his face from us, an enormous dish. He was preceded by an entrancing smell of cooked wine and fresh herbs and the sea. Behind him came the boy, a bottle of wine under his arm and a steaming, deep dish in each hand.

"Marco!" roared the bar owner. "He is ready then, the Fish?"

"Marco would hardly bring him if he were half-cooked," said Pietro, rocking with laughter.

Marco said, in a very quiet, rather high voice, "Signora, Signori, you are served." He put the great dish down on an empty table and motioned the boy to put the smaller dishes on each side of it. "You will come first and look at the Fish and drink in its perfume, no?" He pulled back Fiona's chair for her. We all stood round the Fish.

He lay, whole, on an enormous dish, round the edge of which was a close, neat wreath of fresh green bay leaves, the laurels of the ancients. He had kept his shape perfectly and he looked firm and fresh, because there was a thin, shiny glaze all over him. His belly, where he had been opened and cleaned, was filled now with hard-boiled eggs, cut in halves, the yolks removed and put back mixed with herbs, so that they were greenish, a large prawn sticking out of each—there must have been a dozen halves. Sprigs of fresh parsley and small green onions were stuck in his gills and he had a whole small silver fish in his mouth. In one of the subsidiary dishes was a dark sauce, not very thick, with a smell of indescribable promise; in the other was a kind of *risotto*, with shellfish and strips of some sort of mushroom and chopped herbs visible among the rice. We exclaimed at the grandeur and beauty of the whole arrangement, and I said to Marco that he must be a chef indeed, a chef of the first class, to produce such a complicated, such a formal dish, so quickly.

He smiled and motioned us back to the table, saying in that curiously high voice;

"It is not difficult, Signor, nor is there anything that takes time in its preparation. It is a traditional dish and should not be varied. You will see how you like it. I have not prepared it now for several years."

"Won't you sit down with us? Won't you eat with us?"

He hesitated, looking at Fiona. "Please," she said, smiling. He signed to the boy to bring another chair and sat at one end of the table. Pietro grinned at him.

"So, Marco, at last you cook him this way for me. Last year, no, you had no time, you would roast him."

"That time, you and the others, you were all drunk. I was drunk. Excuse me, Signora. You wouldn't have tasted him, and when I am drunk I cook only very simply. It is better not to attempt too much." He smiled at Fiona. "It's a long time since I prepared the Roman Fish for a foreign lady. Only once before, I think."

As he talked, he moved over to the side table and served us, removing neat, thick slices from the thickest part of the great

(Continued on page 178)





BE GLAD...
their Rovercoats are washable

There's more to these fun-fashioned dazzlers than catches the eye ... beneath their lively good looks, "Thermogard" quilted inner lining keeps them warm and toasty. What's more, both are completely washable in poplin-finish Arctic cloth.

Tibetan Toaster—Collar converts to snug hood. 7-14 $17.95; Sub-teen $19.95. **Snow Lark**—Hood folds back to become luxurious man made "Verel fur"* collar. 3-6x $17.95; 7-14 $19.95; Sub-teen $22.95.

*Borg's fabric of Eastman's Modified Acrylic Fiber.

at BEST & CO., New York City and suburban stores; THE DAYTON CO., Minneapolis; BOYD'S, St. Louis; ZCMI, Salt Lake City, and other fine stores.
WHITE STAG MFG. CO., PORTLAND, OREGON

THE DAY OF THE FISH

(Continued from page 177)

Fish, just behind the shoulder. The flesh was very solid and close-textured, more cream-coloured than pink. He put two halves of the stuffed eggs and a mound of the *risotto* on each plate before he gave it to the boy to set before us. The bowl of sauce he told him to put in the middle of the table.

"The sauce is absolutely necessary," he said to Fiona. "Take plenty, Signora, but do not put it on the Fish, place it in a pool beside him. When the pool is gone, at once take more. You will see."

We saw. The combination of flavours and textures must have been gastronomically perfect. That is the only phrase I can think of, the only reason for the pleasure and satisfaction which all of us, five people of very different taste and upbringing, got from eating the Fish. And it was the Fish himself; always he led; in flavour through his sauce; in texture against the granular rice and the smooth egg.

We did not talk much until the first helpings were almost finished. Then Fiona said,

"Signor Marco, we must thank you. It is the most wonderful dish I have ever eaten. Naturally I realize it would be useless to ask you how you do it; but just for curiosity I would like to know what is in the sauce. It's everything; it's exactly sweet and sharp and salt and hot enough."

Marco laughed, a rumbling chuckle. He got up and served us all again. This time he served the boy also, motioning him to eat at a nearby table; he never actually spoke to the boy.

"It's a very old dish, Signora. It comes from the days when everyone here on this part of the coast was rich—rich or a slave. The Great Fish were specially bred in Lake Lucrinus to give every quality, Signora, every quality we all like when we eat fish."

Marco took some more sauce.

"It is very good, the sauce. I have it just right. Well, they were pleased with the Fish, the great ones who amused themselves here. However they had him served, he was good—stewed in milk, in cream, in wine, baked in a crust, grilled, roasted—always he was perfect."

"Go on," said Fiona. Her plate was empty and Marco stood up to serve her. "I can't," she said.

"You will find you can, a little of the Fish with his sauce, no more eggs or *risotto* now. But the Fish will taste better than ever."

He gave her a little, and me much more. The men he served again fully with everything, for the third time; and the boy for the second. He gave himself as much as he had given Fiona. Only the great head was left on the dish and a small bit before the tail, joined by the long, bare backbone. He removed the bit by the tail and put it on a separate plate. Then he covered all the backbone with the bay leaves from the edge of the dish, so that it looked almost as though the Fish were whole again under the covering of leaves. He sat down and smiled at Fiona, as he saw her eating.

"You see, Signora, you can eat more of him than you think. The Roman Fish never cloys. However big, however few there are to eat him, he is always finished."

I glanced at the part he had put aside; for his wife perhaps? Had he a wife? Surely not for a cat? He saw me looking at it.

"That we must put back," he said quietly. "Always he must be finished and a little given back. Always every one who is present—every citizen, not slaves," he just glanced at the boy, shrugging slightly, "must eat the Fish. Nowadays," he bowed to Fiona, "our women eat with us and so it is a pleasure to see a beautiful lady eating the Fish. With the rich ones who used to be here it was not quite the same."

"The custom is always kept," said the bar owner. "When my wife cooks a Fish—or any of the other women—we always finish him and give a little back."

"But no one except Marco cooks him like this," said Pietro. "I have always been told of this dish, but this is the first time I have had it. My grandmother says she and several others could do it when she was young, but now she can't see. She says she showed my mother, but my mother says she's forgotten and that anyway it's nonsense, putting honey with fish."

"Honey?" said Fiona, looking at Marco.

"Yes, Signora. When the Great Fish is cleaned, he is rubbed

(Continued on page 179)

THE DAY OF THE FISH

(Continued from page 178)

first with salt, then with lemon, inside and out; and then he is spread smoothly with honey, all over—good honey, not too old and not too thin. Then we press on to him fresh bay leaves and little dried peppers, cut small, and curls of lemon rind and we sprinkle pepper and salt all over and wrap him up in vine leaves and bake him. When he is cooked, he is unwrapped and the vine leaves are thrown away and the honey and seasoning are gently smoothed off him and brandy poured over him and set alight. After that he waits, Signora, in the oven under a fresh covering of vine leaves, while the honey and juices and seasoning that are left in the dish he was baked in are strained, and his sauce is made with wine and egg yolks and more brandy and a little garlic, all stirred gently into the honey which has been made to bind with a little oil. There is nothing difficult or slow, Signora, but the women here nowadays will do nothing properly but fry and grill. When they should be gently stewing, slowly poaching, a fish or some veal, they can not watch and wait; no, they must let it boil and bubble till it is a rag."

"Honey," said Fiona. "I hadn't thought of honey."

"It was much used here in the cookery of the rich," said Marco. "Of course, because they had no sugar. But I think to use sugar instead would be wrong for the Fish." He sighed, "I don't know when I shall cook him like this again. Perhaps never. After all, I am fifty. I cook only perhaps one or two of the Great Fish every year, and for our people it is best to roast or grill him; he is only caught between April and October."

"How many are caught every year altogether, would you say?" I asked Pietro.

"I think never more than twenty or thirty. Sometimes as few as two or three. One year there were none—people always talk in the cafés and in the shops when one of the boats has brought in a Fish—and that year none were brought in. And then, after a storm, on the second day of November, five boats came in with the Fish."

"We got two," said the bar owner. "One as big as this and one small." He sighed. "It was a relief. We had thought the Fish was finished."

Marco got up. "He won't finish as long as he's treated right." He opened the door on to the terrace over the sea. "It's a pity, though, that he breeds so slowly or so seldom."

"More likely he doesn't breed true," said the bar owner. "Only one or two from each lot of spawn are the Fish—the rest are—what he was bred from."

"What would those be?" I asked.

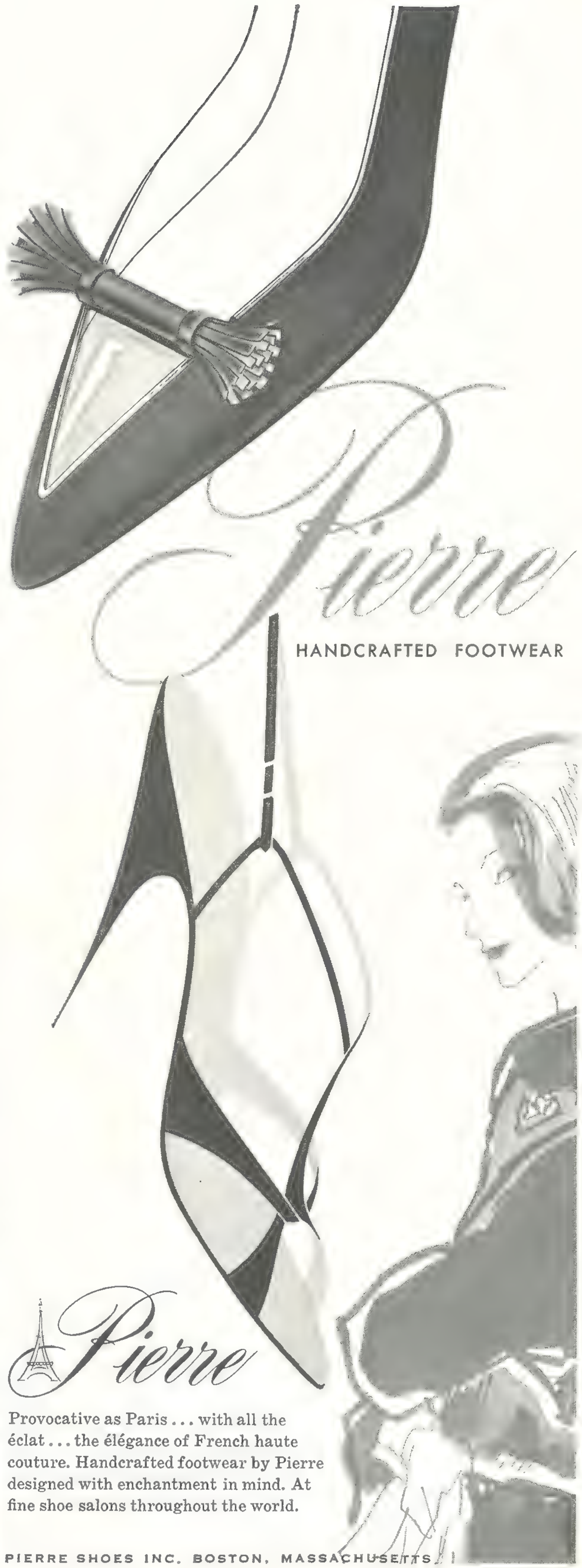
He shook his head. "They say he is partly trout and partly bass and mullet—they knew how to make the fresh- and sea-water fish live together and breed together, those who worked here. They say he can live in either fresh or salt water but he is only found in the sea; there are no fish in Lake Lucrinus now."

"Have you tried him in fresh water?"

"Signor, he does not live to leave the sea. As soon as the air touches him, he is dead, perhaps as soon as he feels the net."

Marco turned and picked up the plate with the last of the Fish on it. He signed to the boy, who took up the dish with the head and tail under the bay leaves. We all went onto the terrace. The sea lapped gently below, just creaming on the flat rocks; there was no beach at all just here. We knew, of course, what Marco was going to do, but even so, we were startled. One moment, he was standing there, a fat, dark-faced, friendly man in a billowing white shirt, holding a small plate of fish. The next, he was as quick and alone and secret as a cat. His right hand came up and slid the Fish from the plate smoothly, in a wide parabola, down into the dark water, while he gave some incomprehensible thanks in a high, singing voice; almost at the same time his left hand came out and seized the big, heavy dish from the boy. Keeping it level, with great strength of wrist, he jumped on to the low wall and said quite quietly, "To Neptune from Imperial Rome," and threw the whole thing straight down so that the dish crashed on the shelf of rock and the pieces bounced into the sea. We found that we were all standing beside him on the wall, staring down; we could see some dark bay leaves

(Continued on page 180)



TM Reg. 1948 Treo Company, Inc.



Most successfully combining beautiful styling with figure control and wearing comfort, TREO is understandably the choice of America's smartest-looking women.

Style 630—See it . . . try it on . . . for only then can you appreciate the smooth sculptured look ingeniously achieved by this newest "ribbons" all-in-one!

TREO COMPANY, INC., 200 Madison Ave., New York. TREO CORSETING, Montreal

THE DAY OF THE FISH

(Continued from page 179)

floating and the fish skeleton was balanced for a moment, before a wave took it.

Fiona and I both sat down on the wall, suddenly exhausted.

"Now," said Marco, "we shall drink one last glass of brandy." He smiled triumphantly at Fiona as we went back into the restaurant. "That was very good, Signora; the sea swallowed all; we can be sure of the Great Fish."

"Some of the women won't take the trouble," said Pietro. "My mother usually keeps some, but she sends one of the children down to the sea with it, and he probably eats it—and she won't waste the plate."

"It's not necessary," said Marco. "The dish is only broken on formal occasions. It is important only that some of the Fish is returned." He turned to the boy, cuffed him gently and pointed to the door. The boy smiled shyly round at us and went.

"He needs his sleep, that one," said Marco, grinning. "Even when he is not tired, he is as stupid as a pig. He is very, very bad, that boy."

He stood, that big, fat man, smiling at us very sweetly while he drank his bad brandy, and when, after a moment, we said good night, Fiona went up and kissed him gently on the cheek. He laughed a little and stepped back, looking suddenly secret and proud again and bowed to her and kissed her hand very beautifully.

We drove Pietro and the bar owner home and there was much talk of tomorrow and many promises of visits and drinks, but we knew as we went back to our unpleasant hotel that in the morning we should go to Rome.

I was very happy. The pattern which I had felt, which I had looked for all day, the pattern where the ancient world met the new, was ours now, found and completed.

NEW EYE MAKE-UP: CAPSULE LIST

FOR THE TAWNY EYE

Continued from page 139: A list of golden-brown eye shadows to be blended with yellow eye shadow, diffused with white liner.
Germaine Monteil Golden Brown
Maybelline Amber Brown
Alexandra de Markoff Topaz
Charles of the Ritz Mocha
Aziza Brown
Lilly Daché Dark Brown
Max Factor Brown
Elizabeth Arden Brun D'Ore
Sunburst yellow eye shadow,
white liner: also, Elizabeth Arden

FOR GREEN-EYED BEAUTY

Continued from page 159: A list of some of the grey-green eye shadows in shades varying from pale grey-green to muted emerald.
Coty Green Iridescent
Revlon Sea Frost
John Robert Powers Iridescent Green
Charles of the Ritz Sea Green
Germaine Monteil Surf
Maybelline Emerald
Helena Rubinstein Jade
Jacqueline Cochran Emerald
Alexandra de Markoff Jade Shimmer
Beauty Counselors Sea Green



JOHN STEWART

Jersey costume—two active ingredients

Here, a new kind of jersey suit—each piece making an important fashion point on its own. The dress is grey worsted jersey, narrow but relaxed, with bend-of-elbow sleeves. The 32″ coat (more coat than suit-jacket) is jersey in the same grey but a heavier weight, punctuated by four pockets. Gold silk satin scarf and jacket lining. By Eisenberg, of Sag-No-Mor jersey. Costume, about $175. Altman's; Bramson's. Velours cloche: Emme.





SUCCESSFUL PARTIES

(Continued from page 176)

batter needs three to five minutes to cook. A fat thermometer should register 370°. Lacking a thermometer, try one beignet first and if it stops turning over in the fat and is golden brown in that amount of time, the fat is the right temperature. If it is not hot enough, the beignets will become fat-soaked before they are brown; if too hot, they will burn.

Shopping list:

Flour
Salt
Granulated sugar
Eggs
Milk
Butter
1 pint large strawberries
Confectioners' sugar
Vegetable shortening

Sift 1½ cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons sugar.

Beat 3 eggs with 1½ cups milk and 2 tablespoons melted butter. Add this slowly to the flour and stir briskly, making a thin batter.

Dry large, hulled strawberries thoroughly, dip them in confectioners' sugar and then into the batter. Deep-fry as described above. Drain on absorbent paper, sprinkle with confectioners' sugar, and serve immediately with Sabayon Sauce.

SABAYON SAUCE

This lovely, foamy sauce is equally good cold or lukewarm, which makes matters easier if there is no help in the kitchen.

Shopping list:

6 eggs (yolks only used)
Granulated sugar
Salt
A good domestic dry white wine
Marsala

Beat 6 egg yolks with a rotary beater in the top of a double boiler, and add gradually, as you beat them, ½ cup granulated sugar and a pinch of salt. When the eggs are light in colour, beat in ½ cup dry white wine and ½ cup Marsala. Have cold water in the bottom of the double boiler, put the top in place, and turn on the heat. Cook, beating, until the water comes to a boil. By this time the sauce will have become light and creamy. Remove it from the heat and keep it warm on the back of the stove, or let it cool. In either case, beat it occasionally.

CANTALOUPE WITH PORT

Shopping list:

Ripe cantaloupes
A good, ruby-red port wine

Scoop out the seeds of halved ripe cantaloupes and put 1 generous tablespoon of port wine in each. That's all.

ZUCCHINI FOUQUET

Serves as many as desired

Shopping list:

1 large zucchini per person
Salt
Butter
Parmesan cheese

Peel 1 large zucchini, about the size of a medium cucumber, per person. Let them stand 30 minutes or so in cold salted water. Steam them whole or boil them whole in a very little water if you do not own a steaming gadget. (A colander is a good substitute for a steamer, however.) Do not let the zucchini get too soft—cook only until tender.

Meanwhile, grate sufficient Parmesan cheese so that you have 1 generous tablespoonful per person.

Melt enough butter so that you have slightly more than 1 tablespoon per zucchini. Do not let the butter brown.

Drain the zucchini and make a deep lengthwise slit in each one. Fill the slit with the cheese and pour the melted butter over all.

Note: If there is to be any sauce on the meat when you are serving zucchini like this, it is wise to put the zucchini on a separate plate.

SOUFFLÉ ROTHSCHILD

Serves 4

Shopping list:

Butter
Flour
Eggs
Milk
Salt
Granulated sugar
Vanilla extract
Glacéed fruit
Brandy
Confectioners' sugar

Melt 2 tablespoons butter and stir in 2 tablespoons flour. When the roux is smooth, add gradually ⅔ cup scalded milk. Cook and stir until thick and smooth.

Beat 4 egg yolks with a rotary beater until light in colour, adding gradually a scant ½ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Combine with the cream sauce, add 1 teaspoon vanilla extract, and cool.

While the above is going on, have ¼ pound finely minced glacéed fruit soaking in ½ cup brandy.

Beat 5 egg whites until very stiff and add them to the soufflé mixture. Pour half the mixture into an unbuttered 1½-quart soufflé dish around which you have Scotch-taped a collar of wax paper. Spread the drained glacéed fruit in a layer and cover with the rest of the soufflé mixture. Bake in a 375° oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Dust with confectioners' sugar on removal from the oven.

Note: This soufflé will have a very soft centre which serves as a sauce for the firmer portions. Very ripe small strawberries or glacéed cherries may be placed around the edge of the soufflé when it is almost done. This gives a final touch of elegance but is not necessary.

CLARET CONSOMMÉ

(May be prepared in advance)

Serves 6

Shopping list:

Cinnamon sticks
A good California claret
1 quart clear beef broth
or beef extract for making same
Sugar
1 egg

1 lemon
1 envelope unflavoured gelatine, if soup is to be jellied
Cheesecloth

Put 4 cinnamon sticks and 1 tablespoon sugar in a saucepan with 1½ cups claret. Bring to a boil, cover, and remove from the fire. Let it stand on the back of the stove or any warm place, and mull for at least 2 hours. Do this on the morning of the dinner if the soup is to be served hot. If it is to be jellied, do it the day before.

Strain the liquid into 1 quart clear beef broth. Use a good canned beef broth, home-made beef stock, or make the broth by following the directions on a jar of beef extract.

Clarify the mixture thus: Beat the white of 1 egg lightly with 1 teaspoon cold water and the shell of the egg, broken up. Use a fork to do this. Add the egg white and the shell to the soup and heat to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Stop stirring and let the soup simmer 3 minutes. Turn off the heat and let it stand 20 minutes. Put it through a strainer which has been lined with 2 thicknesses of moistened cheesecloth.

Serve the soup in cups, very hot, and add a thin slice of lemon to each portion.

If the soup is to be served jellied, bring it to a boil and stir in 2 tablespoons unflavoured gelatine softened in ¼ cup cold water. Chill and stir up slightly before serving in cups, garnished with slices of lemon peel.

PURÉE OF CELERY ROOT

(May be prepared in advance)

Serves 4 to 6

Shopping list:

1 pound root or knob celery
Salt and white pepper
½ pound potatoes
1 egg
Butter and light cream (or good mayonnaise, truffles, black olives, and parsley or water cress—see below)

Peel 1 pound celery root and cut into 1-inch pieces. Put it in a pot with cold water to cover and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil and simmer for 15 minutes.

Peel ½ pound potatoes and cut them into ½-inch cubes. Add to the celery and cook for 10 or 15 minutes until celery and potatoes are soft. Drain.

Cut 1 hard-boiled egg into small pieces and put it, with the celery and potatoes, through a food mill, or force through a sieve. Season to taste with salt and white pepper.

If the purée is to be served hot, heat it with butter and cream as you would mashed potatoes. Keep hot until ready to serve, over boiling water. If it is to be served cold, do not add the butter and cream. Form it into a round or oval shape and chill it. When ready to serve, mask it with a good, cold mayonnaise and decorate it with slices of truffles or black olives. Garnish with parsley or water cress.

APPLE ROLL

(May be prepared in advance)

Serves 6

Shopping list:

Flour
Vegetable shortening
6 green apples
Powdered cinnamon
Nutmeg
Granulated sugar
Butter
Lemons
Salt

Cut ½ cup vegetable shortening into 1½ cups sifted flour. Add about ¼ cup ice water, bit by bit, until the dough may be rolled out but is still dry.

Roll out the dough as thin as possible on a pastry cloth or floured board to a rectangular shape about 12 inches long and 6 inches wide.

Down the centre of the pastry put 6 green apples, peeled, cored, and cut into very small dice. Sprinkle them with ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon powdered cinnamon, and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Dot with ½ stick butter.

Fold the pastry over the filling, place it in a large baking pan, and bake in a 400° oven for about 45 minutes, until golden brown.

Meanwhile cook slowly 1 cup granulated sugar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon strained lemon juice, ½ teaspoon powdered cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground nutmeg, a pinch of salt, and 1 stick butter. Simmer until you have a heavy syrup.

Place 6 thin slices of lemon in a line on the apple roll when it has browned and pour the syrup over all. Continue to bake for 10 minutes, basting once or twice with the syrup. Serve hot.

ARTICHOKE BOTTOMS WITH POACHED EGGS, VINAIGRETTE

(Must be prepared in advance)

Serves 6

Shopping list:

6 large artichokes
2 lemons
Flour
6 eggs
2 large tomatoes
Wine vinegar
Olive oil
Salt, pepper, paprika
Parsley, chives
Tarragon, chervil (fresh or dried)

Break off the stems of the artichokes and strip off all the leaves. This pulls out the tough fibres. With a sharp knife, trim the bottoms and edges and rub the cut surfaces with lemon to prevent discolouration.

Bring to a boil 3 pints of cold water into which you have stirred 1 tablespoon flour. Add the juice of 1 lemon and 2 teaspoons salt. This is called a *blanc*. (Frankly, I'm not sure why the flour is necessary but all the master chefs insist, and so I use it.) Cook the artichoke bottoms in the *blanc* for 30 minutes, more or less, until they are tender but not mushy. Drain and cool them. When they are cool, take a teaspoon or sharp knife and remove the chokes. Smooth the hollows out of which the chokes came. Smooth the





SUCCESSFUL PARTIES

(Continued from page 183)

underside with a knife. Rub again with lemon. The artichoke bottoms are now ready for any preparation.

In this case, poach 6 very fresh eggs in unsalted, acidulated water. Slip them into cold salted water. When they are cool, lift them out and let them drain on absorbent paper. Chill. Make Vinaigrette Sauce.

Place a thin slice of cold, peeled tomato on each artichoke bottom and put a poached egg on each tomato slice. Pour a small amount of Vinaigrette Sauce over all.

VINAIGRETTE SAUCE

Shopping list:

Olive oil
Parsley and chives
Capers
Eggs (optional)
Tarragon, chervil (fresh if possible; otherwise dried)
Vinegar (cider, wine, or tarragon)
Salt, pepper, and paprika

Combine 2 tablespoons good vinegar, 6 tablespoons good olive oil, salt and pepper to taste, ½ teaspoon paprika, and 2 teaspoons each chopped parsley, chives, tarragon, and chervil. Mix well. Capers and chopped hard-boiled eggs may be added, and 1 tablespoon of the liquid in which the food was cooked.

BEEF À LA MODE

(Must be prepared long in advance)

Serves 6 to 8

Long ago when I first decided to tackle this classic French pot roast I found that the recipe was slightly different in each of my important cook books. That being the case, I decided to make a chart. Across the top of the page I wrote the names of my mentors—Escoffier, Louis Diat, June Platt, Julian Street, Clémentine, and Louis P. de Gouy. In a box under each name I put the marinade, if any. (Clémentine, for instance, doesn't marinate.) Below this I wrote down what each one said to do next—what liquid to use for the braising, and so forth. Having pooled the knowledge of these experts I evolved what is now our standard recipe for Beef à la Mode.

Shopping list:

1 5-pound rolled rump roast of beef, without much fat
1 veal knuckle, cracked
¼ pound fat salt pork cut in ¼-inch slices
Brandy
Parsley
Salt, black peppercorns
Monosodium glutamate
Nutmeg
1 quart good domestic red Burgundy or claret
Carrots, onions, celery
Thyme, marjoram, bay leaf
Butter
Small white onions
Whole and powdered cloves
1 can condensed tomato soup
Sugar
Arrowroot flour or cornstarch

Cut the pork in ¼-inch strips and marinate them for a few minutes in ¼ cup brandy and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. Insert these in the meat with the grain, using an ice pick or larding needle. Make a hole with it and then use it to push the strip of salt pork into the hole. This must be done the night before the meat is cooked.

When the larding has been accomplished rub the meat with salt, freshly ground black pepper, and a little nutmeg. Put it in a bowl with 1 quart good domestic red Burgundy or claret and ¼ cup brandy. Let it stand in a cool place overnight. Turn it occasionally.

A rich broth must be made out of the veal knucklebone and it is best to make this the day before also. Besides, if you do this, you can leave the broth in the refrigerator overnight and be able to lift the congealed fat off the next day. Put 1 sliced carrot, 1 quartered onion, some celery leaves, and a *bouquet garni* or pinches of thyme and marjoram and 1 bay leaf in a pot with the knuckle. Add cold water to cover, 1 teaspoon salt, freshly ground black pepper, and a pinch of monosodium glutamate. Bring to a boil, skim, and simmer, covered, for 2 or more hours. Strain and chill the broth and save the bits of veal.

Next day drain the beef and dry it well, saving the marinade. Brown the meat carefully on all sides in butter or drippings in an iron pot. Drain the fat from the pot when the meat has browned and add the strained marinade. Cover and cook over a slow fire for 2½ hours. Turn the meat from time to time.

Remove the fat from the veal broth and add the broth to the meat and marinade. Continue cooking for ½ hour and add 12 or more carrots cut in the shape of olives (thick slices, if you are lazy), 12 small, peeled white onions, each stuck with a clove and sautéed for 20 minutes in butter and a little sugar for glazing, ½ can condensed tomato soup, and 1 teaspoon powdered cloves. Cook 1 hour more, over a slow fire, correct the seasoning, and thicken with 1 scant tablespoon arrowroot flour or cornstarch mixed with ¼ cup cold water. Use more of the thickening agent if necessary. Add the bits of veal, minced.

Slice the meat across the grain and dust with chopped parsley.

PEACHES BAKED IN WINE

Serves 4

When fresh peaches are available, try this. Serve the fruit hot with cool Sabayon or cold with hot Sabayon. When it is served hot, the sauce is much fluffier, but it needs last-minute attention.

Shopping list

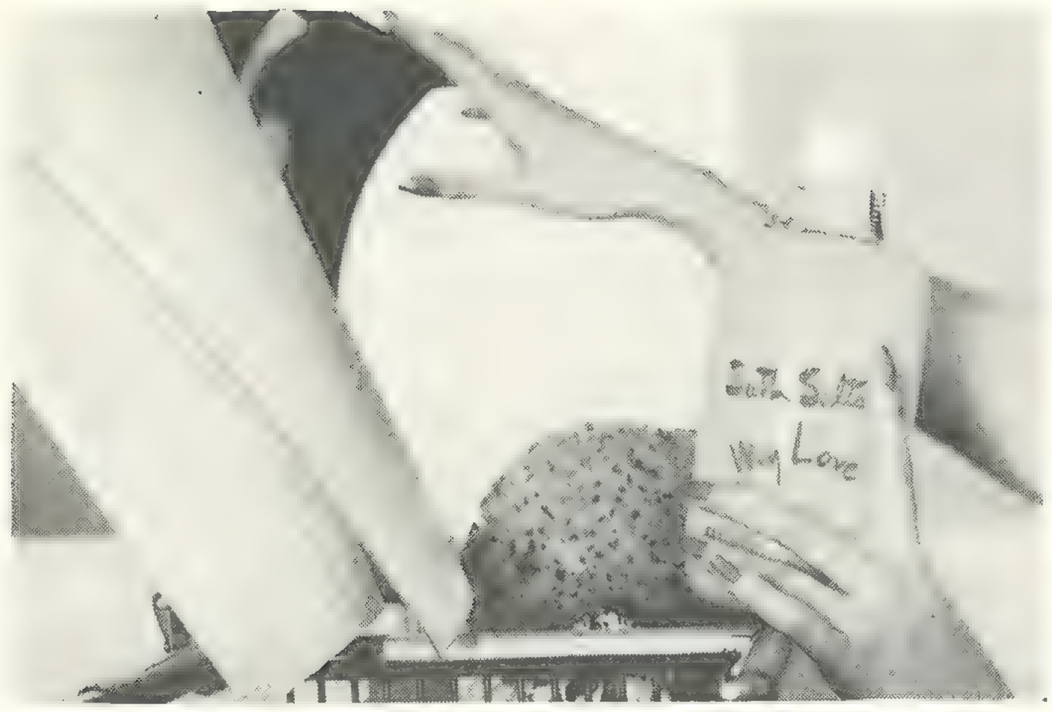
4 ripe peaches
Fresh macaroons
Brandy or apricot brandy
A good domestic dry white wine

Put 4 ripe peaches in boiling water for a minute or two and slip off the skins. Cut them in half and remove the stones.

Soak 8 macaroons in sufficient brandy or apricot brandy to moisten them so that you can crush them. Do this and fill the cavity in each peach-half with the mixture. Place the peach-halves in a shallow baking dish with ¼ cup dry white wine. Bake in a 350° oven for 20 minutes. If the fruit is not fully ripe, more time and wine are required. Serve with Sabayon Sauce (page 182).

DECORATING NEWS *continued from page 169*

called "Ethereal" has abstract designs of great depth and perspective; the ground colour is often white or beige, and touches of white pigment (real, washable white paint) emphasize the textural feeling. At Greeff, Oriental themes are used in an un-specific way to marvellous effect. "Baghdad," for example, looks like a warp print, with the subtle colours, the soft texture of a worn and faded Oriental rug. There are actual warp prints about, in lovely, blurry floral patterns—this is an expensive process (in which the threads are dyed before the fabric is woven, rather than afterward), but the results are ravishing. Woven fabrics often have a design so small it can only be distinguished at close range; many combine several fibres in handsome new ways. Boris Kroll's nylon fabrics also combine an elegant look with near-indestructibility; these, and his linens and cottons, often have a damask or brocade texture. Some are in fearless colours (there's a ripe-apricot shade that's almost orange), some in whites and off-whites with, perhaps, a tiny glint of dull metal. At Jofa, a Louis XV moiréd damask comes in a delicious soft apricot colour. For a touch of great elegance in a small area—one cushion, or the seat pad of a small chair—there are superb imported brocades and lampas silks, made in Italy by Lisio and imported by John McHugh; gloriously-coloured silk taffetas and satins, at Jofa and at Brunschwig & Fils.

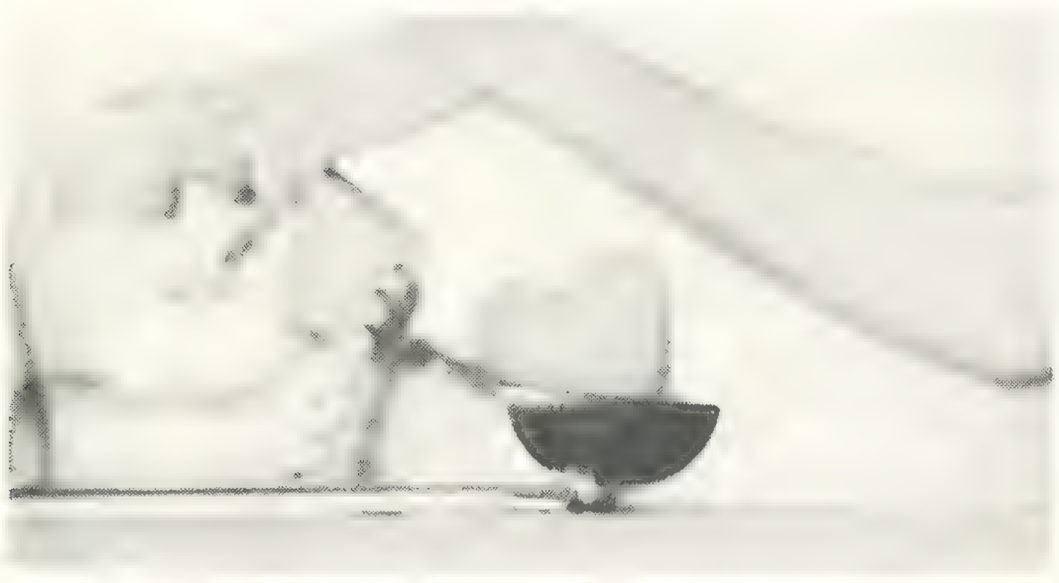


King-size bath salts—dark-pink roses and jasmine

New bath accessories:

in the pink

Nice complement to the deep-pink lingerie
on pages 164-165: the pink bath miscellany here,
coloured by Elizabeth Arden's
My Love, an airy rose-and-jasmine perfume
that comes in these bath-guises now.
Giant bottle of dark-pink bath salts.
A handful will do the trick;
many handfuls in the 2-lb. 4-oz. size, $12.
Heart-shaped soap; three bath-size tablets, $5.
To stash in linen closets:
scented sachets (not shown), 95 cents each.
After-bath freshener: Flower Mist Cologne in
a frosted glass bottle. 3¾ oz., $6.50.
Extra touch: My Love perfume in a
plumed-tipped bottle (not shown)—1⅞ oz., $37.50.
Everything, at Altman's. All prices plus tax.



Heart-shaped My Love soap tablets



After-bath freshener:
Flower Mist Cologne



IF ONE PICTURE IS WORTH MORE THAN TEN THOUSAND WORDS,

then what can we tell you of Viola—? That she is cold and needs a coat—that her little face and hands are swollen from frostbite—that she has never known the warmth of a fireside, of a wool blanket, of adequate shelter, the well-being of a full tummy. Her clothes, a mass of ragged patches, somehow held together tell the story of her wretched little life—not enough—of anything. One of two children, she lives with her parents in Monteflavio, Italy, a cold mountain village only one hour from Rome. Her father's income is $80.00 per year—there is little work. Crushed and broken with heartache for their little ones, the sad parents look on desperately. Help to Viola means help to a whole family—hope instead of despair, a chance to live, a bulwark against negative indoctrination. Won't you help a distressed child like Viola who cannot subsist for long this way—or the many others without one or both parents? These children can only look to you.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photographs of "your child" upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your child" is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives a monthly cash grant of nine dollars plus food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need, in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Western Germany, Korea and Viet Nam—and is registered under No. VFA 019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

© 1957 FPP, Inc.

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

352 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

1937-1957 Our Twentieth Year

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Mary Pickford
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Dr. John Haynes Holmes
Jean Tennyson
Helen Hayes
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Edward R. Murrow
Bing Crosby
K. C. Gifford
Gov. and Mrs. Walter Kohler
Charles R. Hook
Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron Swayze
Garry Moore

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC. V-9-15-57
352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B., Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year. If possible, sex....., age....., nationality.....

I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ).

I enclose herewith my first payment $.....

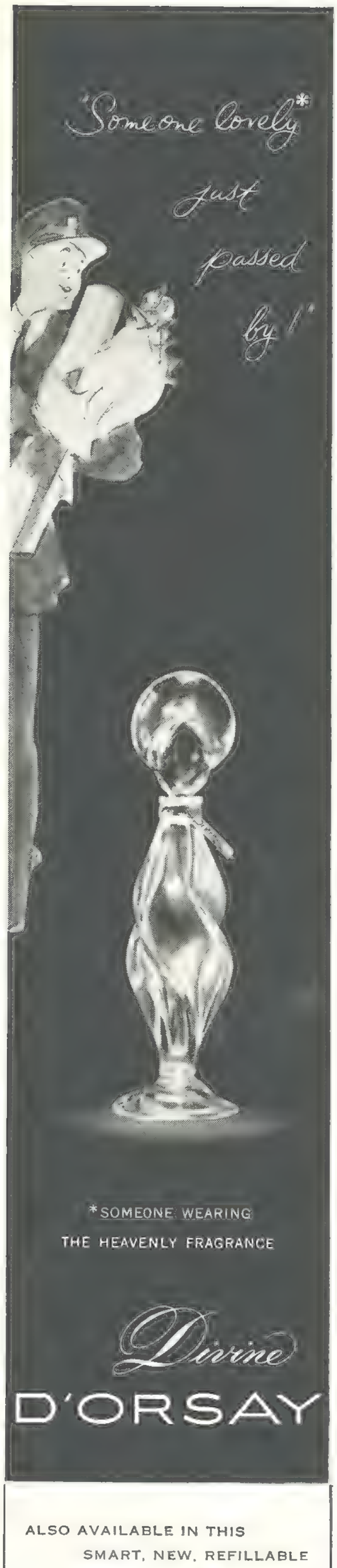
B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone.....State.....

Date.....Contributions are deductible from Income Tax.



IBIZA

By Penelope Alington

The *mañana*-charm of Andalusia; the quality of a Catalonian landscape with an astringent character of its own; the generosity, the dignity, and the often unconscious humour of a peasant people almost untouched; prices that are sometimes laughable in their modesty; these are what Ibiza has to offer the connoisseur of Mediterranean holiday-making who does not mind travelling a little way away from airports and convenient railway stations.

Not that the journey to this small Balearic island off the coast of Spain is necessarily uncomfortable. It can be reached by small boat from either Barcelona or Palma of Majorca, and one might argue that the last lap of the journey in a *Trasmediterránea* steamer is a desirable preface to the sight of Ibiza city rising in fortified mediaeval splendour from a harbourful of yellow, net-draped fishing boats and the three-masted schooners which bring supplies from the mainland.

There is a fine air of drama about the arrival and departure of these ships, especially at night when the steamer, a vast cocoon of lights, veers out of the harbour and makes for the open sea. Life in Ibiza is geared to these arrivals and departures; and most of the town will be out to see them, *paseo*-ing in their best clothes up and down the quay. Behind them the white town rises in irregular tiers to the cathedral and the conspicuously labelled Museo Arquelógico.

On disembarking, you are not, as in most Mediterranean ports, instantly accosted by a gang of porters and touts forcing their services and brochures of hotels upon you. Instead, there is drawn up, with a certain dignity, a shabby row of antique taxis waiting to drive you to San Antonio or Santa Eulalia or, to my mind, preferably, to leave you in the capital city itself.

The women among the promenading crowds are surprisingly well dressed, deliciously neat and up-to-date, clicking their fans open and shut and throwing into relief the scattering of *payesas*, women still wearing traditional costume: long, pleated skirt over a half-dozen embroidered petticoats; shawl and ground-length apron; their hair in a single fat pigtail tied with (surprising modernity!) a butterfly bow of nylon or plastic ribbon, the bright colours indicating their status, married, spinster, or widow. The crowds walk leisurely up and down the quay, and overflow into the Vara de Rey, the Piccadilly of Ibiza city, where on fiestas the local brass bands play in competition with Los Mamba Boys who provide for outdoor dancing.

Opposite the gangway of the boat is the Caracoles bar, where you can sit outside eating *tapas*—the snacks of Spain and about the best food on the island—huge prawns *a la plancha*, octopus tentacles fried in batter, brains, pork slices—to be taken with a glass of white wine. Unfortunately one can not recommend the island wines highly. There is an excellent liqueur, Frigola, and Palo, the local *apéritif*, is a good drink alone or with soda.

There is no *plaza de toros* in Ibiza. The pleasures of the islanders—apart from the *paseo*—are *el futbol* and *el cine* (with a preference for gangster and period films). A visit to the cinema is not without its compensations; during the assassination scene in *Julius Caesar*, a woman behind me sighed, "*Ah! mesquinet!*" ("poor little darling"); and a shot of Oxford Street in the rain has been greeted with murmurs of "*Preciosa!*"

You can buy a map of Ibiza with some endearing literature in English on its reverse side. The climate of the island is described: "The sky is clear or with occasional clouds which accentuate even more the splendour of its incomparable blueness; and the twilight lasts long in ineffable flowings of light of the most surprising nuances of colours." And the countryside: "The environs of the capital offer limpid landscapes."

The history of Ibiza is rich and stormy, though little known. Invaded successively by Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, and Moors, the island carries the stamp of each occupant upon its architecture and the faces of its people. The old typical houses are square and whitewashed dazzlingly each year by the women of the family equipped with paint brushes strapped to bamboo canes. There are few modern buildings in Ibiza city. Some of the streets are still earth-paved, with the square, dark, cavelike doors of shops yawning off them. In these doorways hang baskets and earthenware cooking pots, embroidered petticoats (a wonderful buy), and the local shoes, *alpargatas*—a variety of *espadrille* with esparto-grass soles. The fishing quarter of the town is called the *Peña*, and has its quota of Mediterranean clichés: narrow, closely-built streets with balconies almost touching, fishing nets spread out to dry, and a doll-like Virgin in a glass case on the street corner.

The town winds up through a gateway decorated by Roman statues to the old city with its rose-coloured, yard-thick walls, where the old summer palaces of the Moors have been converted into wonderfully cool and spacious living places. The museum is worth a visit; it is reputed to have one of the finest collections of Carthaginian and Phoenician remains in Europe, and the bat-eared, classically-featured heads have inspired some of the artists who come here to work. Owing to these artists and writers, the capital city has something of a Montparnasse air, with the two main cafés, nicknamed Clean Domingo's and Dirty Domingo's, like the Dôme and the Rotonde in miniature.

Practically, you can stay in the old city at El Corsario, a club with some guest accommodation, a good bar, and an impossibly lovely view; at one of the several goodish *pensions* along the water front; at the Marblau or Ebusus hotels, a little way out of the town above the beach; or across the harbour at Talamanca Hotel right on a long sandy beach reached by ferry. The cuisine is inflexibly Spanish; fish is excellent, but the oil is poor, and the flavour of the goat comes inexorably through milk and cheese.

The countryside is almost Elysian. In May, June, and Octo-

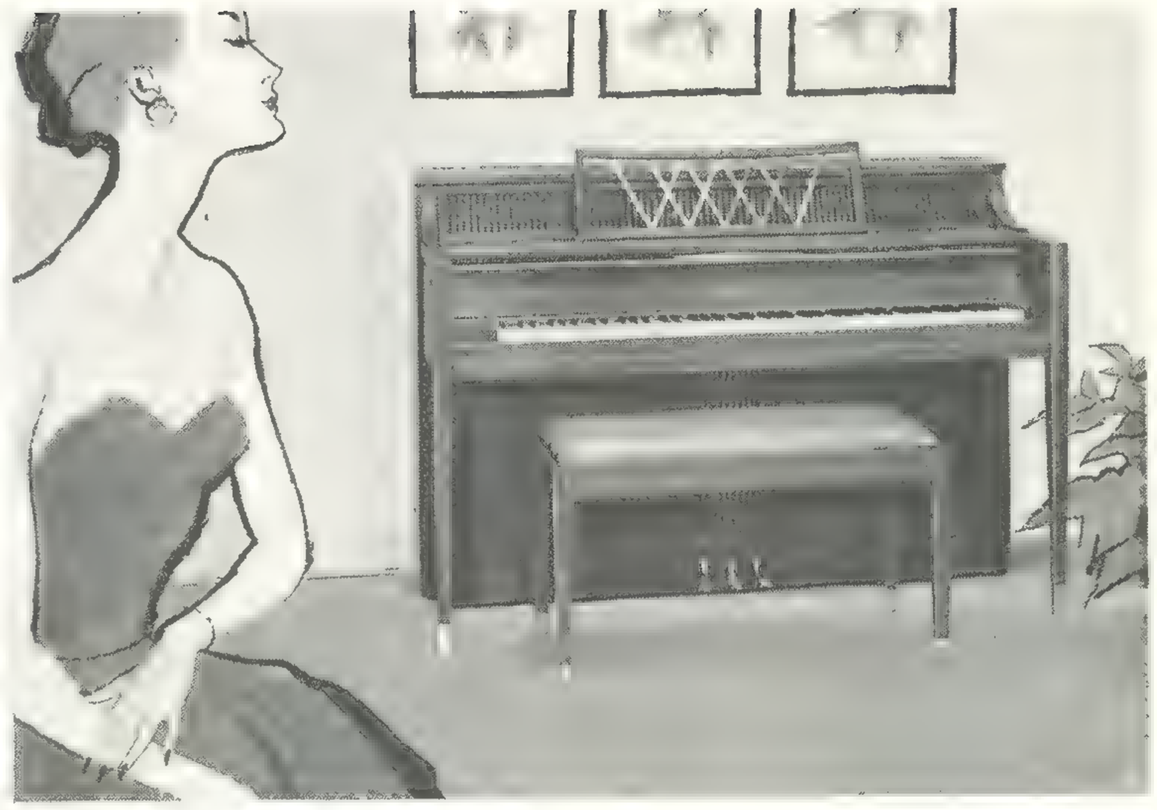
(Continued on page 188)



JOHN STEWART

Paisley jersey, figured for Mrs. Exeter

Here, a wool jersey dress, Paisley-printed in grey-on-grey, and made in half sizes. The lines—all softness, with a gathered neckline, a skirt that's moderately flared and charitable to hips. Sleeves: Mrs. Exeter's favourite length. By I. Doctor; $70, at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Marshall Field. Heading backward, a small black satin cap, by Emme.



Fashion's fair lady finds a Chickering very much to her family's taste!

Taste in music, in décor, in *living*. You're sure to find it so. You know the name. Impressive history. Abe Lincoln owned a Chickering. So did Jenny Lind. Yours — while the same magnificent musical instrument (we make them by hand, still) — is styled to current tastes. In fact, there's one you'll fall in love with. Send for our new color catalog and see. Your nearest Chickering dealer is listed in the Yellow Pages.

Chickering

DIVISION OF AEOLIAN AMERICAN CORPORATION
EAST ROCHESTER NEW YORK

Can you tie this?

You certainly can . . .
with versatile
Sasheen®
Brand Ribbon





The radiant Rose Bow, once you know its secret, can make your gifts the green-eyed envy of all your gift-wrapping friends. We'll admit it's not a whistling snap to tie (as is our famous "Magic Bow"), but you *can* learn how the easier new Sasheen way. Write for your free instruction folder. Then make roses "bloom" from the gardenful of Sasheen reds, yellows, pinks and pastels aplenty . . . at your favorite store.

"Magic Bow" and method of making patented U. S. Pat. No. RE 23835

Sasheen RIBBON

For a free Rose Bow instruction folder, write "Sasheen", Dept. V, at address below.

PRODUCT OF 3M COMPANY RESEARCH

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, St. Paul 6, Minnesota © 3M Co.



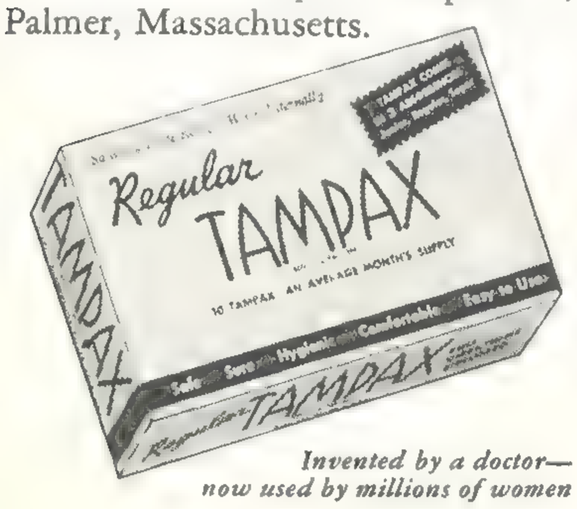
yours... that look of

CONFIDENCE

From the top of your Paris-inspired hat to the tip of your Italian-toed shoes—you're calm, poised, *sure* of yourself. Anybody looking at you would *know*—you're a woman of *convictions*—not just about the clothes you wear, but the things you *do*, the things you *believe* in doing.

No wonder you were the *first* among your friends to use Tampax. No wonder you won them over to Tampax! Simply and confidently you told them how Tampax® internal sanitary protection brings you such freedom and confidence on "those" days. For Tampax is invisible and unfelt when in place. It can't show or cause odor. Can't chafe or bind. Tampax frees you of messy disposal problems. Makes "light" of carrying problems. (A month's supply tucks away in your handbag!)

On sale wherever drug products are sold, in Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

IBIZA

(Continued from page 186)

ber, it reaches the zenith of its beauty. July, August, and September are fine for the sun-seeker, but then the best place is the beach or your cool hotel room; the countryside has dried to a white-brown pallor, whereas in early summer and autumn it is unbelievably green and pastoral, dazzling with red earth and cobalt sea, scattered with nursery-rhyme lambs and kids and rows of beautiful olive, almond, and fig trees. Along the roads dawdle little mule-carts, loaded at fiesta time with the entire family sheltering under a big black umbrella. And you can see, on an ancient circular threshing floor, a horse trotting round and round.

The best beaches lie beyond the city. Outside Ibiza, Cala Llonga is deserted and idyllic. Beyond Santa Eulalia lies Es Caná with its cool fringe of woods. And four miles from Ibiza are the Salinas, the salt flats, with great heaps of salt crystals glittering in the sun. There, the only railway on the island, a ridiculous Heath Robinson toy-like thing for carrying salt and machinery, runs beside a two-mile stretch of really white sand and turquoise sea. The coast line is studded with squat, Moorish towers, lookout posts—a souvenir of the time when the sea was full of menace and at any moment a fleet of invading ships might top the horizon.

In spite of its small size, Santa Eulalia is possibly the best-known place on the island. It has figured in more novels and stories than any other place in Ibiza. (Elliot Paul's *Life and Death of a Spanish Town* is set there, for instance.) As the bus, bursting with people, and looking rather like a pregnant cow, draws near the village, there is an increase in the richness of the colours: the earth is redder, more fertile, the fig and carob trees are greener. This is because of the Rio de Santa Eulalia, which comes down from the pine-covered hills and pauses outside the village to form a natural, deep, fresh-water swimming pool, then makes its way through bamboo and rushes to the sea. Casa Juanito, the best restaurant on the island, is in Santa Eulalia. The restaurant itself is decorated with what must be the most heterogeneous collection of paintings ever to be joined together upon four walls—presents to Juanito from grateful artists. Outside the bar is the real *raison d'être* of the place: a table-filled open courtyard, its walls decorated with mordant and witty cartoons by the Canadian cartoonist, Feyer. Along one side of the courtyard is an open-air kitchen with a wood-burning range and a murderous array of cooking knives and *paella* pans ranging in diameter from twelve inches to a yard and a half. Juanito's *paella a la Valenciana* is always good; and you can order in advance his *soufflé flambé*, a delicious concoction of eggs and brandy.

The hotels in Santa Eulalia on the whole are of higher calibre than those in Ibiza city. Hotel La Cala has its own tennis courts and swimming pool and runs an amusing dance every Saturday: a Mediterranean village hop where the boys and girls come in in farm carts from miles around and the boy must first ask permission from his chosen partner's chaperone. The Marimonte Pension has a French cook. And under construction is the Alegria Club, which, when completed, will be one of the most luxurious and exclusive clubs on the Mediterranean.

San Antonio Abad, on the other side of the island, even boasts a few night clubs; at one of these, Ses Guitarres, you can still see the odd, half-Provençal, half-Moorish dancing of the island. San Antonio is a Moorish village with twentieth-century luxury imposed upon it; almost all the hotels are recommendable, with good food, bars, and modern plumbing. The beaches are excellent and right outside your door. Recently the eyes of columnists were focused upon the village when the yacht of the Prince and Princess of Monaco put in there during their honeymoon cruise.

For the car owner or hirer or even for an avid bicyclist there is an exciting trip up to San Vicente in the most northern and least civilized part of the island. You go up to San Juan and walk over a mountain pass; or you walk, drive, or bicycle round the coast. Either way you come suddenly upon a Shangri-La valley spread out below you full of superb trees, and in June, the old river beds are full of oleander—rose-pink and snake-leaved. The hamlet of San Vicente is scattered over the surrounding hills and the silence is broken only by goat bells. The people are so isolated that they still use barter in place of money and speak only Ibicenco, a harsh-sounding dialect of Catalan. For the hardy there is a *pension*, built by the owner.

Formentera, the fourth largest of the Balearic Islands, is reached by an hour's journey in a cocksure, but unsteady little steamboat, the "Manolito," which announces its departure at 2:30 every day by a deafening blast. Formentera is flatter and cooler than Ibiza. Its transportation system consists of an antique bus, which, rumour has it, runs on the combustion of almond shells and stops every time the driver sees someone on the road he wants to talk to. For almost overpowering pastoral tranquillity this is the place. You must live on *sobreasada* (the blood-red Spanish sausage), fish, and the brown Formentera loaves, for which the flour is ground in the huge windmills which stand up boldly against the sky. The beaches are superb; aqualung enthusiasts will be in paradise, watching the striped and coloured fish flipping through the clear green and mauve water.

With alarming frequency Ibiza is plunged into fiesta. Shops shut, nothing is done, and the *paseo* begins again. I find most charming the fiesta of Corpus Christi, when the streets are strewn with herbs and the First Communicants' procession—the little girls bridelike in their long white dresses and veils, the boys unbelievably smart in white flannel suits with gold crosses. Then in August there is the fiesta of Santa Maria, the patron saint of Ibiza; the cathedral is lit up and the Spanish indulge in their natural love of noise—don't try to sleep, for fireworks explode all that night. In high summer, too, falls the fiesta of the workmen; families go off joyfully to the beach carrying chickens, rabbits, and the best of the fishing harvest, and spend all day making enormous dishes of *arroz* by the sea. Their vitality in keeping awake all the afternoon leaves one gasping.

You will have to throw off the bustle and nervous tension, the desire to get things done today, while you are in Ibiza. Otherwise, a holiday here may prove more nerve-wracking than otherwise. There is a story current about the Ibincencos which I should like to think was true. A foreigner saw a crowd of people round a house which had managed to set itself on fire. "*Caramba*," said one of the men. "Isn't it big? Well, fine. *Mañana*, we'll get some water."

FIVE YARDS OF THAI SILK

By Doris Hume

The front of the small shop stood open for coolness, and the slanting rays of the tropical Bangkok sun fell across the low teakwood table. Caught in its light, the outspread lengths of Thai silk shimmered: emerald, amethyst, topaz, coral. My gaze was riveted, but my mind spun in indecision.

The young Siamese girl watched me, her smile gracious, but her eyes were a little anxious. I had been in twice and bought nothing.

She picked up a piece of silk like pale cream. "It is strong, Madame; our dyes are the best. We use the dyes of Germany."

She did not know, of course, that it was no longer a matter of would I buy, but of how much could I afford. Hand-spun, hand-woven silk, from the silk-worm farms of northern Thailand and the looms of Bangkok.

I really needed that heavy grey and silver for a suit, and, of course, that green like deep water. . . . Then there was that glowing copper with the gold overtone. I backed away a little, dazzled by this array. She misunderstood. How glad I am she did!

She spoke quickly, before I might leave again. "Madame, would you like to see our factory, see where this is woven?" A delicate pause while the dark eyes searched mine. "Sometimes I can arrange with my brother-in-law. Not often, but sometimes." The brother-in-law materialized almost at the moment, complete with a charming smile and a tiny car.

"Where do you keep your Aladdin's lamp?" I asked. The girl bowed and said, "Yes, Madame," with the little giggle I had come to know always means, "I don't understand a word you are saying."

With much dignity, I was assisted into the minuscule car, and we dashed away, dodging through the bewildering left-side traffic and the swarming *samlors*, the bicycle rickshaws.

The streets grew narrower. "It is not now far, Madame," and suddenly we turned into a short lane that ended abruptly at the bank of a *klong*—one of the innumerable canals that lace Bangkok like veins in a leaf radiating from the brown, soft-flowing Chao Phya Menam—literally "Mother of Waters."

We got out of the car, and my guide stepped to the *klong's* edge and raised his arm in a signal. "In a moment, Madame, a sampan will come."

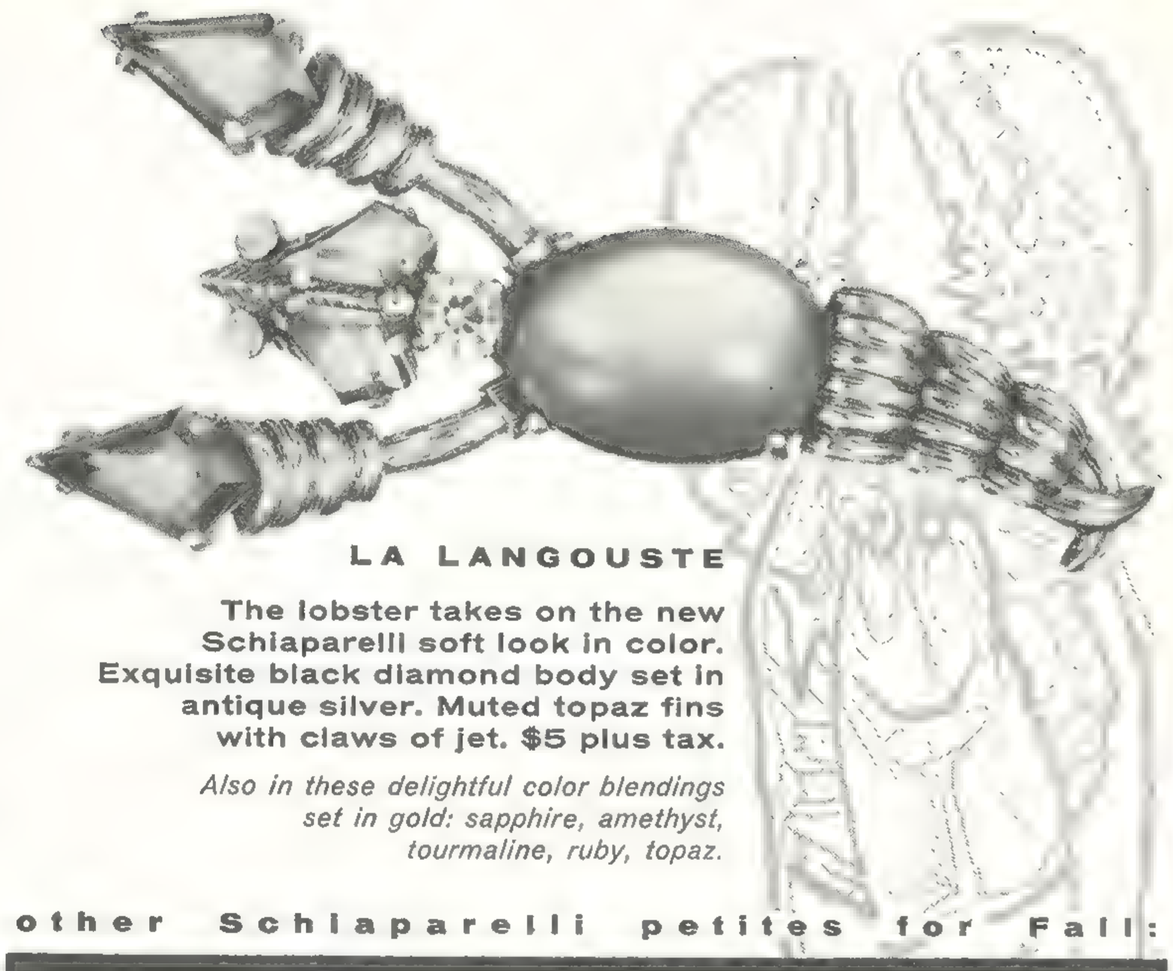
I stared about me. I stood on the bank of a *klong* perhaps seventy-five feet wide. On both banks, unpainted, open-front houses on rotting black pilings elbowed each other, and the greenish-brown water moved sluggishly past, carrying its freight of gliding sampans and the heavier slow-poled barges. Moving in the swirls and eddies was the flotsam of household refuse, empty cocoanut shells, pineapple tops, *pomelo* peels, mingling with water-logged palm fronds and verdant clumps of flowering lavender hyacinths. Behind the houses, the tall cocoanut palms stood sharp against the cloudless blue sky.

Across the way, a girl stood waist-deep, industriously washing her dark hair; seated on a water-laved step, another bathed a fat, chuckling baby; a third scrubbed her blackened cooking pots. Children collected on the open decks of the houses to wave and giggle.

Then, deftly avoiding upstream traffic, a small sampan came slipping toward us. At the same moment my eye caught further movement. Across the *klong*, several houses away, a man stood waist-deep, his arms in violent motion. He was beating something through the greenish water. He held up a dripping skein of pale shimmering silk. Then I saw the bamboo poles on the porch behind him and the coloured skeins drying in the breeze. Above the chatter and the laughter I heard the thump, thump of looms.

The sampan glided in close to a worn wooden step, and the young girl at the paddle smiled. A clean straw mat had been placed for me. I got nervously into the little cockleshell and sat on its floor.

(Continued on page 191)



LA LANGOUSTE

The lobster takes on the new Schiaparelli soft look in color. Exquisite black diamond body set in antique silver. Muted topaz fins with claws of jet. $5 plus tax.

Also in these delightful color blendings set in gold: sapphire, amethyst, tourmaline, ruby, topaz.

other Schiaparelli petites for Fall:



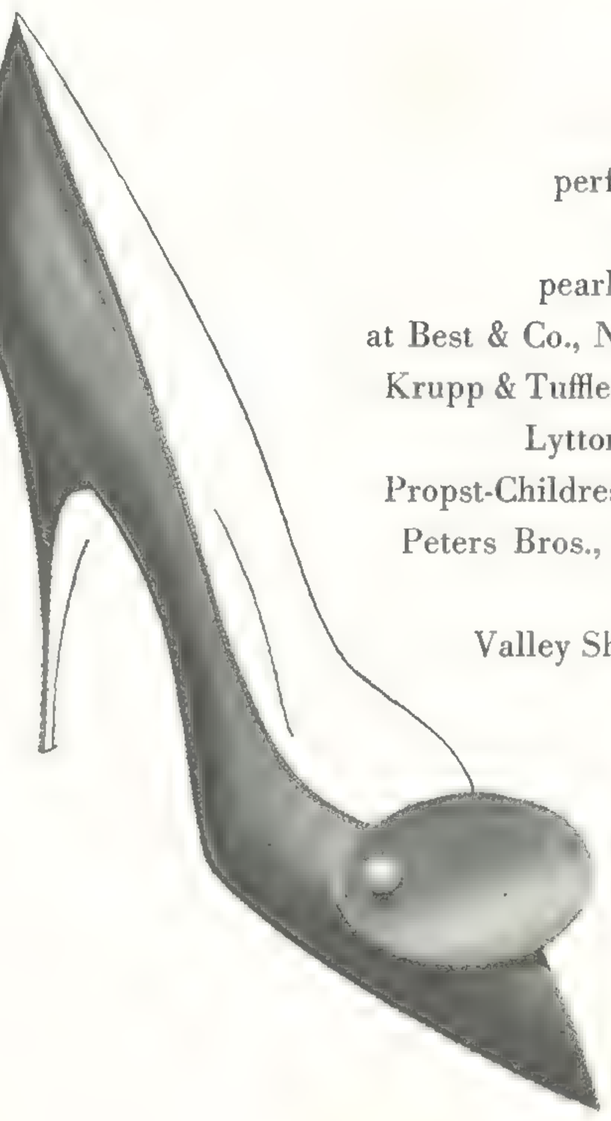
At fine stores or write

Schiaparelli Jewels

385 Fifth Avenue, New York City
607 S. Hill Street, Los Angeles
21 Place Vendome, Paris

Designed in Schiaparelli's "Boutique" in Paris. Look for the signature on each piece.

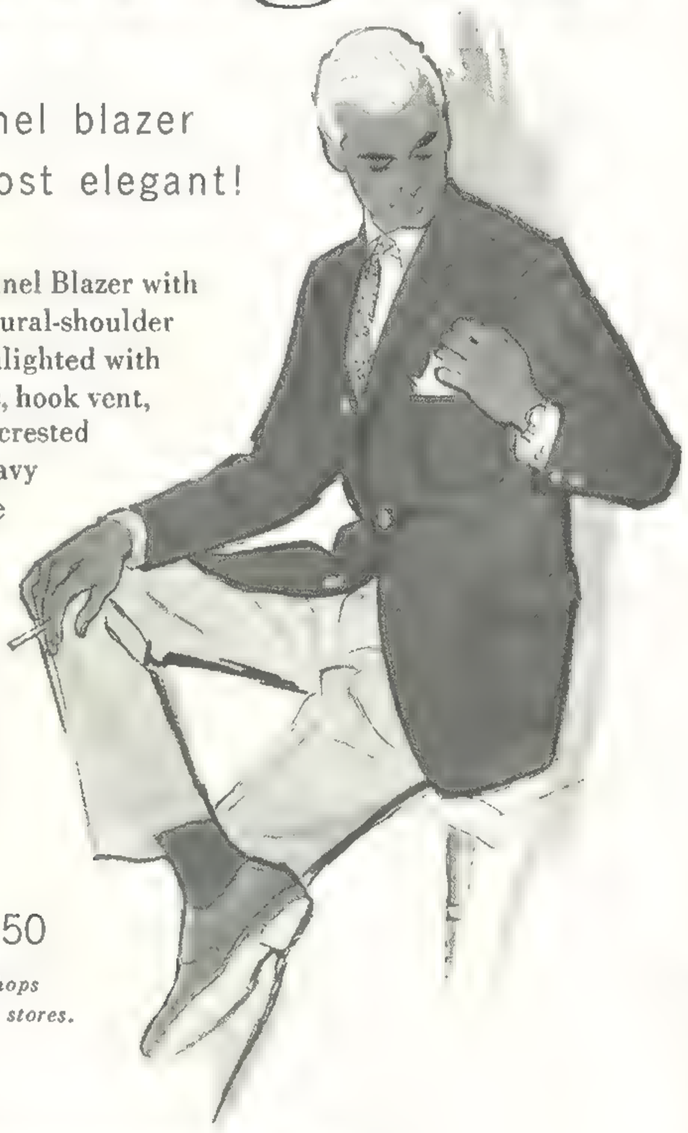
VALLEY SAYS IT'S POLITE TO POINT



. . . in their
smooth
sheath-pump,
suede or calf
with
rising plateau,
perfectionist setting
for the lustrous
pearl solitaire, 19.95
at Best & Co., New York, N. Y.
Krupp & Tuffley, Houston, Tex.
Lytton's, Chicago, Ill.
Propst-Childress, Roanoke, Va.
Peters Bros., Oakland, Calif.
or write
Valley Shoe Corporation,
St. Louis, Mo.

Deamsgate

the flannel blazer
at its most elegant!



The wool flannel Blazer with authentic natural-shoulder styling! Highlighted with lapped seams, hook vent, flap pockets, crested buttons. In navy or Cambridge Grey.

About $39.50

At fine men's shops and department stores. For store nearest you, please write

FAMOUS-STERNBERG, INC.
950 Poeyfarre St., New Orleans 5, La.



WHAT? Duck a l'orange au Grand Marnier.
WHERE? Aboard the French Line's Ile de France — the gourmet's paradise afloat.
HOW? With Grand Marnier Liqueur a l'orange, of course. It's made exclusively with a fine champagne cognac base.
WHEN? Any time... at home! Write now for your free recipe booklet.

Carillon Importers Ltd., 65 East 55th St., New York 22



P.S. de résistance



Grand Marnier

LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE • PRODUCT OF FRANCE • 80 PROOF

New button-down sport shirt— to ascot or tie



Sport-shirt communiqué making a lot of difference to Viyella flannel fans now: the nonchalant tailoring of the new button-down shirts, true business-suit shirts in all but pattern— authentic plaids, to wear with blazers, with some tweed suits.
Above, shepherd's checks: brown, maroon, white. Right, blue-and-white authentic Glen Urquhart plaid.
Both shirts, by Hathaway, of Viyella flannel—Australian lamb's wool and cotton—$18 each.
Lord & Taylor; Frederick & Nelson.



FIVE YARDS OF THAI SILK

(Continued from page 189)

With deft strokes the girl sent the sampan in a long diagonal across the *klong* to the sagging landing of an open-fronted house. A boy and a stout man pulled it almost into the room so I might step out on dry wood. I stood—staring. Beside me, over a small charcoal fire, dye bubbled in five-gallon tin cans, and an old woman poked with a bamboo stick at the skeins each held. Against one wall was a sleeping platform. In an open lean-to a boy sat cross-legged on the floor, filling bobbins with bright silk, reeled from large bamboo spools with the aid of a bicycle wheel fastened between two uprights, only his toughened fingers to guide the even flow of thread.

Beyond this water-front anteroom was the family living room. In a cradle of knotted mesh, stretched on a wooden frame suspended from the ceiling by ropes, a small child slept. An old woman, teeth black from betel chewing, held a chubby boy with dark, wonder-filled eyes. On the floor on a blanket, a tiny baby slept, quite naked, his shy-eyed young mother sitting beside him. In a corner over a crude brazier, food was cooking. On rough shelves along the rear wall, some lengths of silk were neatly stacked. All the adults brought their hands together before their faces and murmured a response to my badly-accented greeting, "*Suh by dee, reuh?*"—"How are you?"

My guide indicated a doorway to the left. I stepped out onto a narrow plank walk over the oozy low-tide mud between this house and its neighbour. Smiling faces were at every opening, but I was too occupied with my footing to look up. Ahead of me the thumping noise grew louder. We climbed some steps to another level, and then I saw the weavers.

The room was low-ceilinged, cobweb hung, and dimly lit; it opened into another, then another, and another. In each were two or three large clumsy looms, and at each sat a woman on a sort of saddle of short bamboo lengths set on boxes. On this, without pad or cushion, each sat, hands and feet moving in unbroken rhythm as the shuttles flew. Not one looked up from her work, even to smile. With diligence—and all the daylight hours—a girl can weave four yards or better in a day. Here bright orange warp threads with a woof of black—the result the glowing copper shade I had seen in the shop. Here the glorious plaids of green and rose and lavender; of scarlet and turquoise and pale grey. A hand would reach up and pluck a thread from a new bobbin, tie it in deftly and in a moment or two the new shade would shimmer in the lengthening piece of fabric.

In this house, the factory of the little shop where I had gone to buy, I counted sixteen looms. At the nearest loom a girl was finishing off a length of blue silk, soft as smoke. She cut it free and folded it. She brushed her hand tiredly across her face, looked at me, and smiled a shy uncertain smile.

"This piece," I said to the guide. "May I buy this piece?"

"I will bring it downstairs and measure it," he told me, and led me back to the house. A boy appeared from nowhere and carried the silk.

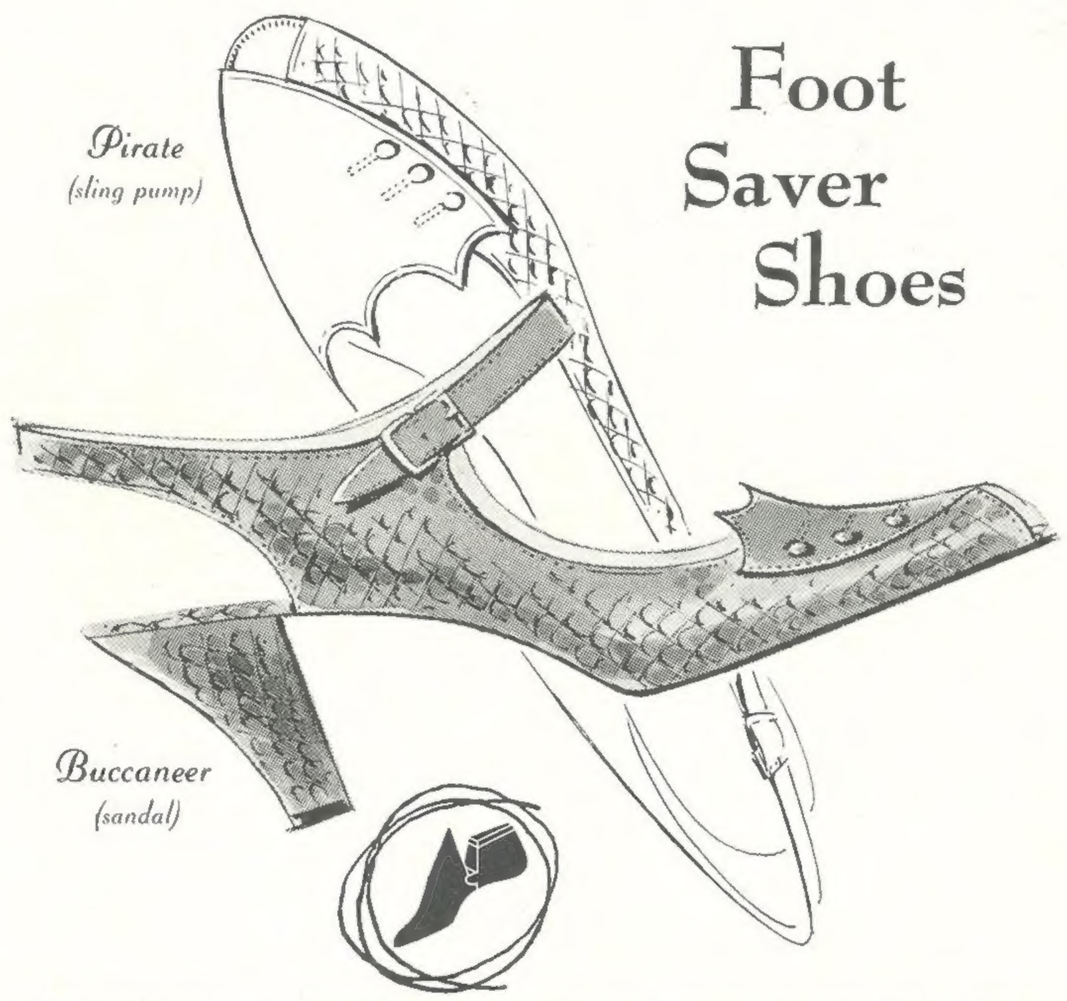
There on the floor it was flung to its utmost length to be measured with a heavy black stick. The little boy in the old woman's arms scrambled down, wearing only his belled silver anklets, and ran joyously to the silk and snatched up all his fat arms could hold. Everyone looked on with delighted approval, and, encouraged, he plopped down, laughing, his fat, brown little rear in the middle of it. Patiently, the older boy measured with the black stick. He dumped the child off with a sturdy, quite impersonal yank, and finished his job.

"Five full yards," my guide reported. All the soft dark eyes were fixed on me. I nodded, and all the faces blossomed into smiles. The silk was wrapped in a newspaper, and the boy knelt to present it to me. I took it. The guide took it from me and handed it back to the boy to carry. We all took leave ceremoniously.

The five yards are a dress now. Friends exclaim over it. "Thai silk, how lovely." And I run my fingers over it. Dyed in a gasoline can, washed in the turgid *klong* water, woven through long patient hours by a girl whose feet hardly reached the pedals of her loom, tumbled over by a laughing brown baby with jingling silver anklets, it is woven of more than silk. It is woven of intimate moments in the life of a *klong* family. It is like no dress I shall ever own.

Comfort, too, captured in cobra

Vogue says: "Tailored city shoes for walking!" Cobra and calf provide a happy mating of style and comfortable walking pleasure...an endearing combination.



Foot Saver Shoes

Foot Saver's exclusive Shortback® last insures snug heel fit yet permits caressing foot freedom.

For free Fall Style Booklet and name of nearest Foot Saver dealer, write: 52 West Main Street, Columbus 15, Ohio



There is but one Blue Fox . . . as enduring as it is endearing . . . Mia-hati brings it to you in the new beauty dispenser that spreads magic-mist at your command*. . . enchanting at the touch of your finger tip . . . from the moment Blue Fox becomes a part of you.

PERF-O-MIST is available in other Mia-hati fragrance fancies to suit your mood: MY FANCY ★ AUDACIOUS ★ JAUNTY

**it's the only one-unit dispenser without a cap to remove (pat. pend.)*

$2 *plus tax*

VERY SPECIAL—
PERFUME SAMPLES. "Four Moods" MIA-HATI fragrance fancies in individual flacons, gift boxed. $3.00 value, just $1.00. Write "Four Moods", P.O. Box 205, Dept. V1, New York 16, N.Y.



FRENCH DOLL. Strapless with detachable bikini. Foam lined underwire cups round bosom, low cut rounds hip. Side stays for comfy tummy. Blue, pink, white or black nylon lace-lastex $25. For store and free figure beauty booklet write Olga, Dept. 97V, 7915 Haskell, Van Nuys, Cal.



Making up beauty: basic news

Here, further reflections on the cover beauty:
specifically, a new foundation that's so lightly compounded
it spins a fine clear luminosity over the skin.
Made up of salutary oils, Royal Jelly, and
Vitamin A, it acts as a double beauty treatment, in fact.
This, Super-Royal Fluid Make-up, by Germaine Monteil.
The 1 oz. size: $7.50*; 2 oz.: $12*.
At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

*PLUS TAX

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Back views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns on pages 162-163)



S-4818 976

Above, left: Double-breasted suit, Vogue Pattern S-4818, in sizes 10 to 40. For size 14, 3 yards of 54" wool. Scarf pattern is included. Price, $1.50.
Above, right: Suit with deep revers, round-hipped skirt, Vogue Pattern 976, in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). For suit, in size 14, 2½ yards of 54" fabric. Right, two views of included blouse pattern, with tied front, buttoned back. For the blouse, in size 14, 1⅞ yards of 39" fabric—perhaps silk crêpe, wool jersey. $2.50.



976

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

For Leather care see page 184



Look for the **LEXOL** care tag when you buy. It hangs from smooth leather garments made by these leading manufacturers who advise regular **LEXOL** care:

- Albert Alfus Leather Fashions, Inc.
- Hickey Coat Co., Inc.
- Kalfus-Mond, Inc.
- Leather Beau Ltd.
- Leathermasters, Inc.
- Mallory Outerwear, Inc.
- Morton Harlow, Inc.
- New England Sportswear
- Renee Casuals, Inc.
- Suburban Leathers, Inc.
- Su-Su Fashions, Inc.

For everything made of leather
"If you prize it . . . Lexolize it"

free to you!



a **Who's Who** *of*
WHERE...
the Condé Nast
Fall/Winter
TRAVEL GUIDE

for 1957-1958

Choice travel resorts featured in Vogue, House & Garden. Send for your free booklet today.

Vogue
Condé Nast Travel Guide
420 Lexington Ave., New York 17
please send me a free copy of the Fall/Winter TRAVEL GUIDE

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE_____
STATE_____

PRINTED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PRESS, GREENWICH, CONN., U. S. A.



Modess . . . . *because*

DISCOVERY! DISCOVERY! FEMININE FABRIC!

sheerest luxury . . . . perfected protection

make Modess <u>your</u> discovery this month



Photographed by Ozzie Sweet

CARIBBEAN SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES

Sea air and sun...rest and fun...make a Grace Line Cruise your holiday of holidays. As your "Santa" plies the blue Caribbean, you'll enjoy new friends...deck sports...movies...orchestras... king-size, outdoor swimming pools. Every room is outside, each with private bath. The "Santa Rosa" or "Santa Paula" sails from New York every Friday on 12-Day Cruises visiting Aruba and Curacao in the Netherlands West Indies and La Guaira, Caracas and Cartagena in South America. Also Casual Cruises of approximately 18 days, weekly from New York.

For colorfully illustrated literature see your Travel Agent.

GRACE LINE

Dept. V-9, 3 Hanover Square, New York 4, N. Y.

Regular, frequent American flag passenger and freight services between the Americas